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THE NEW YORKER

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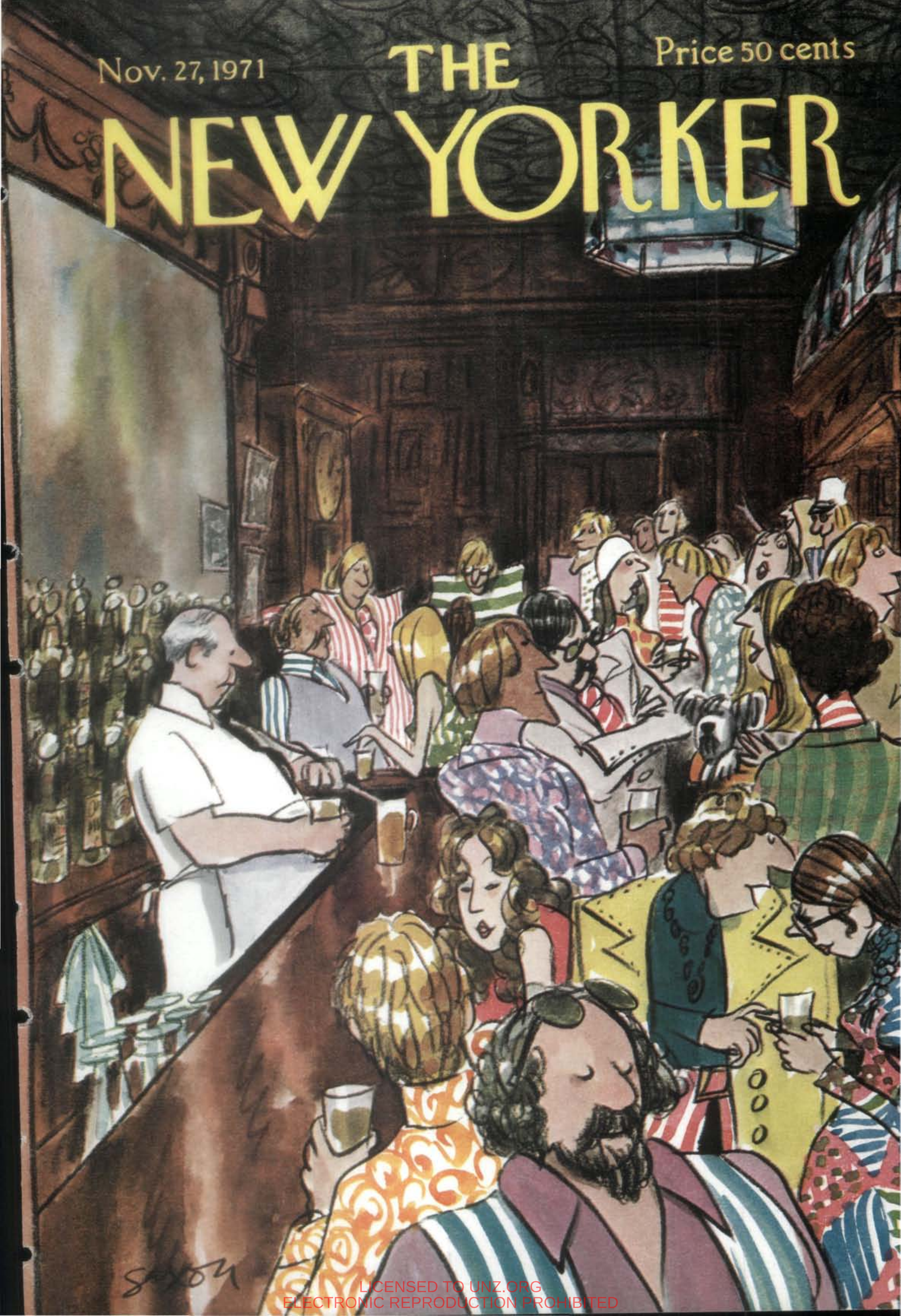

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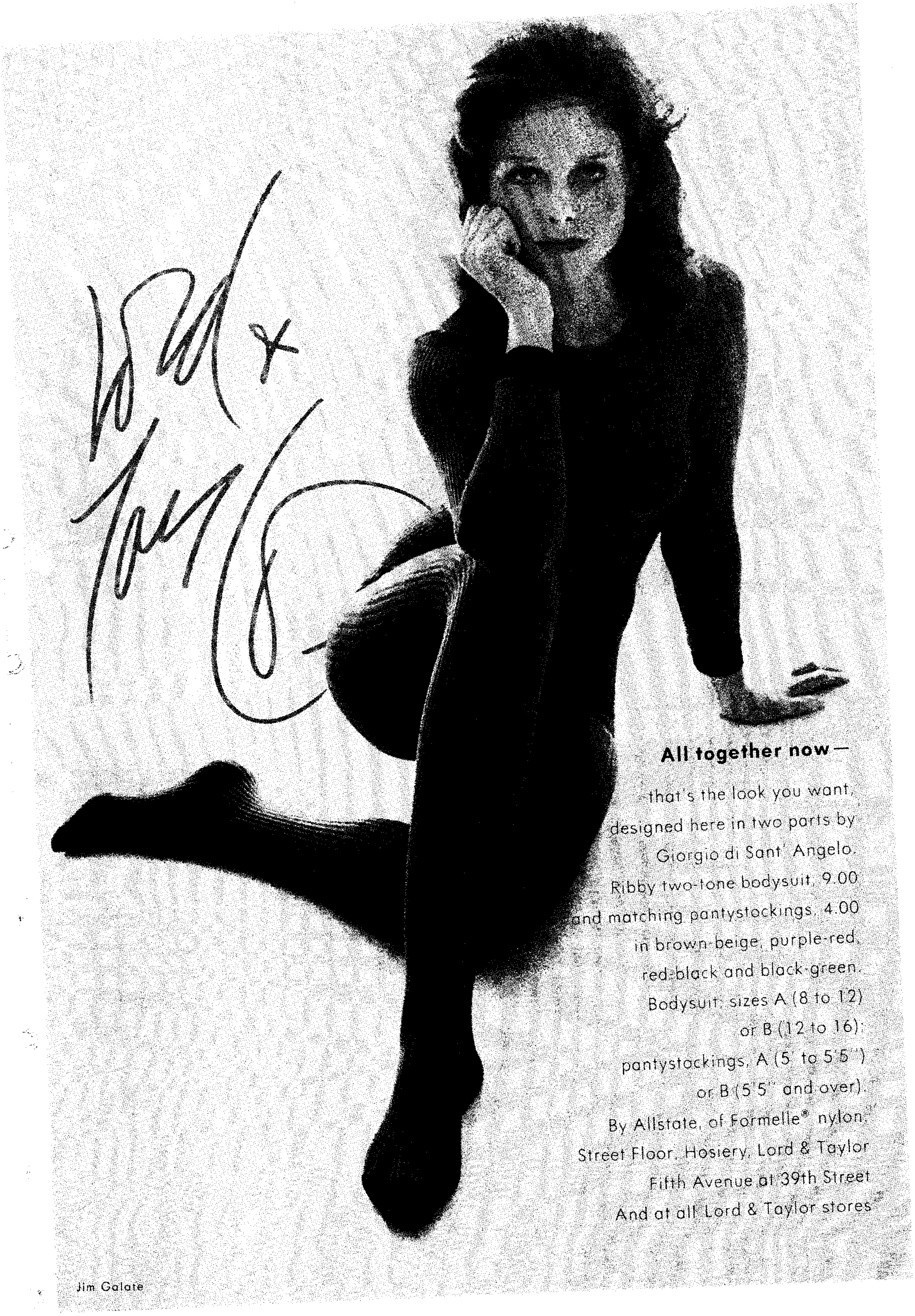

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Richard Fariña: Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone—A harmless (and endless) evening devoted to the poems and songs of the late Richard Fariña. They are recited and sung by three pleasant young men and three pleasant young women. With Jessica Harper. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 473-9698. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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JFK—Jeremiah Collins as John F. Kennedy in a one-man show written and adapted by Mark Williams and Mr. Collins. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Master Builder—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—A lovely, riddling play by the master riddler, Harold Pinter. With Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The perform-

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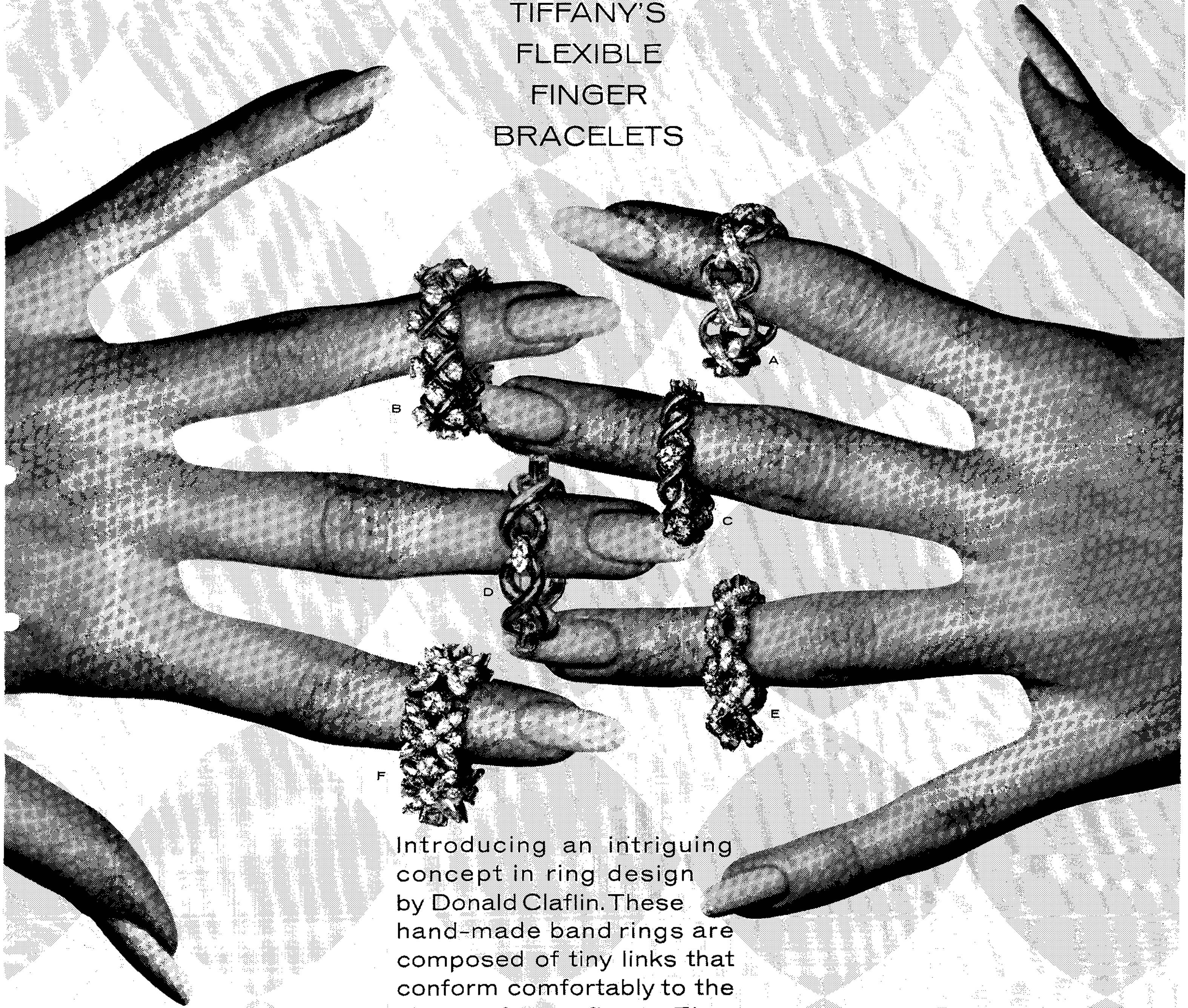

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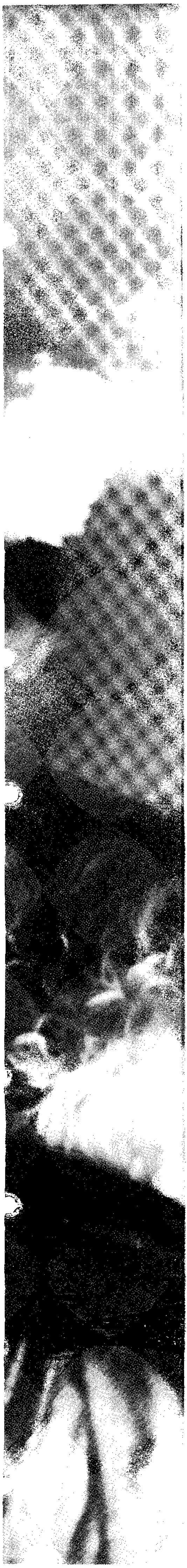

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'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

ances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. Directed by Yossi Yzraely. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Town—A valiant effort has been made to bring the 1944 Green-Comden-Bernstein musical back to life, but in vain. The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Ron Husmann, and Remak Ramsay. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Schiller's **MARY STUART,** translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Athol Fugard's play **PEOPLE ARE LIVING THERE,** with Estelle Parsons and Leonard Frey. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. May close Saturday, Dec. 4.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Sty of the Blind Pig—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Adolph Caesar, Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and Clarice Taylor make up the cast under the direction of Shauneille Perry. The first in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

2 Gentlemen of Verona—The New York Shakespeare Festival's musical adapted from Shakespeare's play by John Guare and Mel Shapiro. The lyrics are by Mr. Guare, Galt MacDermot composed the score, and the cast is headed by Jonelle Allen, Raul Julia, and La Lupe. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 1. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia Plus Iphigenia in Concert—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

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Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)...**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)...**COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)...**THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,597 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)...**THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,815 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 2,993 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)...**HAIR:** 1,501 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...**PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,241 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)...**THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** John Guare's farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...**THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)...**NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**OH! CALCUTTA:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy musical about their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)...**1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)...**SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

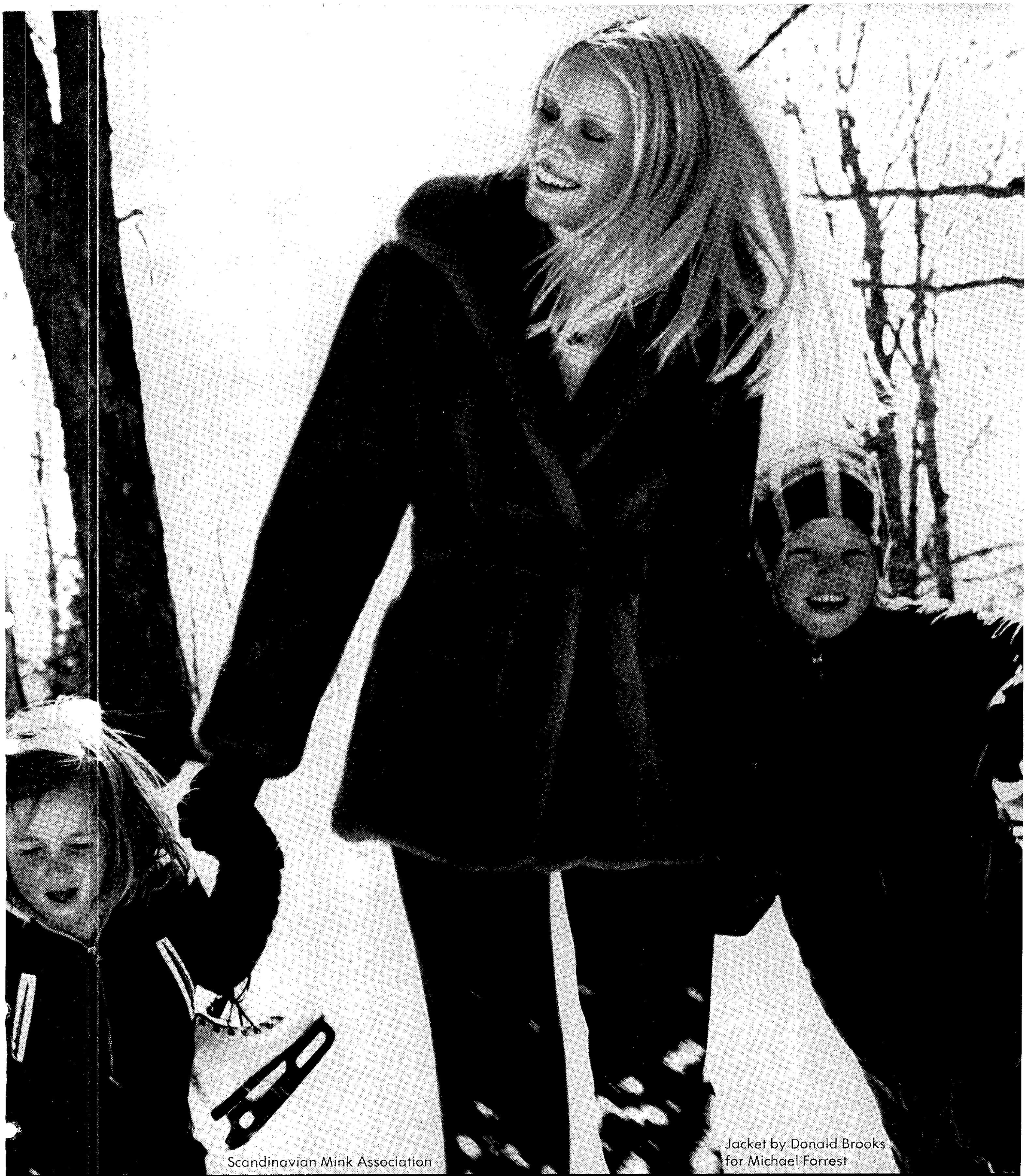
New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Source," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1: "Episodes," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tarantella," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "The Cage," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."...¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Episodes," "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "The Concert," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1" (formerly called "Reveries") and "The Goldberg Variations."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Last Songs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7; Thursday, Nov. 25, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 2-4, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2: "Renard," "Firebird," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Les Fleurs du Mal," "Nomos Alpha," and "Bhakti."...¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Bhakti," "Symphonie Pour un Homme Seul," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia—A return engagement of two performances by this company of forty-eight, accompanied by a traditional Cambodian orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1, and Monday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Champions on Ice—A single benefit performance by Tenley Albright, Hayes Jenkins, Carol



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Heiss, David Jenkins, the 1971 United States World Team, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.)

Edo Festival Music and Pantomime—Four musicians and four dancers from Tokyo, appearing here for the first time. (Alice Tully Hall. *362-1911*. *Thursday, Dec. 2,* at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Shawn Phillips is playing guitar and singing his own moodily cryptic songs about people and all. Comic Albert Brooks shares the stage with him. The James Cotton Blues Band commences Wednesday, Dec. 1. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, Nov. 29.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 24-28, pianist-composer Bobby Timmons leads a trio. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Warren Bernhardt plays piano while Mike Mainieri handles vibes. Fridays and Saturdays, singer-guitarist Nick Holmes joins in. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the above musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—In the gloom of night, happy notes are still struck on the piano belonging to Marian McPartland, who, helped out by Bob Doherty on bass, manages to be both pensive and powerhouse, too. All this, from eight until one, in a modest but comforting chalet. Sundays, seven to twelve, Sammy Price's piano functions instead, recalling the great days of boogie-woogie. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

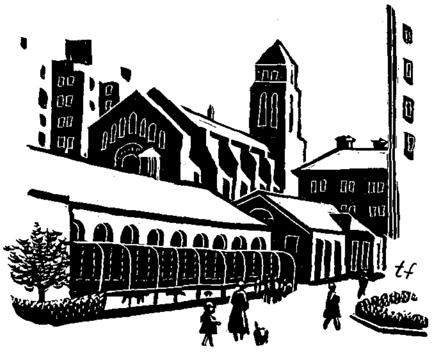
Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Freeway and Mama Lion perform through Monday, Nov. 29. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, Rita Coolidge, who sings in a deep, Southern voice, comes in with an experienced group named the Dixie Flyers. Some people called Sweetpie will be on the same bill. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 24-28, Joe Puma, who is as capable as they come (and they come pretty capable), will work with a bassist. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 1, classical guitarist Bill Matthews will trade sets with the Sam Brown duo. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Through Sunday, Nov. 28, reed man James Moody leads a quartet. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, the venerable and vital Zoot Sims quartet returns. Mondays belong to Clark Terry's seventeen-man band.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson looks happy as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays and Saturdays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn hot.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.



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Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Roy Ayers, the possessor of a fanciful vibraharp, leads his Ubiquity here Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 2-5. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Guitarist Sonny Henry leads a trio through Saturday, Nov. 27. Roy Ayers' Ubiquity alternates with the Henry trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, and plays alone on Sunday, Nov. 28. Bassist Bob Cunningham will head a quartet Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1. Then on Thursday, Dec. 2, Herbie Hancock, who is a pianist to be reckoned with, will bring in a highly charged sextet that includes trombonist Julian Priester, reed man Benny Maupin, and bassist Buster Williams.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Bassist and autobiographer Charles Mingus is suffering a spate of reissues at the hands of record companies. He can be heard here live, with his quartet, through Sunday, Nov. 28. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, Elvin Jones, the reigning wizard of drums, brings in a foursome. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Trude Heller's, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—Breaking its long tradition as a pop headquarters, this Village landmark has begun to acknowledge jazz and such. The Reggie Moore trio alternates with some eclectics called the Midnight Sun. The draperies sparkle. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Bill Evans, glassily confident, directs his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp can attune itself to Shakespeare or to Superstar, alternates with the regulars. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed virtuoso, is here with his power-drive sextet until Tuesday, Nov. 30, when T-Bone Walker, a veteran blues singer and guitarist (he had a million-seller with "Stormy Monday Blues" some thirty years ago), will turn up with a quintet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Nov. 28, guitarist Al Casey will sit in. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, whose theme song ought to be "Ha-ha-ha and a Mug of Beer," or something.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Homage to Dionysus. They've taken the old Yellowfingers and done it up with purple grape-lamps and added a festive board. Same good sound system, same big drinks as before. Open from three on Sundays and from five other days. Closed Mondays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Neither fish nor fowl, but trying hard to be a winged mermaid. The saving grace of this amalgam is Earl Hines, who hasn't been heard in these parts much lately. When his quartet, plus vocalist Marva Josie, isn't on the stand, everybody is supposed to get up and dance to old records by Aretha or the MC5 or somebody. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Clint Holmes, who sings with a group called the Bacchanal. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

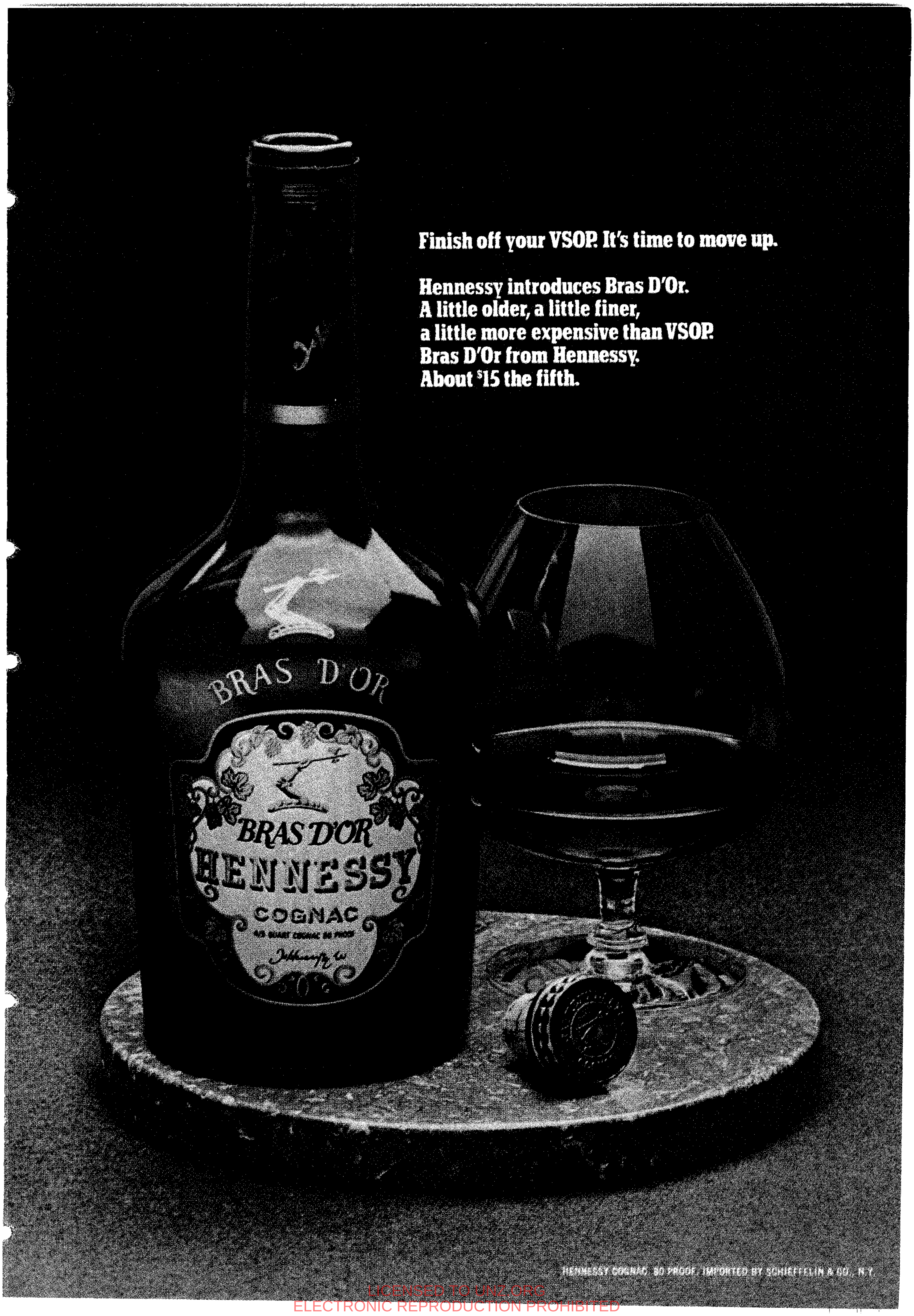
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* Among the *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers; i.e., a great plenty of corn gets husked during the evening. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The feet of the posse designated La Zambra have their ups and their downs, all precisely attuned to the demands of flamenco: a familiar but endearing old formula. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out on a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Capri, a humorist not afflicted with the Big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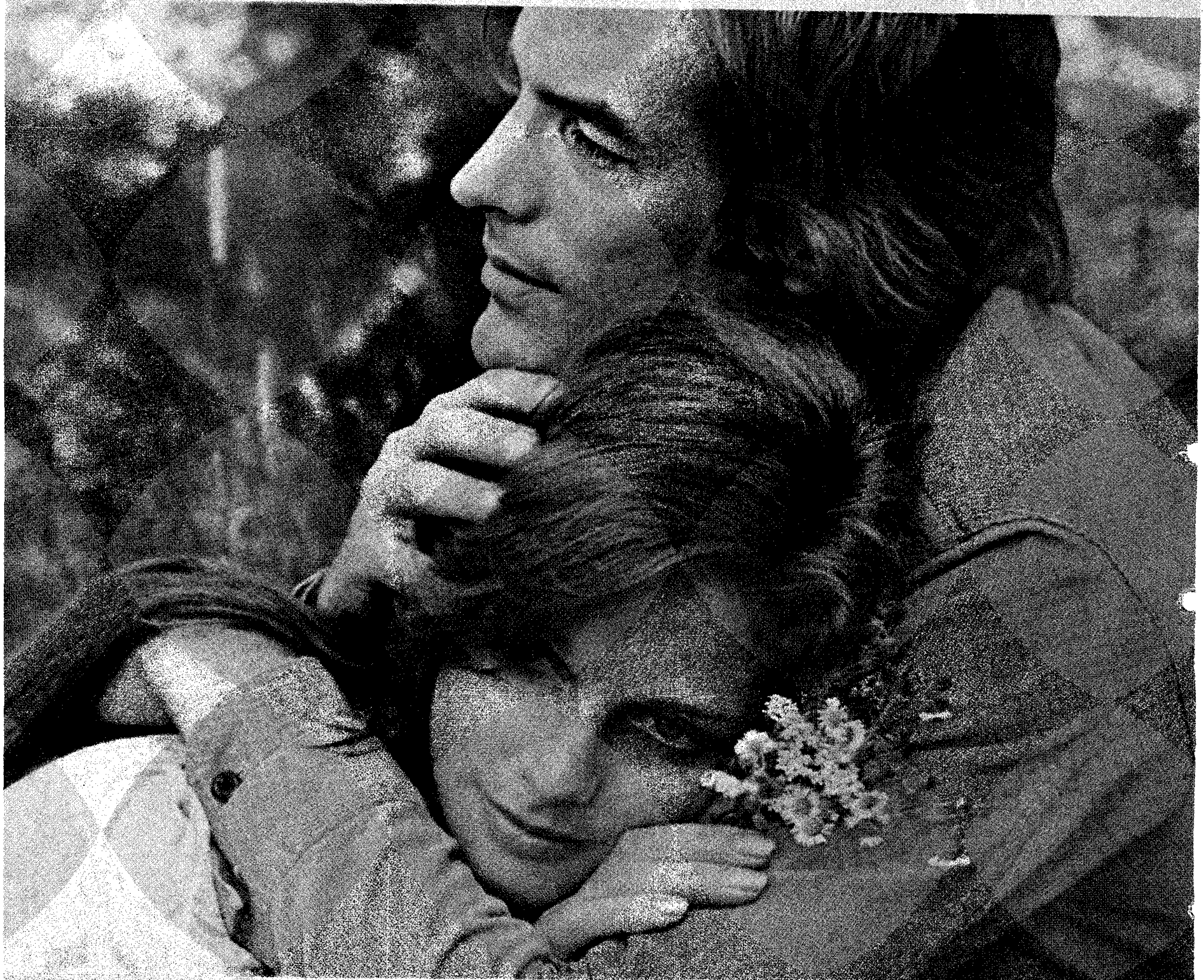

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Promise her anything but give her Arpege. By Lanvin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Time hazard of being close to wits' end, does the narrating; Jerry Vale, a balladeer who must have forgotten to clear his throat, does the singing. On Thursday, Dec. 2, both of them give way to Doc Severinsen, leader (with flourishes) of a jazz band *cum* floor show. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la Forêt**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band (without, however, the head of the house) plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **café**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The old empress in her new clothes, the work of civic-minded redecorators. In the **Persian Room**, the decoration is Myron Cohen, a migrant from Seventh Avenue to Park Avenue who has picked up a lot of anecdotes on the journey; he is preceded by Bobbi Martin, one of those young sopranos about town. They do their turns at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9** (PL 9-3933), the revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **Green Tulip**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **Palm Court**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Helen O'Connell, who remembers when (all the way back to the Dorsey days), runs a neat gamut, from belting to blissfulness, with just three men (one is joyous Milt Hinton) behind her, proving that you don't need the heaviest artillery to win. She is on the stand during dinner and supper; the dance tunes, which begin earlier, are on tape, and mercifully calm. Sundays are dead ducks.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—All those potatoes and almost no meat, except when Sy Oliver sets his band in flow through a bunch of arrangements with noticeably high-relief ornamentation. Music between six and two, Mondays through Saturdays, and, luckily, most of it Oliver's.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **Maisonette**, still a fair copy of a royal palace, and the royal vista pleases, especially when George Cort's band has the courtiers twirling on the parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **La Boite**, whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **St. Regis Room**, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anthony Newley arrives in the **Empire Room** on Friday, Nov. 26, to recite then and thereafter—at dinner and supper—a music-hall turn, both words and music, that is *sui generis* rather than the customary *chop sui*. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, and it does sound great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary in all this, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **Adonis**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **Mykonos**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Chez Vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddle-deedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Al Mounia**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sandy Baron is out of his element, which is, after all, Main Stem, but he has no trouble in communicating his sense of humor to his new parishioners, because he is a man for more than one season. Through Friday, Nov. 26, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and for his final night, Saturday, Nov. 27, at nine, eleven, and one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Limelight**, 91 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (OR 5-2212): A new kibbutz, not just for native dining but for native (plus other Mediterranean) music, comprised of various ouds and ends and made most noteworthy by the pungent trumpet of Yakov Uriel. Singing, too, and dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

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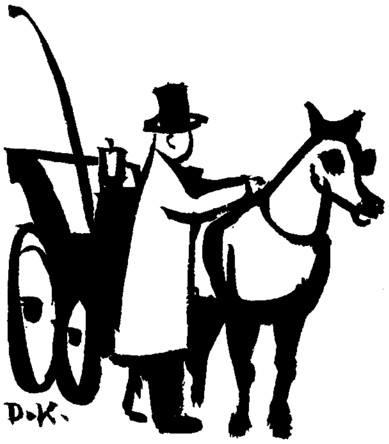
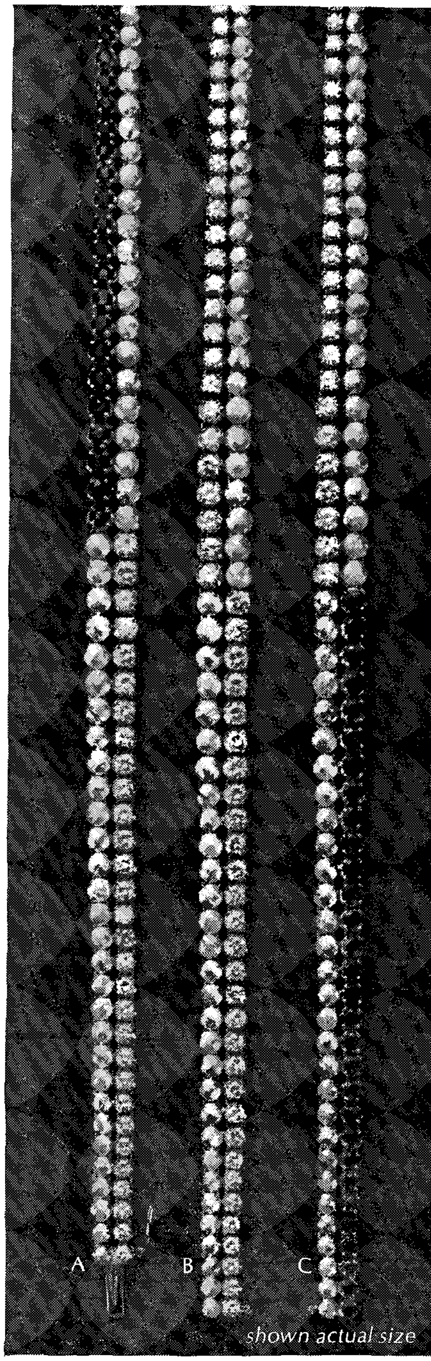


SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Carlton Bar-Restaurant**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **The Griffin**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard undergraduate Ray Onley. No Sundays. . . . **Jack Delaney**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **La Bibliothèque**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country house-party. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace and at dinner in the Gold Room. Monday through Friday is the routine, but on Thanksgiving Day the King's Inn will be the scene, and then no more music until Monday, Nov. 29. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Large canvases with circular forms; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Eikon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

AARON BOHROD—More of this veteran artist's hyperrealistic paintings of assembled objects; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Portraits and still-lifes by a California painter; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract color paintings; through Dec. 16. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAOLO CALZOLARI—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's works in light, sound, and words; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DON CARRICK—Landscapes of Vermont and Martha's Vineyard, plus portraits; through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ALSON CLARK (1876-1949)—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures by an American student of Whistler and William Merritt Chase who worked in Paris and the United States; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PIERRE CLERK—The first one-man show in New York of geometric black-and-white paintings by this American who studied in Europe; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORNEILLE—Figurative Expressionist paintings by a founder of the Cobra group; through Dec. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALLAN D'ARCANGELO—Thirty paintings on canvas and paper which develop the recently inaugurated "Constellations" theme of this artist, who is known for his compositions of highway and traffic symbols; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Two exhibits of paintings consisting of vertical stripes; through Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Forty-eight drawings, the majority of them recent; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

LOIS DODD—Paintings in which landscapes (mostly in Maine) are reflected in house windows often along with the artist; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GABRIELLE DRAGO—Colorful beach scenes and abstractions; starting Monday, Nov. 29. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Realistic paintings of scenes in Ecuador; through Dec. 11. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNNE DREXLER—Abstract landscapes in oil and studies in crayon; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstract paintings in gouache by this well-known New Yorker; through Dec. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; starting Monday, Nov. 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Two showings of paintings by this influential Abstract Expressionist; through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

TIBOR FREUND—More of this artist's paintings that seem to move; through Dec. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE GILLSON—The artist's first one-man show of figurative and abstract paintings that stress drawing; through Dec. 8. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Funny sculptures of people and animals by the celebrated cartoonist; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of humorous and erotic conceptions of women; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JAMES GRASHOW—Giant-size figures of men (of polyester, fibre glass, wire, and paint) engaged in a free-for-all; through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Figures and heads covered with leather, zippered, stitched, or nailed; through Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

ARMAND GUILLAUMIN (1841-1927)—More than forty paintings by a French Impressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Thirty-three paintings, including ten in circular shape, featuring women and symbolic themes by a veteran American; through Friday, Dec. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

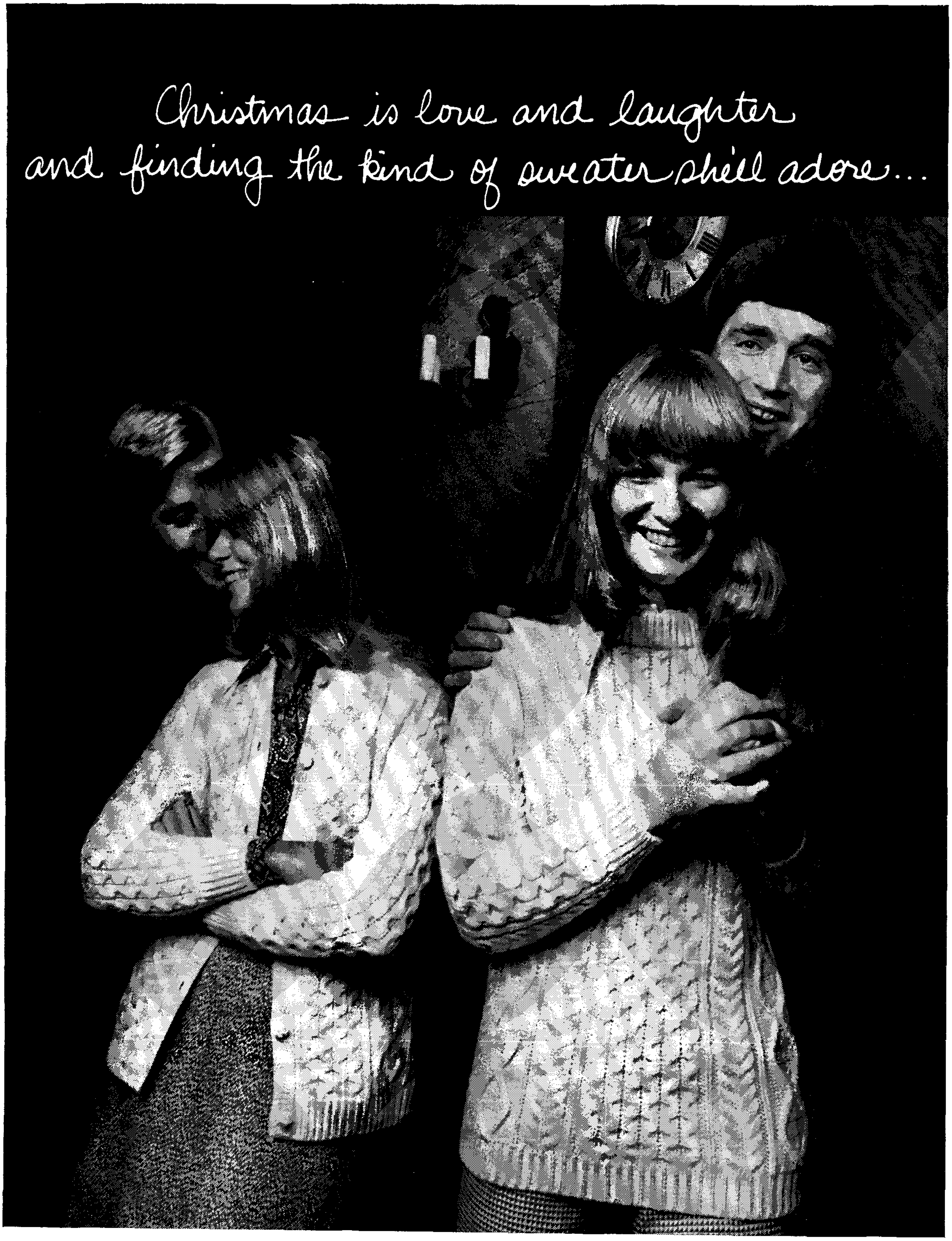
ELLSWORTH KELLY—Color-field paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT KEYSER—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; through Dec. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—About forty early and recent drawings; through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

NOEL MAHAFFEY AND CHARLES WALDECK—Two one-man shows: realistic paintings of city scenes by the former and kinetic sculptures using light and sound by the latter; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—A showing of monochromatic paintings based on a geometrical scheme which is running with his show at the Solo-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mon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Dec. 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Markham—Ten paintings and ten bronzes with satirical themes; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Albert Marquet (1875-1947)—A benefit exhibition of seventy paintings by this contemporary of Matisse, Vlaminck, and Derain; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Raymond Mason—A high relief depicting the closing of Les Halles, the market in Paris, and the departure of the vegetables, their venders, and their buyers, plus watercolor studies for the piece; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mitzi Melnicoff—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italian views; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Richard Miller—Bronze and wax female figures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—A show of oils and one watercolor which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings; through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Poor—Landscapes and flower still-lifes in oil and pastel; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes with closeup effects; through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Reginato—Lacquer-covered welded-steel abstract sculptures; through Dec. 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edwin Ruda—Color paintings on unstretched canvas; through Dec. 15. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—The artist's customarily violent imagery devoted to the subjects of "The Art World Establishment," "Black Power," and "The Political Scene;" through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Julius Schmidt—Interlocking cylindrical forms in stainless steel, wood, and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Heraldic paintings by a Swiss Surrealist well known in New York; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Paintings, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings, many never before exhibited; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures in bronze and steel; through Dec. 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; through Dec. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thom—Watercolors of Maine and European landscapes; through Dec. 18. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings from 1969 and 1970; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Dec. 18. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Wonner—Paintings, all thirty-six inches by twenty-seven, in the Surrealist vein; through Dec. 9. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Heavily painted canvases divided into squares; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings of birds by this American Expressionist; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Drawings and prints by, for example, Dibbets, Hesse, Humphrey, and Agnes Martin, and sculptures by Robert Lobe; through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Americans, among them Bellows, Benton, Glackens, Marsh, Wyeth, and Zorach; starting Tuesday, Nov. 30.... **GIUDICE**, 484 Broome St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain, Mark di Suvero, and Richard Serra, and paintings by Jo Baer and Jane Logemann; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center.... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; through Saturday, Nov. 27.... **LERNER-MISRACHI**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Twentieth-century paintings by D'Arcangelo, Bellmer, Berman, Chagall, Dali, de Chirico, Ernst, Kandinsky, and de Kooning (to name several); starting Tuesday, Nov. 30. ... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Sculptures in paper by Eleanore Lockspeiser, intaglio prints by Lore Riess, and a large figurative triptych and smaller paintings by Peter Chapin; through Dec. 11. (Closed Mondays.)... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; starting Friday, Nov. 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three practitioners of "Aesthetic Realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Dec. 31. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6; open Thanksgiving Day.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Carl Andre, Dan Flavin, Sol Lewitt, Dale Henry, and others; starting Saturday, Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; through Dec. 24. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6; open Thanksgiving Day.) ... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century East Indian paintings on cloth; through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11.... ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years.... ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, houses about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools.... ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth.... ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays—except Thanksgiving Day—and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Stained and sprayed unstretched canvases suspended from the ceiling by Sam Gilliam, a Washington, D.C., artist; through Dec. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-two works, of which a hundred and seventeen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 12. A complement to this showing is the one (ending Saturday) at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. . . . ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Jan. 2. A complement to this exhibit is his show of paintings at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings by Frank Bowling, a recently prominent black artist; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Fourteen sprayed canvases and eleven color studies by Jane Kaufman, a participant in the Whitney's recent "Structure of Color" exhibition; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

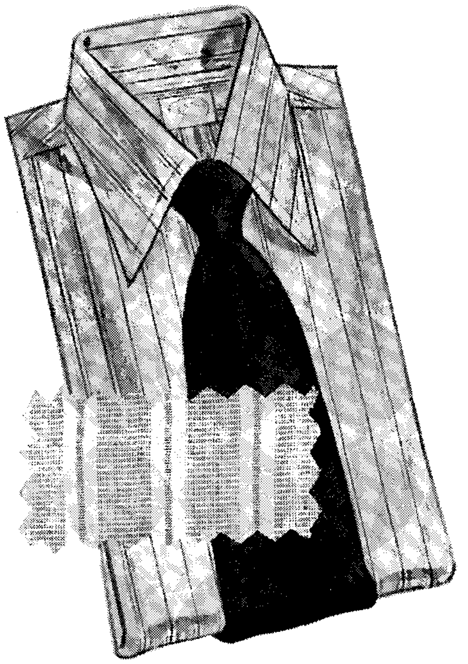
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Romare Bearden, Marcia Marcus, and Philip Pearlstein, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings by forty-five members of the Institute; through Dec. 12. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a



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slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Contemporary English bookbindings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The Blake collection of Mrs. Landon K. Thorne; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Northern European drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Blake's illustrations for Milton; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Shirley Love, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Grace Hoffman, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Grace Hoffman, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Adriana Maliponte, James King, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Shirley Love, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Adriana Maliponte, James King, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, and John Macurdy.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 3, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 6, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin). . . . **Note:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, Anthony Newman will give a half-hour all-Liszt organ recital.

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—György Lehel conducting, with Zoltán Kocsis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, and Friday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Max Rudolf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Josef Suk, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the second in a series of four all-Haydn programs, this one with Jean Hakes, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and others. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Aria Group—Seymour Lipkin directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 7:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A program of music played on the Cristofori pianoforte from the Museum's collection, as well as on a modern piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:15.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Murray Perahia—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

New and Newer Music—Karlheinz Stockhausen directing the Collegium Vocale of Cologne in the first New York performances of his "Stimmung." The first in a series of four concerts that will include appearances by four contemporary composers conducting their own works. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3 and 7:30.)

Society of Black Composers—Works by Stephen Chambers, William S. Fischer, Howard Swanson, and others, performed by Cannonball Adderley's quintet and the Washington, D. C., Youth Orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Allman Brothers Band—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—With the J. Geils Band. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Richie Havens—Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8.

Dick Hyman's Quartet—With Toots Thielemans. (Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Nov. 26, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

Miles Davis Quintet—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Pete Seeger and Frederick Kirkpatrick—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 7:30.)

Bill Withers—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8 and 11.

The Osmonds—Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1:30.

Miriam Makeba—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.

James Taylor—Carnegie Hall. Monday through Thursday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 8, the first three concerts having been postponed from Sept. 10-12.

Seventh Century—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.

John Mayall and Band—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 7:30 and 10:30.

George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Hugh Masekela & the Union of South Africa and Jimmy and Vella—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & Americans, Four Tops, and Martha Reeves & the Vandellas—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: Knicks vs. Buffalo.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Morgan State, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1.). . . ¶ Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 25; the Remsen, Friday, Nov. 26; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 27; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Friday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 1 on Wednesday, Nov. 24; after that it will be 12:30.

Rugby—Australian National Rugby Side vs. Eastern Rugby Union All-Star Side. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 6:30. Admission is free.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—"The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill

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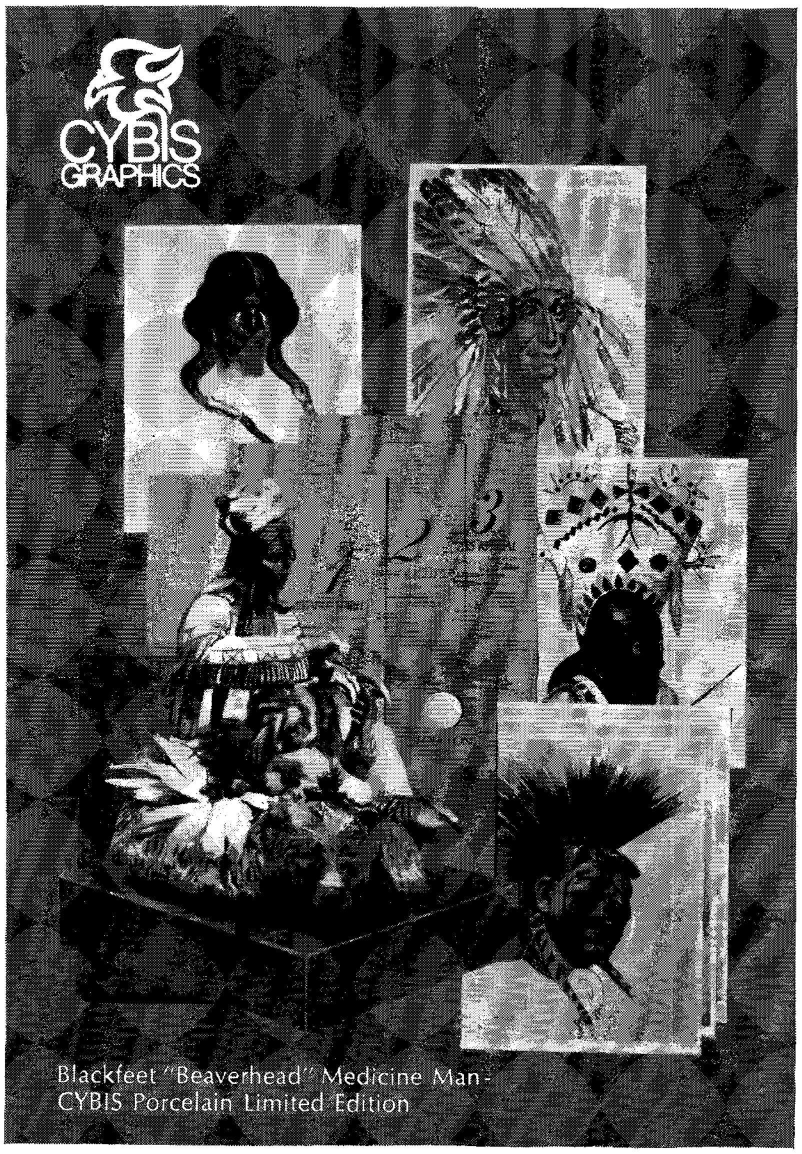
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Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1 and 3; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 1:30 and 3:30; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1, 3, and 5. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1 and 3:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS**: "The Golden Melon" and "Three Wishes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER**: "Babes in Toyland." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Friday, Nov. 26, at 1.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 26, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Festival of Films for Children—The opening programs of a five-week series of films—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 1-2: "Hunted in Holland." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4: "Runaway Railway." (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30, and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—At **FINCH COLLEGE AUDITORIUM**: Muriel Rukeyser reading from the poems of William Blake and from her own poems, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (52 E. 78th St. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-8450.) . . . **POETRY CENTER**, Y.M.H.A.: Donald Barthelme and Grace Paley reading from their own works, Monday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Archibald MacLeish reading from his own poetry, Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Anphilex '71—An international philatelic exhibition of fifty thousand stamps, including such rarities as the British Guiana one-cent magenta, the Mauritius cover bearing two copies of the one-penny Post Office Mauritius, the United States twenty-four-cent airmail stamp with inverted center, and the Hawaiian cover bearing two-cent and five-cent Missionary stamps combined with two United States stamps. (Grand Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Friday, Nov. 26, from 11 to 7; Saturday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 9; Sunday, Nov. 28, from 12 to 7; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 29-30, from 10 to 9; and Wednesday, Dec. 1, from 10 to 1. Tickets at the door.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 2: Modern paintings by such artists as Laurencin, Rouault, and Renoir; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: Furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 2: Russian icons, sculptures, and paintings; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art, from the collection of Carl S. Tobin and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 2: Old-master paintings from the Thomas J. Bryan Collection; the property of the New-York Historical Society. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 27.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963), directed by Adolfas Mekas, with Peter H. Beard. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Winter Kept Us Warm" (1965), directed by David Secter. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Margin for Error" (1943), directed by Otto Preminger, with Joan Bennett and Milton Berle. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "Earth" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "Fallen Angel" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Alice Faye and Dana Andrews. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947), directed by Otto Preminger, with Joan Crawford and Dana Andrews. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 1: "Fallen Angel" (1945). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6 and Nov. 30 at 2: "Robin Hood" (1922), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "Centennial Summer" (1946), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jeanne Crain and Cornel Wilde. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), in German, directed by Otto Preminger, with Hardy Krüger; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Maggie McNamara and William Holden. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "Whirlpool" (1949), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney and José Ferrer. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: "The 13th Letter" (1950), directed by Otto Preminger, with Charles Boyer and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8: "Whirlpool" (1949). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Nov. 26: "The End of St. Petersburg" (1927), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin. . . . ¶ Nov. 27-28: "Earth" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 1: A five-week program of films for children. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Melies, Markopoulos, Ozu, Smith, Renoir, Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Snow, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays, and no 8 o'clock show on Dec. 2. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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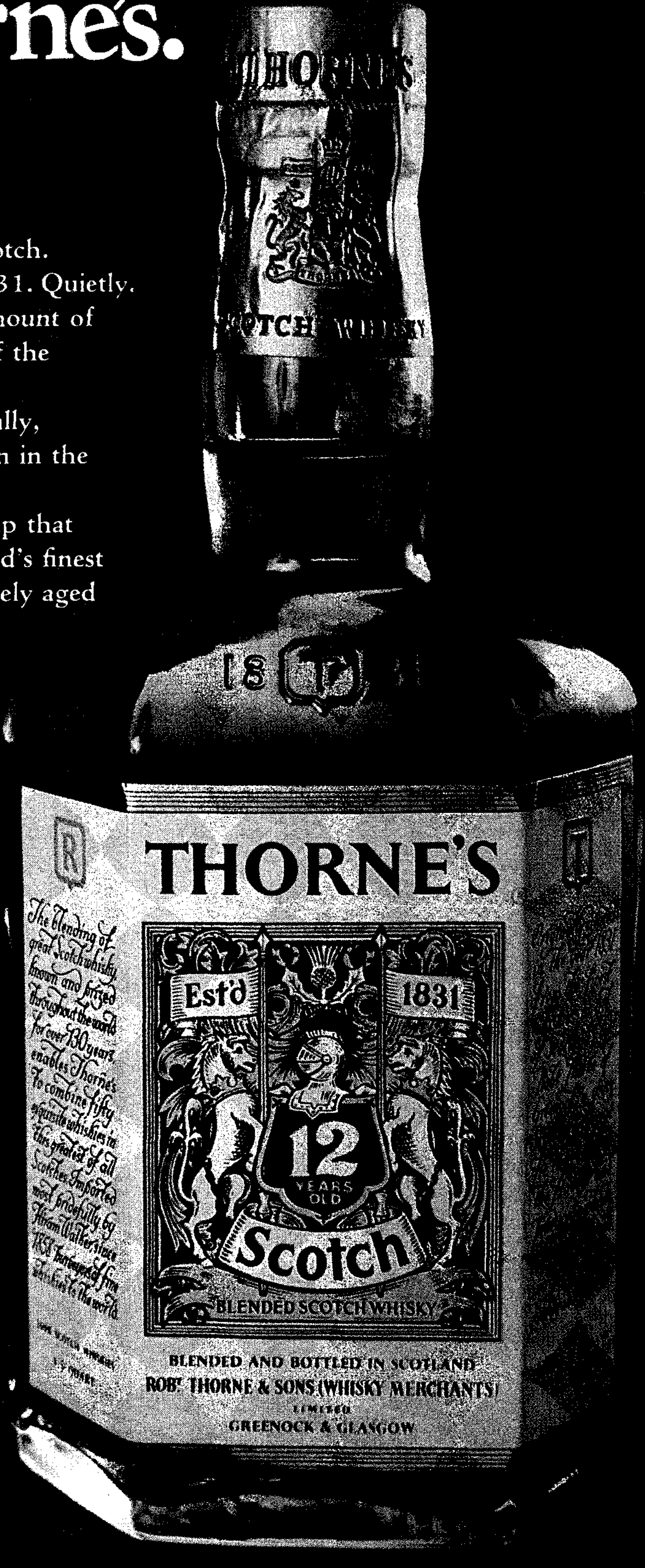
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 30: To be announced.
From Dec. 1: "The Touch" and "8½."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 24: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."
Nov. 25-27: "The Wizard of Oz."
Nov. 28-Dec. 1: "Stormy Weather" and "Cabin in the Sky."
From Dec. 2: "New Moon" and "Parisian Belle."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 25: "Yojimbo" and "Burn!"
Nov. 26-28: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Night of the Living Dead."
Nov. 29-30: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus."
Dec. 1-2: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" and "The Innocents."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Films by Thomas Soence, James Pasternak, Steve Dwoskin, James Broughton, Gerard Malanga, Jose Soltero, Fred Baker, Jerry Abrams, Constance Beeson, and Lawrence Wolf.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): "Cry Uncle" and "Putney Swope."
From Dec. 1 (tentative): "Johnny Got His Gun."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 30: "Fantasia."
From Dec. 1: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Gang's All Here."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"King of Hearts."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"200 Motels."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Films by James Broughton, Scott Bartlett, Jerry Abrams, Constance Beeson, Lawrence Wolf, Gerard Malange, Jose Soltero, and Fred Baker.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
To be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Safe Place."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 30: "Scrooge" and "Blue Water, White Death."
From Dec. 1: "The Clowns."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Maddalena."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"One Night at Dinner."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 30: "Joe Hill."
From Dec. 1: "Johnny Got His Gun."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): "Kotch."
From Dec. 1: "Gone with the Wind."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Man in the Wilderness."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Going Home."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Nov. 24: "Three Lives" and "Persona."
Nov. 25-Dec. 1 (tentative): "The Devils" and "The Fox."
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Nov. 24: "Marius."
Nov. 25: "Fanny."
Nov. 26: "César."
Nov. 27: "Children of Paradise."
Nov. 28: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."
Nov. 29: "The Would-Be Gentleman."
Nov. 30: "Volpone."
Dec. 1: "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
Dec. 2: "Beauty and the Devil."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 30: "Cry Uncle."
From Dec. 1: "Gone with the Wind."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 30: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "Joanna."
From Dec. 1: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Point of Order!"

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Medea."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 25: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "A Lesson in Love."
Nov. 26-28: "The Passion of Anna" and "Through a Glass Darkly."
Nov. 29-30: "The Devil's Eye" and "All These Women."
Dec. 1-2: "The Silence" and "Winter Light."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): "Kotch."
From Dec. 1: "The Steagle" and "The Ski Bum."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Nov. 26: "Haunted Samurai" and "Ninjitsu, Master of Magic."
From Nov. 27: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Far from the Madding Crowd."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Is There Sex After Death?"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Raga."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): "Kotch."
From Dec. 1: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Nov. 24: "Falstaff."
Nov. 25-Dec. 1: "Henry V."
From Dec. 2: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 30: "The Organization."
From Dec. 1: "Born to Win."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 30: "Friends" and "Stolen Kisses."
From Dec. 1: "Topele."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 30: "Scrooge" and "Blue Water, White Death."
From Dec. 1: "The Devils" and "The Priest's Wife."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 24: "Voyage to Italy" and "The Rise of Louis XIV."
Nov. 25-Dec. 1: "Socrates."
From Dec. 2 (tentative): "The Servant" and "Accident."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): "Kotch" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter."
From Dec. 1: "The Steagle" and "The People Next Door."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 26: "Moulin Rogue" and "Oscar Wilde."
Nov. 27-29: "From Here to Eternity" and "The Caine Mutiny."
From Nov. 30: "The Battle of Love's Return."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 30: "Joe Hill."
From Dec. 1: "Johnny Got His Gun."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Nov. 24: "La Viaccia" and "Open City."
Nov. 25-Dec. 1: "Medea."
From Dec. 2: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Singin' in the Rain."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 2, tentative.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 29-30.)

The Battle of Love's Return—Directed by, and with, Lloyd Kaufman. (Thalia; starting Nov. 30.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 2.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly live action. (Music Hall.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 30.)

Born to Win—With George Segal, Karen Black, and Paula Prentiss, directed by Ivan Passer. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 1.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 1.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 25.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente

Minnelli directed. "Happiness is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28-Dec. 1.)

The Caine Mutiny (1954)—Humphrey Bogart is Queeg, but the picture is trash. (Thalia; Nov. 27-29.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (Garrick; Nov. 26.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 27.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 1.)

Cry Uncle—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Waverly; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25-Dec. 1, tentative. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 1.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 29-30.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Trans-Lux East.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell" in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "South American Way" she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24.)

VILLAGE
VILLAGE

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The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1954)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 28.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Art; starting Dec. 1.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Paramount; Nov. 24.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Demazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 25.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 30.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Fridays through Sundays, and Thanksgiving at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 1:30, and Saturday, Sunday, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25-Dec. 1, tentative.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Regency; through Nov. 30.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Thalia; Nov. 27-29.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in an insane musical directed by Busby Berkeley. (Murray Hill.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Going Home—With Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Herbert B. Leonard. (86th St. East.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (U. A. East and Waverly; starting Dec. 1.)

Haunted Samurai—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus that had gulped it down with a gallon of pond bilge. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Symphony; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Paramount; Nov. 25-Dec. 1.)

The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus (1960)—A French thriller about skin-grafting. Georges Franju, who directed, worked with his usual power, and the film possesses true terror. With Pierre Brasseur and Alida Valli. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 29-30.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camerawork is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah, who worked on the script, in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 29-30.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Joanna (1968)—Joanna (Genevieve Waite) gets pregnant by a beautiful black, and though he goes to prison for ten years, she decides to have the baby. Moronic. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 30.)

Joe Hill—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. The movie has no strength. With Thommy Berggren as the Wobbly-troubadour. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; through Nov. 30.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 1, tentative.)

King Lear—Paul Scofield in the title role. Directed by Peter Brook. (Paris.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Sutton.)

Kotch—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Lincoln Art, and Symphony; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 25.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

Maddalena—With Lisa Gastoni, directed by Jergy Kawalerowicz. (Juliet I.)

Man in the Wilderness—With Richard Harris, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Loew's Ciné.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseille café owner, whose son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Demazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 24.)

Medea—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; Nov. 25-Dec. 1.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 1.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

New Moon (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 2.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 26-28.)

Ninjitsu, Master of Magic—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; through Nov. 26.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 30.)

One Night at Dinner—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Tony Musante, and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. In Italian. (Juliet 2.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 24.)

The Organization—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 30.)

Parisian Belle (1930)—Based on the Broadway show "Good News," and originally released under that title. With Bessie Love and Cliff Edwards. The songs include "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and "I'd Like to Make You Happy." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 2.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 26-28.)

The People Next Door (1970)—Eli Wallach and Hal Holbrook in a film about the generation gap. The gap has been widened. (Symphony; starting Dec. 1.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 1.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 1.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Gramercy; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, directed by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (New Yorker; Nov. 24.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 26-28.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A Safe Place—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II.)

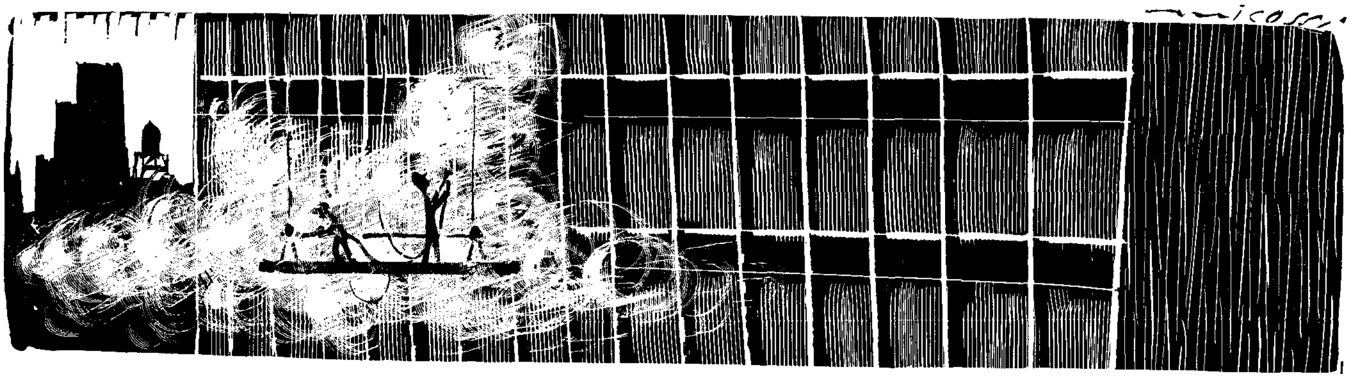
Scrooge (1970)—This Ronald Neame version, starring Albert Finney, is tastefully dull. Leslie Bricusse simply cannot write a tune; one comes out of this musical without even a few bars to hum. (72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 30.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 2, tentative.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Lively musical starring Howard Keel and with some fine dancers, including Jacques d'Amboise. (Olympia; starting Dec. 2.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters traveling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin; Dec. 1-2.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all



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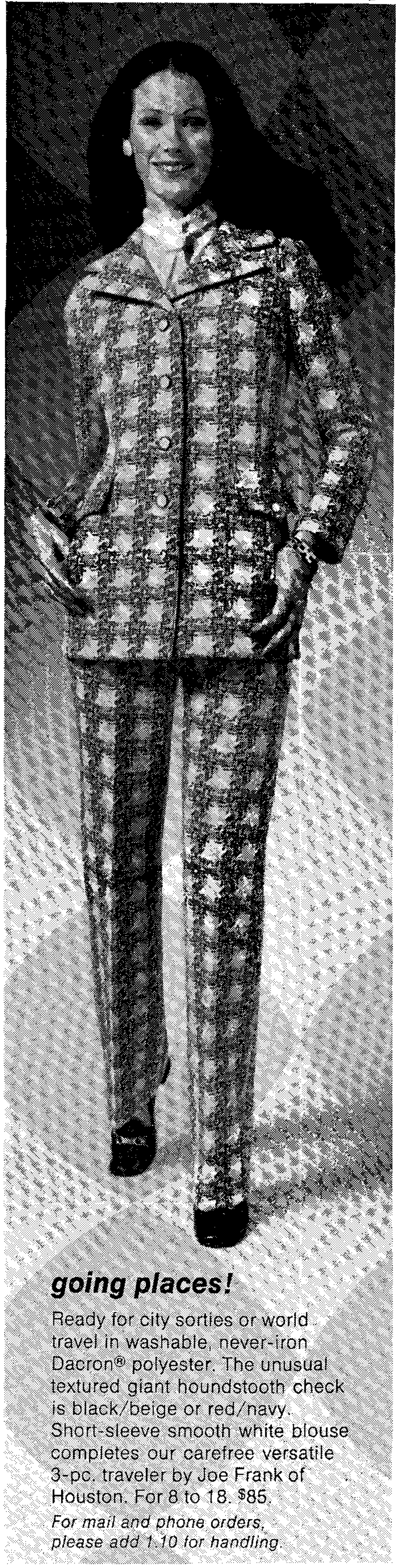

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movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia; starting Dec. 2.)

The Ski Bum—Some U.C.L.A. film students took over the Romain Gary novel, soaked it in Fellini and Buñuel, and stuffed it with pot. Weird is a mild word for the result, but a few sequences are also weirdly good. With Zalman King and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Bruce Clark. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Dec. 1.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 25.)

Socrates—Roberto Rossellini's most recent film. (New Yorker; Nov. 25-Dec. 1.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting Dec. 1.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Regency; through Nov. 30.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28-Dec. 1.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. It is chiefly memorable for the huge glassy necklaces draped on poor Alice Faye's chest and for her glassy stare that said, "Why, Twentieth Century-Fox, oh why?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24.)

Three Lives—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 26-28.)

Topele—An Israeli film. (Regency; starting Dec. 1.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Art; starting Dec. 1.)

T. R. Baskin—Baroque in its stupidity. Candice Bergen, looking like a million dollars, as an alienated, friendless typist in Chicago. The movie feminizes alienation by turning it into whimsy. Herbert Ross directed. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza.)

La Viaccia (1960)—The director, Mauro Bolognini, sustains interest in the nineteenth-century Florentine atmosphere. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a sensual but stupid farm boy, Claudia Cardinale a moody, perverse prostitute. Literary and too dour but not altogether negligible. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 24.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 30.)

Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), and yet deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 24.)

Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow—With Jack Klugman, directed by Edward Mann. (Guild.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; through Nov. 26.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Dec. 1-2.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 25-27.)

The Would-Be Gentleman (1960)—An enjoyable photographed performance, in color and with the exquisite Lully music, by the Comédie-Française of the famous Molière comedy about the rich man (Louis Seigner) who wants to become a gentleman. Jean Meyer, who directed the play and the film, appears as the valet. The exaggerated balletic movement and the elegant diction are intact; the subtitles are witty and idiomatic. In French. (Garrick; Nov. 29.)

'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963)—Not as cut-and-dried as most low-budget sci-fi thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this Roger Corman movie, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the carny man who exploits him. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

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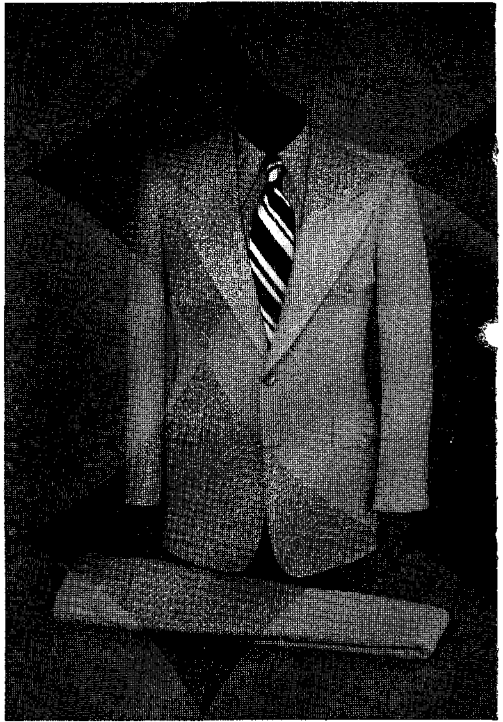

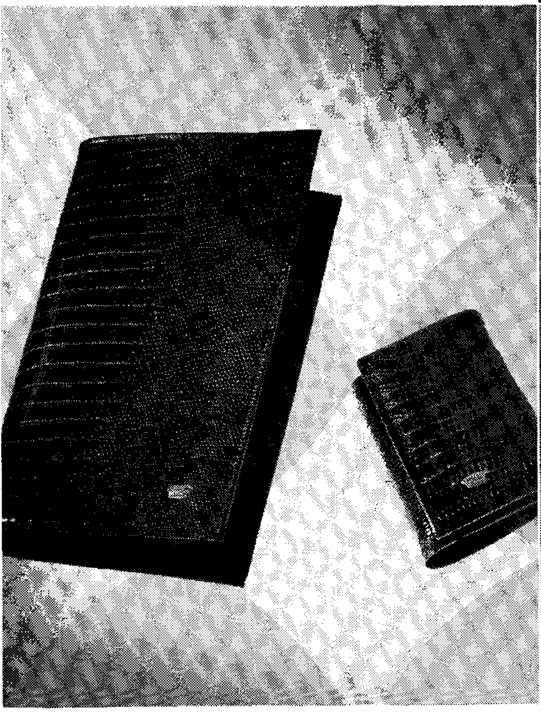

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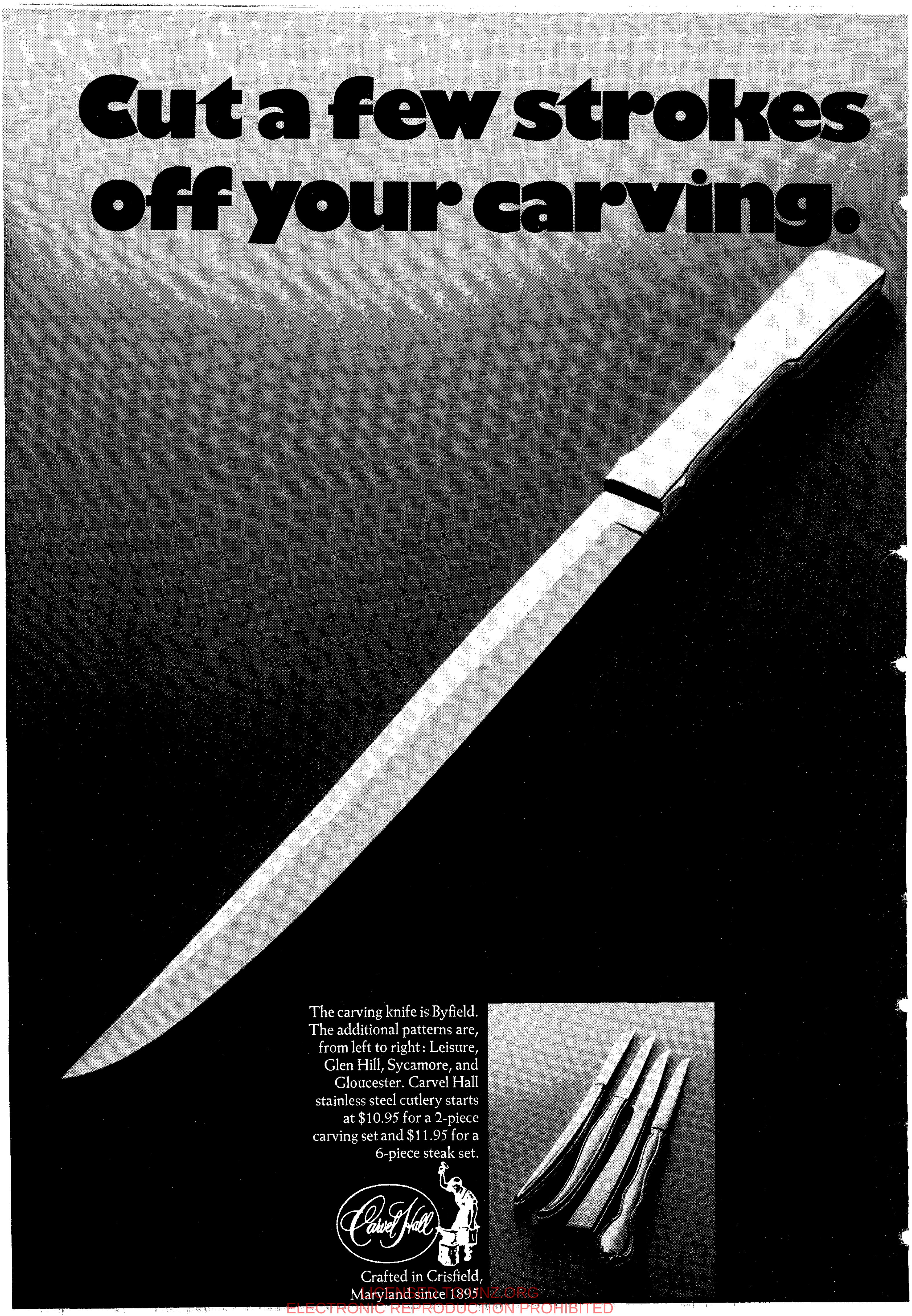

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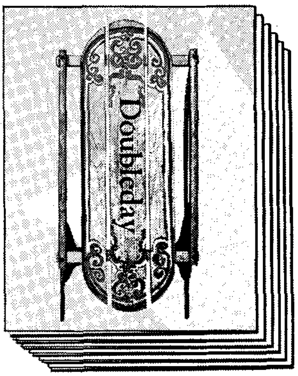

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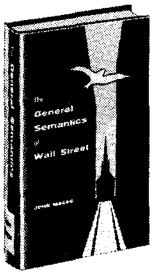

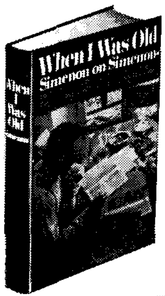

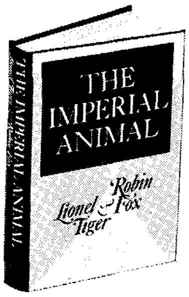

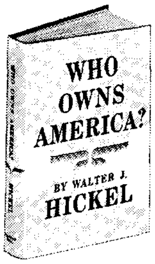

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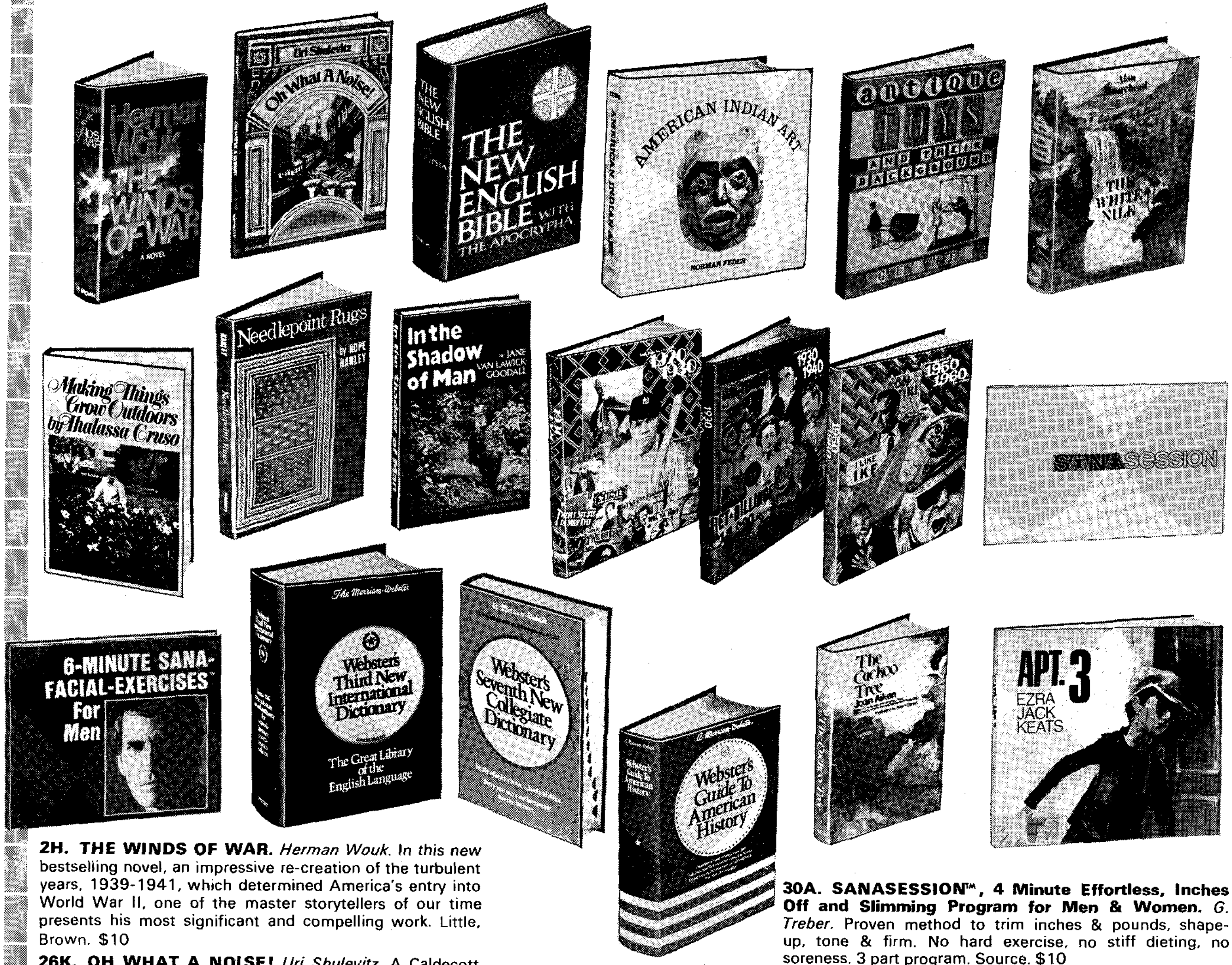
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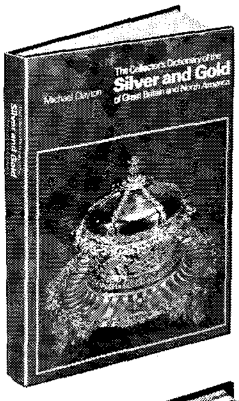
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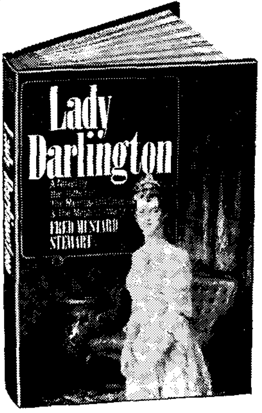
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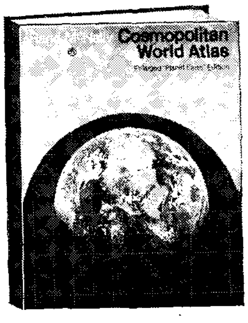
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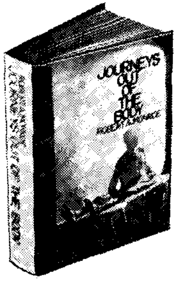
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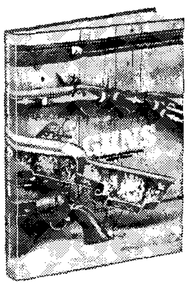

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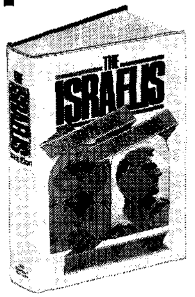
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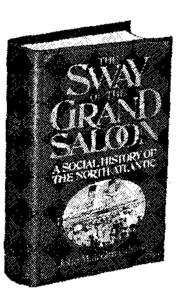
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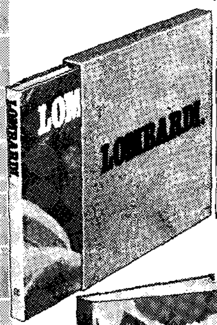

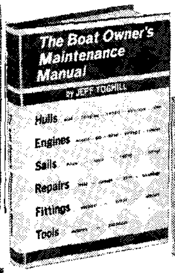
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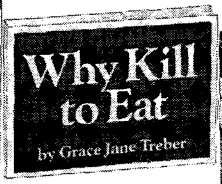
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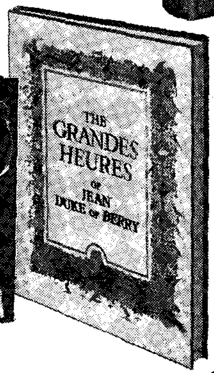
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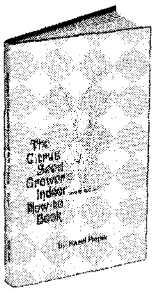
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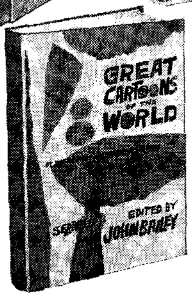
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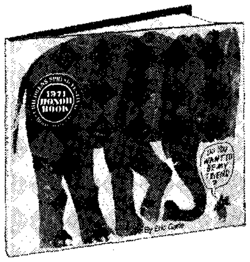

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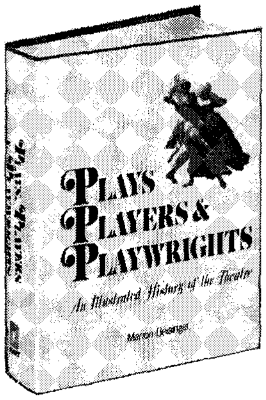
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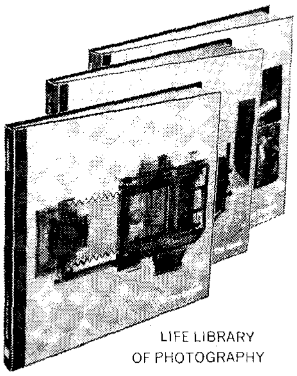

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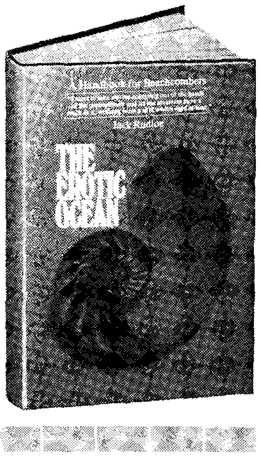
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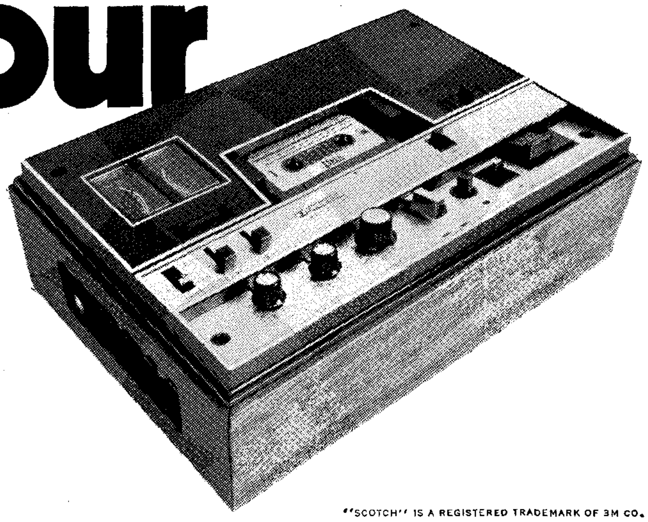

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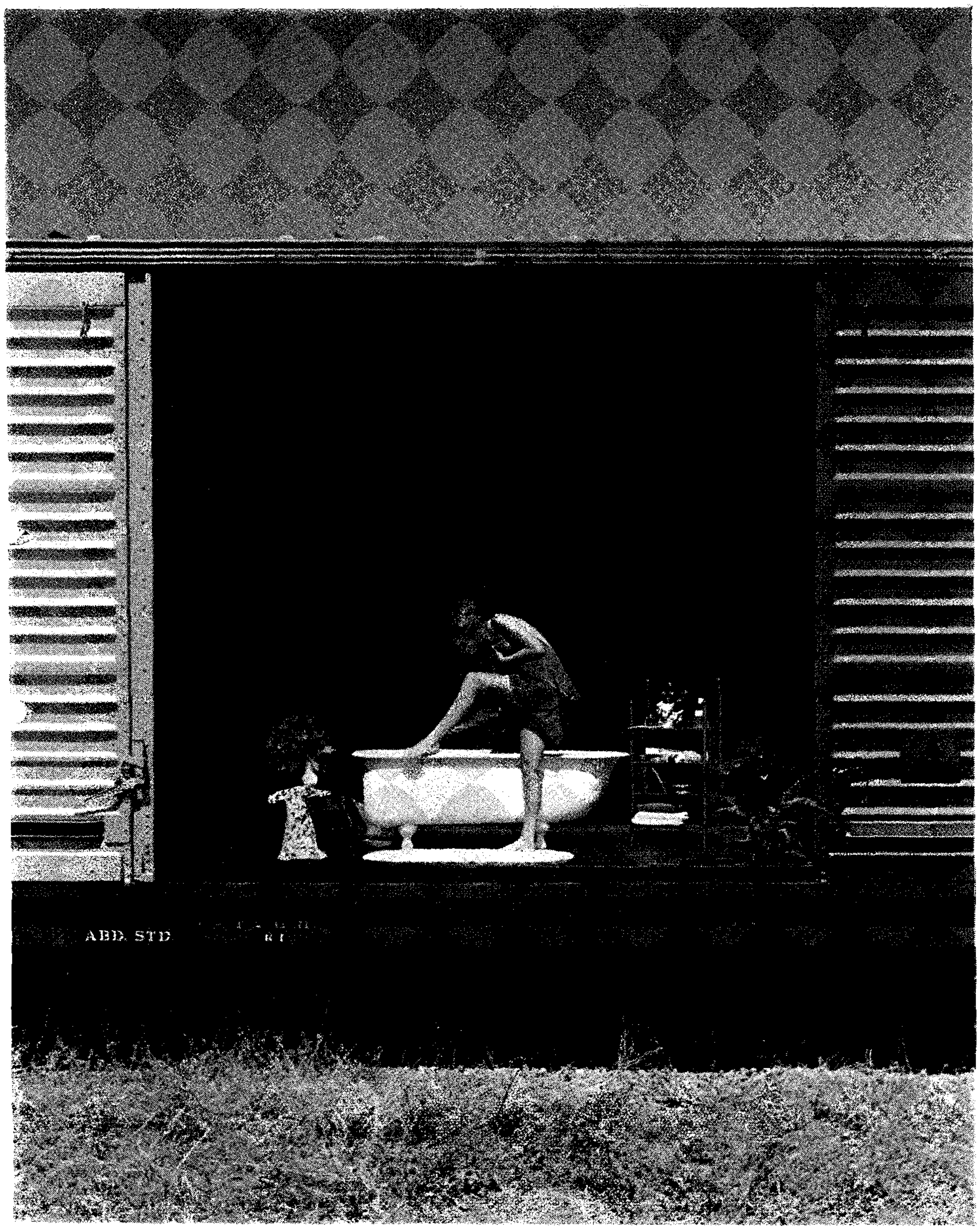

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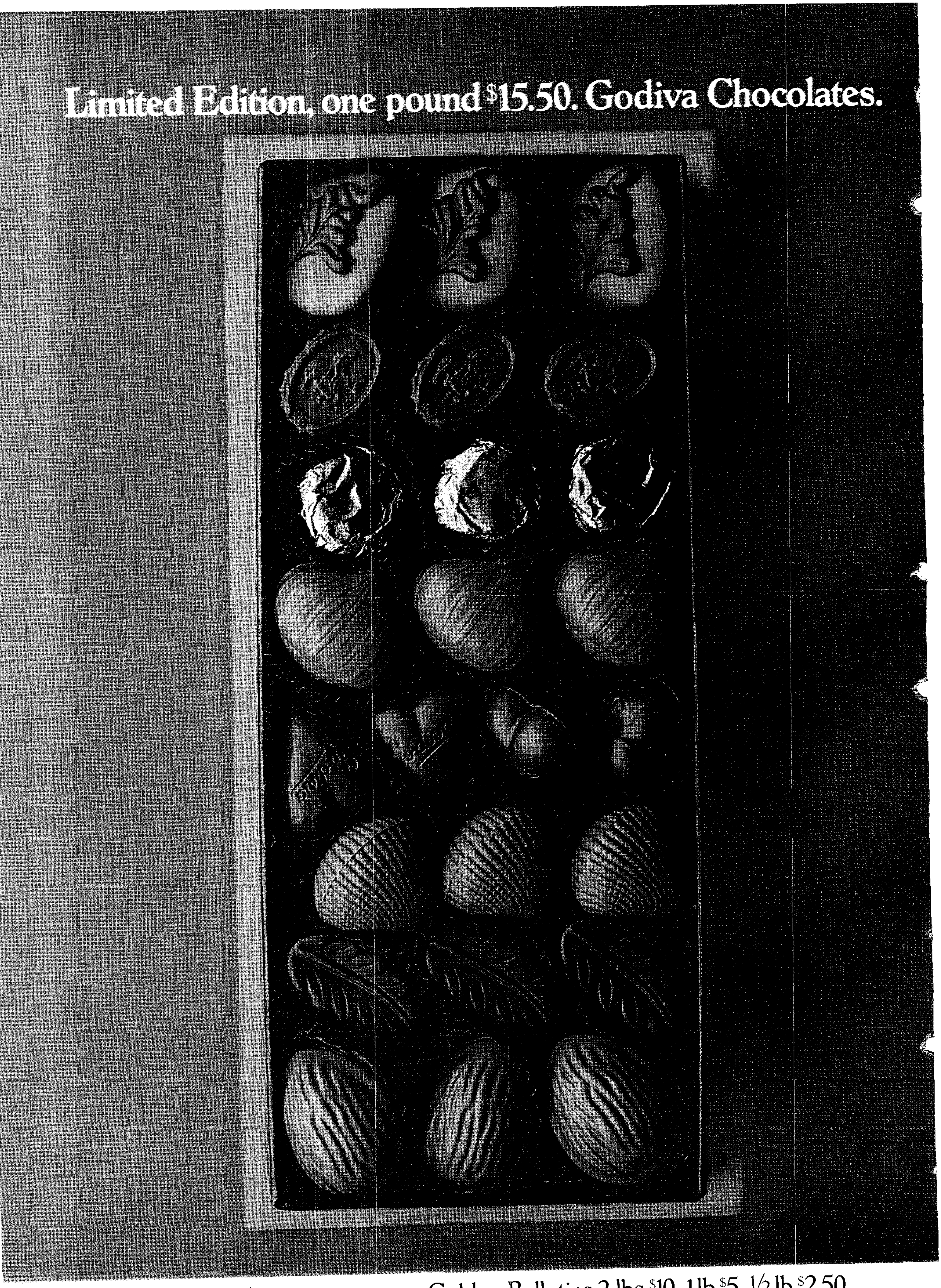

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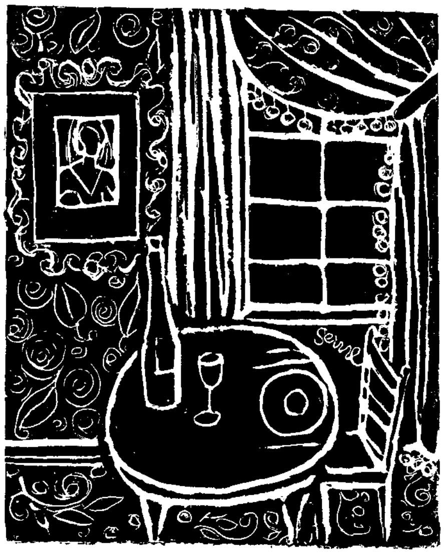
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE nineteen-sixties, a period that lasted from about 1962 to about 1969, was a time of demonstrations. Above all, there was the Vietnam war itself. It was a "demonstration," in the policymakers' words, of this country's "resolve" to fight "Communism," a "test case" of its "toughness" in facing world revolution. And then, of course, there were the other demonstrations—the ones in Central Park and at the Washington Monument, which gave the lie to what the government was saying with its war. Those crowds were saying that, as a people, Americans didn't in fact have the "resolve"—or the stomach—to tear up small countries that posed no threat to them. The protest movement has been criticized for its theatricality, but what could be more appropriate than answering one "demonstration" with another? A couple of weeks ago, on November 6th, we went to the Sheep Meadow in Central Park to see the most recent demonstration of this kind, which called for "An Immediate Withdrawal of All Troops from Southeast Asia." In the nineteen-sixties, the crowds were asking for negotiations to end the war. This crowd was asking for a lot more. Its speakers were calling for an end not only to the war but to American imperialism generally, to racism, to Fascism, and to sexism, too. It was asking for more, but its numbers were fewer—perhaps ten or fifteen thousand, instead of the hundreds of thousands who used to show up. Part of the audience, moreover, was made up of small groups who were using the demonstration to advance a number of more specific causes, among them independence for Puerto Rico, self-determination for Northern Ireland, independence for East Bengal, and a trial of Governor Rockefeller for "murder" at Attica. And every second person in the crowd seemed to be selling subscriptions to one radical newspaper or another, so the whole occasion had the air of a convention of underground-newspaper dealers. The organizers tried to put a brave face on things, but the inescapable conclusion was that—for the moment, anyway—*this* kind of demonstration was dead. It has been outlasted by the other kind—the kind we make with our B-52s in Indo-China.

We are in the strangest period of this strangest of our wars. The speakers at the demonstration in the Park could point to many successes—most notably, the fact that today, according to the polls, a majority of Americans want to get out of Vietnam even if that means that the Communists will take over. Even the President seems to be against the war. To hear him talk lately, you would think he was so opposed to the war that he had already ended it. (For example, he has been referring regularly to our "peacetime economy.") It is as though the Administration had struck a bargain with the opposition. "As far as the United States is concerned, we give up in the debate on our war policy," the Administration has seemed to be saying. "We surrender the domestic front to you. We concede all the arguments. We won't talk about preserving freedom in Vietnam anymore, or about combatting revolution based in Peking. We'll stop trying to rally support for the cause. From now on, everyone in America is a dove, with us leading the flock. All this we concede. And we ask just one thing in return: a free hand to do as we please in Vietnam."



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SENATOR JOHN L. McCLELLAN, Democrat of Arkansas, recently used the Op-Ed page of the *Times* to express his approval of the nominations of Lewis F. Powell, Jr., and William H. Rehnquist to the Supreme Court, and to justify his own view of the Court's proper role in our society. Senator McClellan wrote, "In recent years, a majority of the Supreme Court—no doubt in good faith but nonetheless with mistaken judgment—began to impose new standards on the administration of criminal justice in the United States on both the federal and state levels." In other words, a majority of the members of the Supreme Court, who have the combined power in our system of fifty-one senators, were wrong because one senator whose legal background consists of four years' experience as a rural prosecutor in the nineteen-twenties says they were wrong. "These decisions have not enforced the simple rule that law enforcement agents must 'live up to the Constitution' in the administration of justice," Senator McClellan continued. "Instead, these cases have, to a significant degree, created and imposed on a helpless society new rights for the criminal defendants." Some other senators, along with most of the leading legal scholars in the country, have stated that the Court has done little more than define rights that always existed but were ignored or violated by policemen and prosecutors who were more intent upon locking up likely wrongdoers than upon defending the Constitution. And not many of Senator McClellan's colleagues would agree that the two hundred million richest and most powerful people in history compose a society that is helpless.

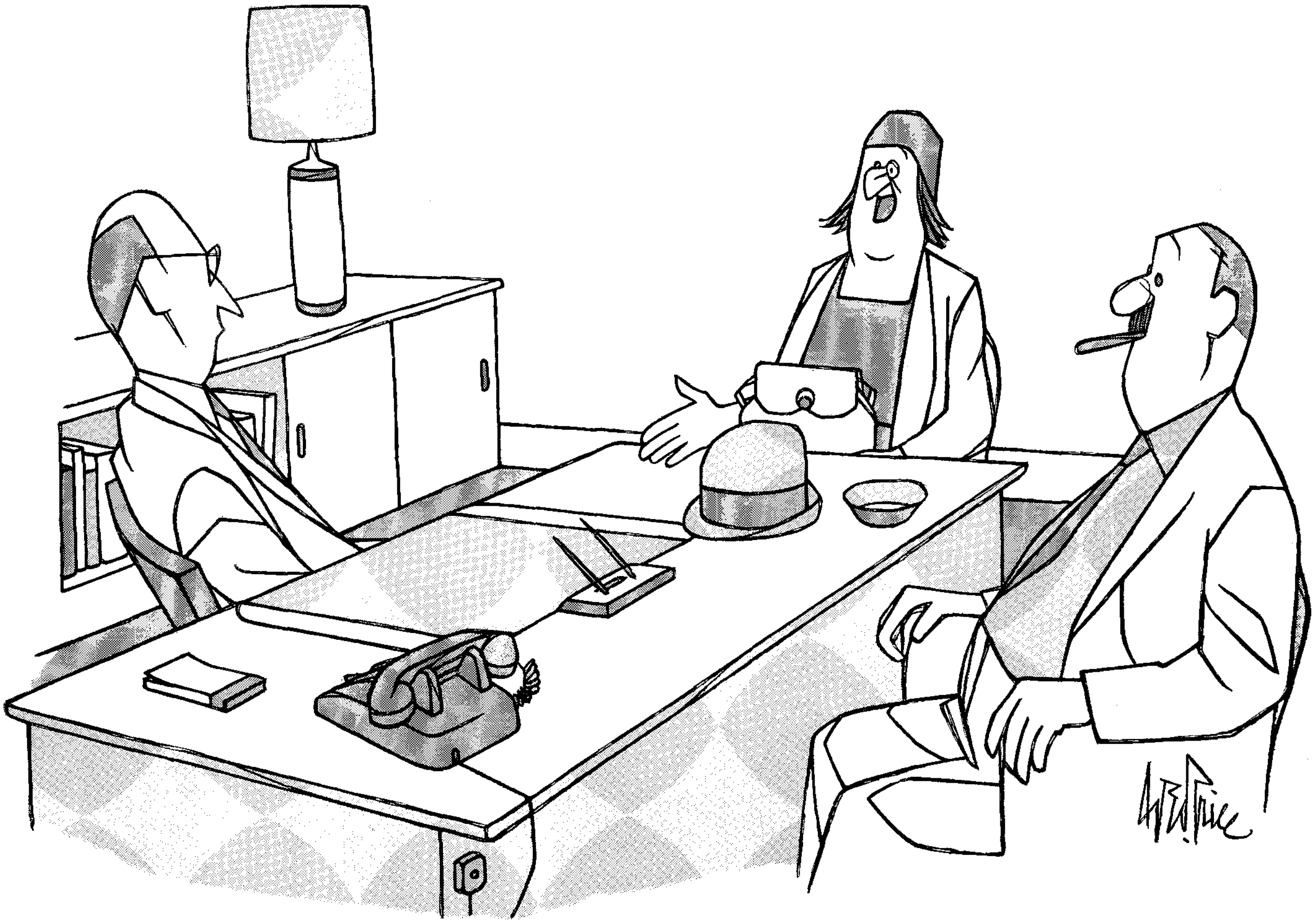
"The pursuit by some jurists of abstract individual rights defined by ideology, not law, has threatened to alter the nature of the criminal trial from a test of the defendant's guilt or innocence into an inquiry into the propriety of the policeman's conduct," the Senator went on. How abstract is the right to have a lawyer by one's side during police interrogation in a hostile and frightening atmosphere? How abstract is the right to remain silent when anything one says can later be used in court? How abstract is the right not to be compelled to testify against oneself? And what is the ideology that defines such rights but the lesson, based on two thousand years of history, that *any* individual must have some way to protect himself against *any* government? To be sure, the Court has inquired into the propriety of the policeman's conduct—chiefly because local, state, and federal authorities, including Congress, have persistently failed to set rules for the police to follow, and the police, having been allowed to set their own, could not be expected to set rules that would make their work any harder. If anything, the Court, it appears, has concerned itself too little with the policeman's conduct. Certainly there is no evidence for the charge, so often made by men on the right, like Senator McClellan, that certain decisions of the Supreme Court have "handcuffed the police." Back in 1936, in the case of Brown v. Mississippi, the Supreme Court said that confessions must not be beaten out of suspects; in that case, policemen had strung up three black men and beaten them until they said what was wanted. State courts paid little attention to that decision, preferring to take the word of police officers who denied using any coercion. Over the years, the Court repeatedly asserted and emphasized this simple principle, only to be ignored. Finally, in the case of Miranda v. Arizona, it laid down certain procedures to make its Constitutional point inescapable. However, many judges will undoubtedly go on taking the word of policemen and prosecutors, and go on ignoring the Constitution. Senator McClellan has encouraged them to, by attacking the Court through its decisions—particularly its decision in the Miranda case. His passionate hatred of that decision is especially interesting, for the only thing that the Court said in it was that the ignorant must be forewarned of what the wary already know.

Senator McClellan has spent a lifetime trying to kill flies with a baseball bat instead of going out and mending the hole in the screen. "In my judgment, these decisions, however well-intentioned, have come at a most critical juncture of our nation's history and have had an adverse impact on the administration of justice," he wrote. "Our system of criminal justice, state and federal, is increasingly being rendered more impotent in the face of an ever-rising tide of crime and disorder." In short, if two hundred million people are to be protected against the depredations of the criminally inclined, everyone's liberties must be abridged. One might remind the Senator of what William Pitt told the House of Commons in 1783: "Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom. It is the argument of tyrants. It is the creed of slaves." When demagoguery replaces reason, true necessity is ignored. Senator McClellan has called for the legal means to send more malefactors to prison, but for many years he opposed prison reform; since our prisons as they are run today are no more than crime schools, the imprisonment of more criminals will only assure that more hardened and cunning criminals will be sent back into society.

The Senator also pointed out, as he has done over and over elsewhere, that the Supreme Court's 1966 decision in the Miranda case was by the narrow vote of five to four, and that the Senate's approval of his 1968 bill to reverse that decision legislatively was by a lopsided vote of fifty-five to twenty-nine. There are two or three facts that he did not mention. For one, during an executive session of the Senate Judiciary Committee, where there was no grandstand for demagogues to play to, a motion to throw out his bill was defeated, but by a vote of eight to eight. For another, the vote that followed on the Senate floor was taken in the spring of 1968, when Richard Nixon was campaigning across the country on a law-and-order platform, when the public was even more concerned about crime than about the war in Vietnam, when moderates and liberals in both parties were cowed by charges that they had been "soft on crime," and when President Johnson refused to fight Senator McClellan's move and thereby send his fellow-Democrats home to campaign for reëlection after they had opposed a bill to "fight crime." And, finally, some senators were later reported to have been privately against the bill but to have publicly voted for it because they were confident that the Supreme Court would overturn it. Now, of course, with a Supreme Court recast as Richard Nixon, John Mitchell, and John McClellan would like, that expectation may well be thwarted.

In conclusion, Senator McClellan stated, "We must not emphasize one aspect of the Constitution to the exclusion of another. It not only wrongs the Constitution but it will also ultimately jeopardize both the safety and the liberty of our people." That would be an admirable sentiment if the Senator had not led the fight, in Congress and out, to make the Supreme Court an unequal branch of the government and thereby destroy the tripartite basis of the Constitution. His argument would also carry more weight if he had not, in the name of fighting crime, originated or vigorously supported just about every recent proposal to undermine that foundation of freedom the Bill of Rights.

Senator Philip A. Hart, Democrat of Michigan, for his part, recently introduced a piece of legislation that would do more to control crime than all of Senator McClellan's proposals combined. The Hart bill, S. 2815, would ban private ownership of "handguns"—that is, firearms small enough to be operated with one hand. The most comprehensive study available reveals that there are ninety million privately owned firearms in the United States today, and that twenty-four million of them are handguns. Over the past decade, an average of a million handguns a year has been bought in this country. The most recent annual figures for crimes in which firearms were used include seventy-three thousand robberies, ninety-six per cent of them involving handguns; fifty-three thousand violent assaults, eighty-six per cent of them involving handguns; and seven thousand murders, seventy-six per cent of them involving handguns. A federal study of the killing of a total of four hundred and eleven police officers in the course of their official duties between 1960 and 1967 showed that ninety-six per cent of them were killed by firearms, and most of these were handguns. Of the eight attempted or successful assassinations of Presidents of the United States, all but one—the murder of John F. Kennedy—were carried out with handguns. Public-opinion polls conducted over the years have consistently shown that upward of two-thirds of the people want strict controls on all firearms. Yet there is almost no chance that Senator Hart's bill, or any other gun-control bill that really means any-



"I wouldn't call two 'Gesundheit's in seven years a sincere effort to communicate."

* *

thing, will be enacted. In the name of "fighting crime," members of the Congress have been far more willing to support demagogic attacks on our civil liberties, like those mounted by Senator McClellan, than they have been to control the most common instruments of crime—guns. For example, only one colleague of Hart's, Senator Fred R. Harris, Democrat of Oklahoma, who is not running for reëlection to the Senate next year, has come forward to co-sponsor his measure. The gun lobby, which is one of the most powerful pressure groups in Washington, is led by the National Rifle Association and is backed by arms manufacturers, arms dealers, and gun owners. It is clear that together these interests are morally responsible for untold numbers of robberies, assaults, and deaths. But they are no more responsible than the members of Congress who bow before them, or than the President and the Attorney General, who refuse to support strict control of firearms. Last June, after a wave of killings of police officers, President Nixon convened a meeting of police chiefs and sheriffs at the White House to consider what might be done to protect their men. The President and the Attorney General publicly took the kind of tough law-and-order stance that was calculated to please a frightened public and a deeply concerned law-enforcement establishment, but at the same time they rejected any plan for new gun controls, which the frightened public and almost all law-enforcement officers, including the Director of the F.B.I. and the head of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, have so often pleaded for. As long as a violently inclined minority can intimidate the nation's leaders and permit anyone to arm himself and prey on the innocent majority, more and more members of that majority will arm themselves, too, and the spiral will continue to rise and widen. No society that allows this to happen can be called civilized. And no government that ignores the needs and the wishes of its people can be called democratic.

Meeting

AT the C.B.S. Building, in a room with pale linen-textured walls, Steve Popovich, director of national promotion for Columbia Records; George Brewer, assistant director; Jim Brown, national album-promotion manager; Bil Keane, director of merchandising for Columbia Records; Kip Cohen, East Coast A. & R. (Artists and Repertory) man at Columbia Records; Kal Rudman, editor of a music-business tip sheet and author of a column in *Record World* called "Money Music;" and twenty or so other men—copywriters, product managers, and executives—were waiting for the arrival of Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records, and for the commencement of the Singles Meeting. The pale linen-textured walls were lined with photographs of Important Columbia Artists—Sly Stone, Tammy Wynette, Johnny Cash, Laura Nyro, Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin—and these had been hung with a certain elegant care. In contrast, a hand-lettered poster hung rather casually on the back wall. "Santana Album—Billboard #1," this poster said. The music business accommodates a number of styles. There is the Artist style, which may involve limousines but is still meant to stay street-wise; there is the style—the Promotion style—of the people who hustle records and tout records and push records and distribute records and play records on the air; and there is the Corporate style, which is cool and, at its most effective, so flexible that it melts into the Artist style and the Promotion style with equal ease. At the Singles Meeting, the Artist style was not much in evidence. The hard-sell Promotion style was represented only by Kal Rudman, the tip-sheet editor. The dominant style of the Singles Meeting was cool Corporate. Everyone waiting for Clive Davis was dressed in one of two ways: respectable with hip accents or hip with respectable accents. Clive Davis, when he arrived, turned out to be dressed in a brown suède suit, purple shirt, and purple tie.

As soon as Clive Davis entered the room, the Singles Meeting began. At the weekly Singles Meeting, Columbia people listen to the single records Columbia is about to release, and report on the progress of singles and albums already in the marketplace. The music comes out of two giant, five-foot speakers. Traditionally, everyone is silent during the playing of a record. Approval is registered by a nodding of the head in time with the music. (This gesture serves to indicate knowledge of the record as well as approval, and can be emphasized by silent lip movement.) Disapproval is rarely registered, although some people occasionally remain motionless, indicating a lack of enthusiasm. Some people close their eyes during the playing of the record, especially if they are really *getting into it*, while others glance around the table. Traditionally, there is a brief dead silence after a record is played. Traditionally, Clive Davis makes the first comment.

Clive Davis is a man with an intelligent, subdued, well-ordered style of his own—a manner that seems almost hesitant but is powerful nonetheless. He was trained as a lawyer, and he is the extraordinarily successful president of an extraordinarily successful record company—the most profitable division of C.B.S. The music business is a vital business, and a successful business over all, but it is not inevitable that a big record company should be successful, as the managements of R.C.A. and Capitol can attest. Much of Columbia's success has to do with Clive Davis.

"Help Me Make It Through the Night," a record by O. C. Smith, was played. Steve Popovich ran down progress on the record. He announced that it had picked up major play on rhythm-and-blues (black) stations in Baltimore and Houston, and that WWRL, in New York, had just picked it up. "Help Me Make It Through the Night" is a new, "cover" version, in rhythm-and-blues style, of a country hit. The notion of "covering" a country song for the black market is a relatively new one. Jerry Wexler, at Atlantic, did it early—with Solomon Burke's song "Just Out of Reach"—and Ray Charles did it with "I Can't Stop Loving You" and others, but such songs are still tricky to promote. After the record ended, there was a brief but completely dead silence, and then Clive Davis said that it sounded better to him every time he heard it.

"Sales last week were nine thousand in New York City. That's with WNEW and WLIB but *without* WWRL," said Steve Popovich.

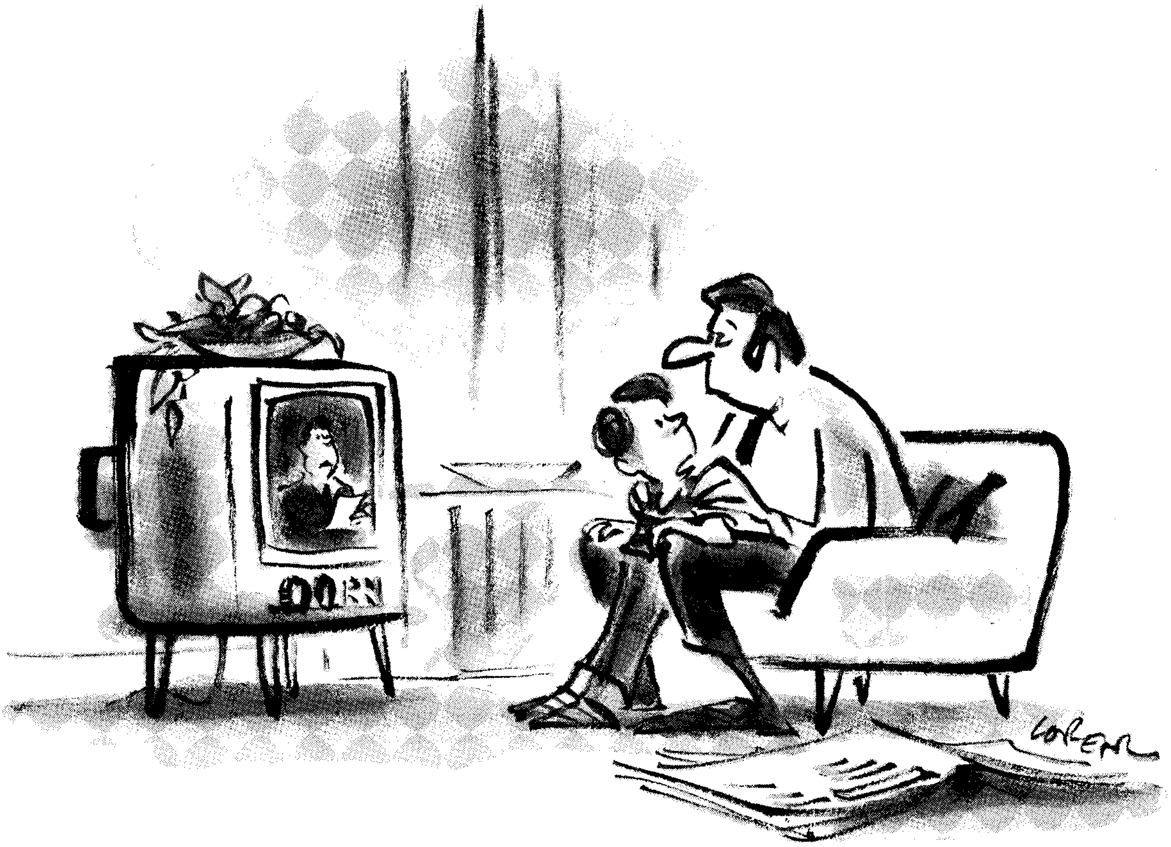
"And we've got WWRL now," Clive Davis said.

"That's right," said Steve Popovich.

"Let's treat it as a brand-new release," Clive Davis said.

Clive Davis talked about a record by Billy Joe Royal. He announced that it had been chosen a "Personal Pick" by Bill Gavin, who, like Kal Rudman, runs a tip sheet. "Let's play it," said Clive Davis. "What's the name of it, again?" The song, called "We Go Back," was played, and everyone listened, and nearly everyone nodded with the music. Kal Rudman nodded with the music with his eyes closed. Clive Davis nodded with the music and played with a red felt-tipped pen.

"Good morning, Colonel. While you overslept, you were ousted in a palace coup, and I must say your breakfast was delicious."



"Well, if Mr. Nixon is President, who is Mr. Ziegler?"

"Any pickup?" asked Clive Davis when the song was over.

"Too soon to say," said Steve Popovich. "It's Hit-Bound at WBBQ, in Augusta. Augusta is a very good town to watch. 'Indian Reservation' started down there."

"I know," said Clive Davis. "I really *must* pay them a visit. Tell the product managers to get going. We can get an album out—we've got so much in the can from him. Edit this song to Track One, and get ready in case the single starts to move."

Clive Davis announced that three album cuts by a new singer named Jake Holmes would be played, and that one of them would be picked for a single. The first cut was played. "Just a pretty album cut, not a single," Clive Davis said when the song was done. Then the second was played. "It's got the hook, but it doesn't have the lyric communication, I think," said Davis. Before the third cut was played, Davis announced that Sly had a very successful single in "It's a Family Affair," that the Santana album not only was No. 1 after five weeks but had sold over a million units of albums and tapes in four, and that a recent trip he had made to California had been a great success. "I was impressed by the vitality of the Coast," he said. "The New Riders of the Purple Sage are very pleased with the way their tour is going. Their airport reception has been far greater than the Grateful Dead ever gets. This is their first exposure to what we can do with our field staff. We gave a party at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. I talked to Jann Wenner, of *Rolling Stone*. They're doing cover issues on Janis Joplin and Bob Dylan, and we talked about tying in with distribution. The KSAN disc jockeys were there. Paul Simon was there. There is a very good feeling about us there." The third Jake Holmes cut was played. It was called "Trust Me," and was hard and insistent. Kal Rudman, an enormous cigar in his mouth, closed his eyes while he listened. Bil Keane drummed his fingers on a computer printout of daily sales figures. When it was over, there was a brief dead silence, and then Clive Davis said, "I guess that's the one we go with."

Davis announced that Free Movement, a black group with a current hit, had just been signed by Columbia. "Their company didn't have them under contract," he said. "I don't understand such a thing, but I'm pleased to announce that Free Movement will be on Columbia." Then Free Movement's current hit, "I Found Someone of My Own," was played, and Davis talked about the cover for the new Free Movement Columbia album. He said that he had rejected the first cover shown to him. "They've come in off the streets, and they need image development," he said.

Kal Rudman talked about Free Movement. "I was eminently involved in the entire history of the record," he said. "It's a freak situation. This record was an R. & B. hit, with no pop [white] exposure except in a couple of places in the Southwest. I talked the record up strenuously. I got the program directors at KQV and WIXZ, in Pittsburgh, to listen. I got it on both stations. I put it in my sheet. I called the promotion men sissies for not promoting the record. In two weeks, there was a complete breakout. You've got a wonderful demographic situation with this group. You've got automatic acceptance in the R. & B. market—at least three hundred and fifty thousand copies. You'll pick up more than seven hundred thousand copies easy in the pop market. You've got a million-seller. This is a memorable day. We are seeing the birth of a super-group."

At the end of the meeting, George Brewer read the singles report, which deals largely with what is happening to Columbia records in the charts of the music-business trade papers. This report pays special attention to "bullets"—the symbols used in the trade-paper charts to indicate rapid upward movement. He said, " 'Everybody's Everything,' by Santana. On thirty per cent of the stations, it's in the top fifteen. Moving from Bullet 25 to Bullet 16 in *Billboard*, Bullet 25 to Bullet 13 in *Cashbox*. . . . Total sales to date near four hundred thousand, with five-day sales at forty thousand. . . . Chicago picks up its bullet in *Billboard* this week, moving from 32 without a bullet to Bullet 25, and moves from Bullet 20 to Bullet 17 in *Cashbox*. Ten Years After picks up its bullet in *Billboard* once again, this week moving from 47, no bullet, to Bullet 42. . . . We can expect good chart movement to continue."

GAME PLAN

OF the game itself, a spectacle of high-shouldered men panting in the grass, I remember little or nothing. We played well that night or didn't play well; we won or lost. What I do recall are the names of plays and of players. Our opponent was West Centrex Biotechnical Institute. They were bigger than we were, a bit faster, possibly better trained, but as far as I could tell our plays had the better names.

At the kickoff, the receiving team dropped back and found its ground, holding a moment. Under the tumbling ball, the other team charged, verbs running into mammoth nouns, small wars commencing here and there, exultation and first blood, a helmet bouncing brightly on the phosphorescent grass, the breathless impact of two destructive masses, quite pretty to watch.

We huddled at the thirty-one.

"Blue turk right," Hobbs said. "Double-slot, re-T chuck-and-go, gap-angle wide, near-in belly toss, counter-sag, middle-sift W, zero snag delay."

"You forgot the snap number," Onan Moley said.

"How about three?" Ed Jessup said.

"How about two?" I said.

"Two it is," Hobbs said.

Six plays later, we left the huddle with a sharp handclap and trotted up to the Centrex twenty, eager to move off the ball, sensing a faint anxiety on the other side of the line.

"How to hit!" George Dole shouted out to us from the bench. "Way to pop, way to go, way to move! How to sting them, big Jerry! Huh huh huh huh! How to play this game!"

We scored, and Bing Jackmin kicked the extra point. I went over to the sideline and got down on one knee, the chin strap of my helmet undone—material for a prize-winning sports photo. Commotion everywhere. Offensive Backfield Coach Oscar Veech was shouting into my left ear.

"On the 32-break I want you to catapult out of there. I want you to really bulldoze. I want to see you cascade into the secondary."

"Tremendous imagery," I said.

"But be sure you protect that ball."

"Right."

"Get fetal, get fetal."

"Fetal!" I shouted back.

Our defense rolled into a gut 4-3 with variable off-picks. Down at the end of the bench, Raymond Toon seemed to be talking into his right fist. I got up and went over there. When he saw me coming, he covered the fist with his other hand.

"What are you doing, Toonie?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"I know what you're doing."

"Broadcasting the game," he admitted.

Their quarterback, Artie Telcon, moved them on the ground past midfield. At the sideline, I listened to one of our backfield coaches lecturing Garland Hobbs: "Employ the aerial game to implement the running game whereby you force their defense to respect the run, which is what they won't do if they can anticipate pass and read pass and if our frequency, say on second and long, indicates pass. If they send their linebackers, you've been trained and briefed and you know how to counter this. You counter this by audibilizing. You've got your screen, your flare, your quick slant-in. Audibilize. Audibilize. Audibilize."

They tried a long field goal, wide, and we went out. Hobbs hit Ron Steeples for good yardage. Steeples was knocked cold on the play, and the ref called a time-out to get him off. Chuck Deering came running in to replace him, tripping and falling as he reached the huddle. His left ankle appeared to be broken, and the ref called time again to get him off.

When we rehuddled Hobbs said, "Stem left, L and R hitch and cross, F weak switch to strong. On hut."

"What?" Flanders said.

"On hut."

"No, the other thing. F something."

"F weak switch to strong."

"What kind of pattern is that?"

"Are you kidding? Are you serious?"

"What a bunch of turf-eaters," Co-Captain Moody Kimbrough said.

"When did they put that pattern in, Hobbsie?"

"Tuesday or Wednesday. Where were you?"

"It must have been Wednesday," Flanders said. "I was at the dentist Wednesday."

"Nobody told you about the weak switch to strong?"

"I don't think so, Hobbsie."

"Look, run out ten yards, put some moves on your man, and then wait for further instructions."

"I'm co-captain to a bunch of turf-eaters," Kimbrough said.

"On hut. Break."

Centrex sent their linebackers. Hobbs left the pocket and I had Mallon, their psychotic middle linebacker, by the jersey. He tripped and I released, moving into a passing plane for Hobbs. He saw me but threw low. I didn't bother diving for it. One of the

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY THIS CABBIE ARE HIS OWN AND DO NOT REFLECT THOSE OF THE CAB COMPANY

coaches, Vern Feck, screamed into our chests as we came off. “What in the hell is going on here? What are you feebs doing out there? What in the goddam goat-smelling hell is the name of the game you people are playing?”

Head Coach said nothing.

Lenny Wells came off in pain—groin damage or hamstring. Telcon spotted a man absolutely alone in the end zone and hit him easily, and I looked around for my helmet.

“Our uniforms are green and white,” Bing Jackmin said as we watched them kick off. “The field itself is green and white—grass and chalk markings. We melt into our environment. We are doubled in the primitive mirror.”

Centrex called time because they had only seven men on the field. We assembled near our own forty-five while they got straightened out. Ed Jessup, our tight end, was bleeding from his mouth.

“That ass-belly 62 got his fist in,” he said.

“You’d better go off,” I said.

“I’m gonna hang in.”

“A tough area to bandage, Ed. Looks like it’s just under the skin-bridge running to the upper gum.”

“I get that 62. I get that meatman,” he said.

“Let’s ching those nancies,” Flanders said.

“Maybe if you rinsed with warm water, Eddie.”

Their left tackle was an immense and very geometric piece of work, about six-seven and two-seventy—an oblong monument to intimidation. It was the responsibility of our right guard, Cecil Rector, to contain this man. Offensive Line Coach Tweego had Cecil Rector by the pads as I crossed the sideline.

“I want you to fire out, boy,” Tweego said. “You’re not blowing them out. You’re not popping. You’re not putting any hurt on those people.”

I sat on the bench next to Billy Mast as Telcon riddled our secondary with seam patterns. Billy was wearing his helmet. I leaned toward him and spoke in a monotonous intonation.

“Uh, this is Maxcom, Robomat.”

Billy Mast looked at me.

“Robomat, this is Maxcom. Do you read?”

“Uh, Roger, Maxcom,” he said.

“You’re looking real good, Robomat. Is that affirm?”

“Uh, Roger. We’re looking real good.”

“What is your thermal passive mode control?”

“Vector five and locking.”

“Uh, what is your inertial thrust correction on fourth and long?”

“We read circularize and non-adjust.”

“That is affirm, Robomat. You are looking real super on the inset retro deployment thing. We read three one niner five niner. Twelve seconds to adapter vent circuit cutoff.”

“Affirmative, Maxcom. Three one niner five niner. Twelve seconds to vent cut. There is God. We have just seen God. He is all around us.”

“Uh, Roger, Robomat. Suggest braking burn and mid-course tracking profile. Blue and holding.”

Hobbs faked a trigger pitch to Taft Robinson and handed to me, a variation off the KC draw. I was levelled by Mallon. He came down on top of me, chuffing like a train. In the huddle, Hobbs called the same play. For some reason, it seemed a very beautiful thing to do. More than the thoughtful gesture of a teammate—a near-philosophic statement. Hobbs received the snap-back, Roy Yellin pulled, and there I was with the football, the pigskin, running to daylight, to starlight, and getting hit again by Mike Mallon, by No. 55, by five five. A lyrical moment, the sum of something doubled.

Three firecrackers went off in the stands. The crowd responded with prolonged applause. I flared to the left, taking Mallon with me. Taft Robinson held for a two-count and then swung over the middle. Hobbs threw high under pressure. Third and four, or maybe fourth and three. The gun sounded and we headed for the tunnel.

HERE before our cubicles we sit quietly, content to suck the sweet flesh out of quartered oranges. We are preoccupied with conserving ourselves for the second half and do not make work by gesturing to each other, or taking more than the minimum number of steps from here to there. A park bench has somehow found its way into the dressing area.

From nearby, I hear Sam Trammel's voice: "Crackback. Crackback."

I get to my feet and take six steps to the water fountain. Cecil Rector stands against the wall. Tweego has him by the shoulder pads once again.

"Contain, contain, contain that man," Tweego says. "Rape him. Ray-yape that sumbitch. Do not let that sumbitch infringe."

Slowly I swing my arms over my head. I see Jerry Fallon and approach him. He is standing in front of his cubicle, hands at his sides, headgear on the floor between his feet.

"Jerry boy, big Jerry," I say.

"Huh huh huh," he mutters.

George Owen, a line coach, stands on a chair. His gaze moves slowly across the room, then back again. He holds his clenched fists against the sides of his head. Slowly his knees begin to bend. "Footbawl!" he shouts. "This is footbawl. You thow it, you ketch it, you kick it. Footbawl! Footbawl! Footbawl!"

BING JACKMIN squib-kicked down the middle. Andy Chudko hit the ballcarrier at full force and skidded on his knees over the fallen player's body. I watched Head Coach assume his stance at the mid-field stripe. Dennis Smee, our middle linebacker, shouted down at the front four: "Tango-2. Reset red. Choke off that sweep!"

Garland Hobbs opened with a burn-7 hitch to his flanker off the fake picket. I moved into my frozen-insect pose, ready to pass-block. Their big tackle shed Cecil Rector and came dog-paddling in. I jammed my helmet into his chest and brought it up fast, striking his chin. He kept coming, kept mauling me, finally driving me down and putting an elbow into my neck. I couldn't think of anything to say.

Hobbs looked toward the head coach for guidance on a tough third-down call. Head Coach said nothing. His arms remained folded, his right foot tamping the grass. This was his power, to deny us the words we needed. He was the maker of plays, the namegiver. We were his chalk-scrawls. Something like that.

Hobbs said, "Zone set, triple tex, delta-3 series, jumbo trap delay, cable blocking, double-D to right, shallow hinge reverse."

The crowd was up and screaming—a massive, sustained, but somehow vacuous roar. I slowed to a walk and watched Taft Robinson glide into the end zone. Touchdown. He executed a dainty little curl to the left and casually dropped the football. Moody Kimbrough lifted him up. Spurgeon Cole stood beneath the goalposts, repeating them, arms raised in the shape of a crossbar and uprights, his fists clenched.

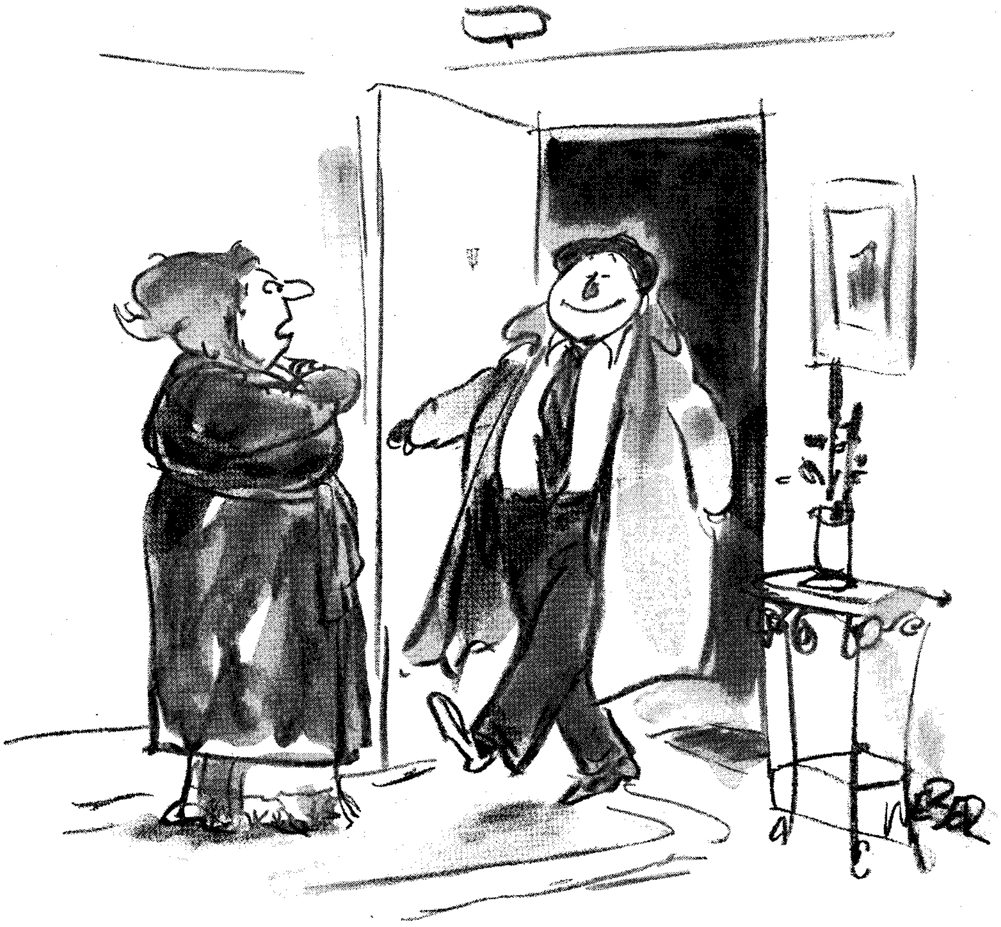
Jessup to No. 62: "Suckmouth. Nipplenose. Bluefinger."

I walked down to the end of the bench. Raymond Toon was all alone, still broadcasting into his right fist.

"There it goes, end over end, a high spiral. The deep man avoids—or evades would be better. Down he goes, woof. First and ten at the twenty-six or thirty-one. Here they come and Andy Chudko, in now for Butler, goes in high, No. 61, Andy Chudko—Fumble! Fumble!—six feet even, about two-twenty-five, doubles at center on offense. Chudko, majoring in airport-commissary management, plays a guitar to relax, no other hobbies, fumbles after the whistle. College football—a pleasant and colorful way to spend an autumn afternoon."

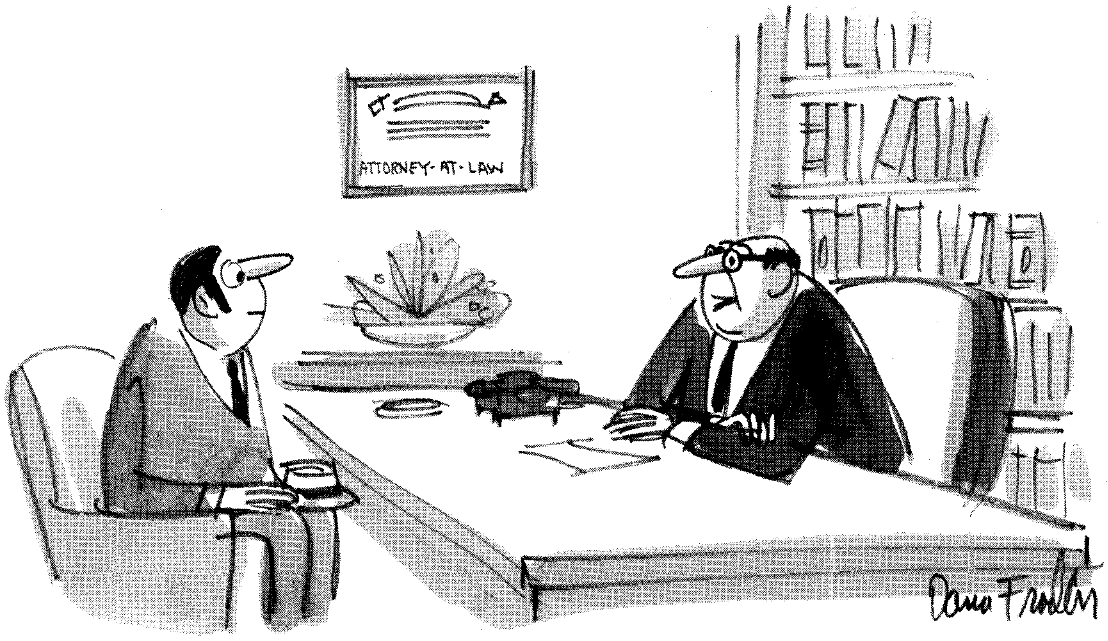
"It's nighttime, Toonie," I said.

"There he goes—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven yards, power



"The parakeet died."

sweep, *twelve* yards, from our vantage point here at the Orange Bowl in sun-drenched Miami, Florida. John Billy Small combined to bring him down. John Billy, as they break the huddle—what a story behind this boy, a message of hope and inspiration to all those likewise afflicted, and now look at him literally slicing through those big ball-carriers! Flag, flag, flag—a flag down. All the color and excitement here. Oh, he's got it with a yard to spare off a good block by 53 or 63. Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh or Cincinnati. Perfect weather for football. He's a good one, that Telcon. Multitalented. Woof! Plenty of hitting down there. I'm sure glad I'm up here. D.C. Stadium in the heart of the nation's capital. Crisp blue skies. A new wrinkle in that offense, or is it a broken play? Time-out on the field with the score all locked up at something-something. And now back to our studios for this message."



"There'd be no trouble legally changing your name to Ashley Poindexter, Mr. Schwerdle, but I think the judge might balk at Ashley Poindexter the Third*."*

• •

I watched Lloyd Philpot, Jr., come toward the bench. His jersey wasn't tucked into his pants. Tape was hanging from his left wrist and hand. He squatted down next to me on the sideline.

"I didn't infringe," he said sadly. "The coaches wanted optimum infringement. They insisted on that all week in practice. But I didn't do the job. I didn't infringe."

Centrex was running sweeps. I went over and sat with Garland Hobbs. Somebody in the stands behind us, way up high, was blowing into some kind of air horn. It sent a prehistoric cry across the night.

"String-in left, modified crossbow, quickside brake and swing, flow-and-go, dummy stitch, on two, on two," Hobbs said.

"You're always giving us on two, on two," Roy Yellin said. "All freaking night—'on two, on two.' What about four for a change? 'On four'?"

"Four it is," Hobbs said.

More firecrackers went off in the stands, and newspapers blew across the line of scrimmage. I ran a desultory curl pattern over the middle, putting moves on everybody I passed, including teammates. The stadium was emptying out. I returned to the huddle. We went to the line and set. The left side of our line was offside. The gun sounded, and we walked off the field and went through the tunnel into the locker room.

ONAN MOLEY is already naked as we walk in. We sit before our cubicles and pound our cleated shoes on the stone floor ten times. One of the school's oldest traditions. The coaches gather at one end of the room. Onan's right arm is in a cast and he stands against a wall absently waving his left hand to keep a fly away from his face. There are blades of grass stuck to the dried blood on his cheekbone. Next to me, Garland Hobbs takes a long red box from the bottom of his cubicle. The label on it reads: "All-American Quarterback. A Mendelsohn-Topping Sports Motivation Concept." Hobbs opens the box and puts it on the bench between us. He arranges twenty-two figurines on a tiny gridiron and then spins a dial. His team moves smartly downfield. Before it gets to be my turn to spin, the coaches call for quiet, clapping their hands and whistling. Head Coach is standing before a blackboard at the front of the room. His arms are crossed over his chest and he holds his baseball cap in his right hand. We are all waiting. He looks at his watch and then nods to Rolf Hauptführer, his defensive backfield coach.

Hauptführer faces us, assuming a stance of sorts. "Be ready," he says.

We sit waiting, immobile in our soaked equipment, until Hauptführer begins to read our names from the team roster, pausing after each one to give us time to chant an answer.

—DON DELILLO

• •

AUBADE

My children weep out the hot, foreign night.
We walk the floor, my foul mouth takes it out
On you, and we lie stiff till dawn
Attends the pillow—and the maize, and vine

That holds its filling burden to the light.
Yesterday rocks sang when we tapped
Stalactites in the great cave's dripping dark.
Our love calls tiny as a tuning fork.

—SEAMUS HEANEY

THE WANDERERS

MAITLAND

HE sat midway of a transatlantic jet, waiting for takeoff. He was thinking that his actions of the last day or two had not made for as clever a departure as he might have wanted. He could see now that he had gone about it less adroitly than he had meant. Yet there he was, seat belt fastened, on a Thursday evening, on a plane bound for London—for the Strand and the glittering Thames. Outside, there was only the wan glitter of a sullen early-summer rain on the runways of Kennedy, and lonely lights with halos scattered through the darkening mist. Takeoff was already ten minutes overdue. Silently and fiercely, he begged the plane to move. In London, the time was already well past midnight. . . . And then the plane did move, and when it rose at last he could feel only that it and he were plunging into a void.

The blind, blank moment did not last very long. Light, gathering slowly beyond his window, pierced it, bringing shadowy visions. His wife—tall and eternally composed, fair hair, brown eyes—frowning over an envelope addressed to her in his hand; a timetable expediently forgotten in a dresser drawer, with flights to California marked in red; London, but a blacked-out London, its night streets filled with the sound of restless feet. Boots. Armies on leave. That had been a good time. He slipped a hand into a pocket and fingered the smooth old British penny he had carried ever since. Through nearly thirty years of what had passed for life. Through work. Through failure. (He saw a face, his employer's face, downcast and embarrassed. "Consolidation of functions," they had told him at his office. "Retrenchment." Trying to be kind. "Perhaps only a temporary cutback." He had not believed them. He was nearly fifty. They had simply found him out at last.) Now the growing light became pale gold, then coral, then vermillion. The plane broke into open air beneath rivers of color and flame. In spaces so light and free no shadows could survive. A clean slate, he thought, cherishing the phrase, which suddenly seemed miraculously fresh and apt—a new beginning.

The plane flew on and the sunset sank behind it. A quarter-moon appeared in the deep blue ahead, a considerate stewardess brought a drink and supper, and he knew that there was nothing in the world that he could not now do, late as it might seem for him to set about it.

THE formalities of arrival were perfunctory; he was gambling that they would be. His passport was barely glanced at. He dropped it casually into a coat pocket, feeling that it had served its usefulness. Soon he would drop as readily into England. Vanish. In New Jersey, where his wife had gone to sleep supposing that he was in New York, it was two o'clock. The mail would reach her at a little after ten. "I will be safe," he had written her. "You must not search for me. The police will do nothing unless they suspect a crime or foul play. . . ."

He took a taxi from Heathrow to a small hotel in Chelsea; he had found its name in a letter in the travel section of the *Times*. It had sounded obscure—safe. In the car, he took a book of traveller's checks from his suitcase and studied the signature on the first one. "John R. Maitland," it read in angular letters that sloped determinedly backward. He hoped the hotel would not be booked full. It was not. "John R. Maitland," he wrote on the register slowly, carefully, in the same stilted hand, and then cashed a modest check for pocket money. When the clerk asked for his passport number, he gave an approximation of it, screening his trail. But there would be no pursuit. In California, perhaps—he trusted not—but hardly in London.

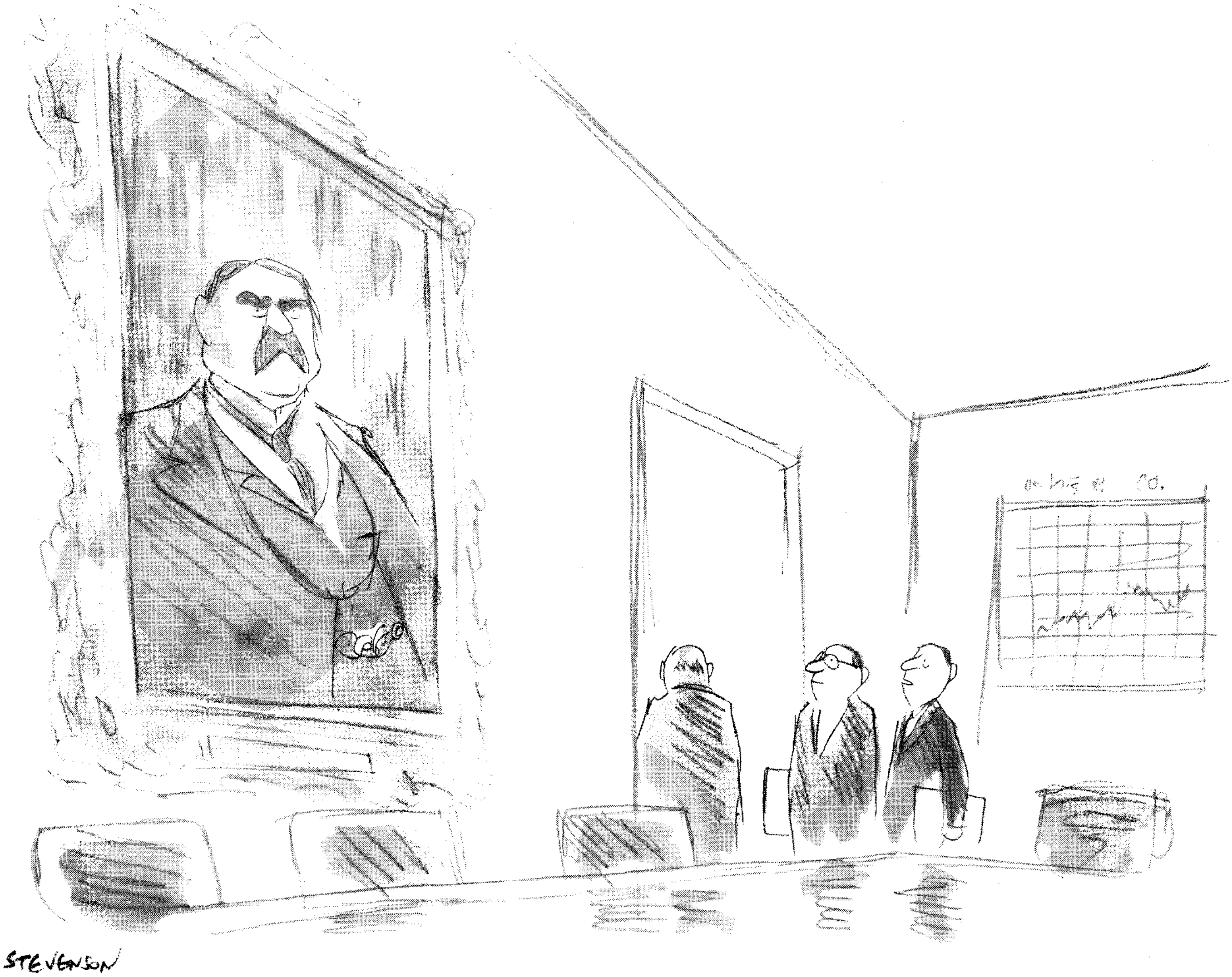
Leaving his suitcase in his room, he went out, unsteady because of the change of time, but unable to think of sleep. All the way in from the plane, he had been startled by the vigor he saw, the racing morning traffic, the new, high buildings, misplaced and naked in London. There was little in the outskirts that fitted into memory. Now he followed a zigzag course to Hyde Park Corner and walked up Park Lane to Marble Arch. He went into the Underground station there, but its aspect, too, had changed. Small lighted shops lined a parvenu arcade. Girls—office girls, shopgirls—hurried by, none of them stopping to loiter in a lost dimness. The commandos were long gone. He went upstairs and turned into Oxford Street. The day was already past midmorning, and the grinding autos and buses, the crowded sidewalks, stunned him. He circled back to the park and sat for a long time on a torn canvas deck chair in a corridor of old trees. A light mist hung among their branches. Futures, certainties (not yet exactly shaped—not to *be* shaped quite yet) swam in his head. He must plan, he thought, he must lay solid plans, but first of all he must sleep. There was time for everything now.

He woke, ravenous, on his hotel bed, somewhat after midnight. He had not eaten since breakfast on the plane. He was half dressed, and he sat up and groped for his shirt and then lay back again. "Take care always," he had said in the letter to his wife. "Forgive me. Please, please believe that I know what I am doing, that I will be safe and well! Please try to understand why I must do this. . . ."

He had money for a considerable while—he had planned that part decently, at least. And his wife was safe enough; her own work paid her well. Plans and practicalities could wait until he had savored freedom a little longer. But it struck him (later, over breakfast, in an echoing restaurant at the beginning of its day) that he was likely to be conspicuous in his small, tightly English hotel. A larger one would be better. An impersonal place in the West End, where Americans arrived and left in streams. In a week or two, he would find simple lodgings. He left the last of his coffee in his haste to get back and move.

THE new hotel, off Portman Square, was precisely to his purpose, but during the next days he stayed in it only to sleep, and his sleeps were short. In the mornings, he was out jubilantly crisscrossing London before his countrymen were up. On Saturday, he visited the certified, remembered sights—the Tower, the Abbey, the British Museum. In the evening, he went to a theatre in the Haymarket and walked in Trafalgar Square. All day, and all day Sunday, such names chimed in his head while he possessed his city. And, returning late to his hotel, he found each time few stragglers in the lobby, which he felt was just as well.

On Monday, still overflowing but now footsore, he began to ride the buses. For a day or two he kept to those that took him to points he had heard of—Ealing, Golders Green. He returned at once without stopping; it was enough for him to have paid his respects to the names. By Wednesday, he began to go to more distant places—



"Every time somebody says 'wage and price controls,' I get the awful feeling he's *__listening__."*

• •

destinations in the outskirts, ones he had not known of but found could be reached by bus. As the next weekend came on, he seemed to be in residence on the swaying upper decks. And on Friday he booked a daylong tour to Stratford.

A party of twenty-odd, a guide, a driver. The bus rolled comfortably through the gentle, moist countryside—he had once been stationed in the heart of such a landscape—and the group was led to an inn beside the Avon for an early lunch before its sightseeing. There were swans embellishing the river. He was overjoyed. Long ago, he had studied Shakespeare. He had almost finished a doctorate. Almost.

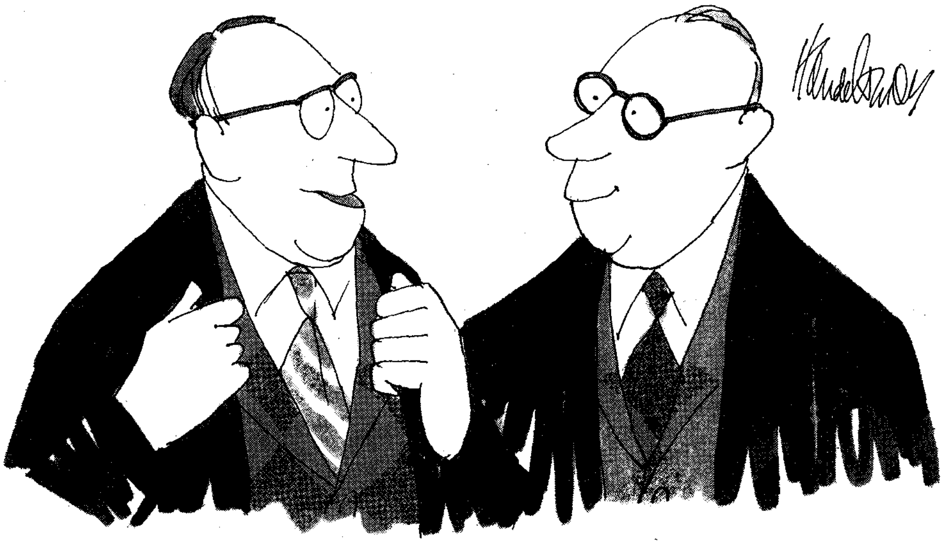
Toward midafternoon, he found himself before the chancel rail of Holy Trinity Church, looking down at a row of rectangular stones, alone. He was not sure how it had happened. He had not had much relish for Anne Hathaway's cottage; there had been too many people standing in line. But now here she lay, with her family, or much of it, just beyond the rail. He had not been prepared for this. He had supposed Shakespeare's grave was in the churchyard, not inside, facing the altar. The famous jingle had to be read upside down, but it was there. He was glad he had left the others. He was close to weeping. He heard a sound and turned. The door at the back was open, silhouetting a figure in a visored cap. He knew of no other exit, but he moved quickly to the left. He could not find one. He crossed to the right. He could not remember where the bus was. There was no exit on the right. He was alone eighty miles from London. He had been reckless to come. How had they known? "*'Ere* you are, sir!" the guide said, coming a few steps down the aisle. "Afraid we'd lost you. Ninety and nine, and so on. Mustn't lose the wanderers, now, must we?"

TWO other incidents managed to conspire against him. Safe in his room that night, he told himself that he must find work at once. But in the morning he found it all but impossible to go out. To work was only to court failure. Then, and on succeeding days, he kept to the hotel, and at night nursed a drink and played darts alone in a pub down a nearby mews. Another American came there in the evenings—a newspaperman with rooms above the place. On the third night, he crossed from the bar to the dartboard to introduce himself. "Dawson," he said. "You're American, too?"

"Oh—Maitland." The real name had almost stumbled out.

They talked a little. They bought each other drinks. The next night, Maitland said, in an idle way, that he was thinking of staying in England. He asked how one would set about getting a job, in that event—any job at all, for a start.

"Sticky," Dawson said. "Time extension. Work permit. *That's* not so easy to come by. Passport's only the start. Identity forms, questionnaires, interviews. You name it. Bloody red tape,



"This daily metamorphosis never fails to amaze me. Around the house, I'm a perfect idiot. I come to court, put on a black robe, and, by God, I'm __*it*__*!"*

• •

but what can you expect?" He paused and turned away to light a cigarette, and Maitland tossed some uncounted bills on the bar and never went back.

The next day, he forced himself out into the city, but now it had closed a circle on the freedom it had so prodigally offered. He had planned badly. He had not planned at all. Failure. He wandered back streets for a day or two. He saw the excursion boats below Westminster Bridge, and booked an afternoon trip to Greenwich and then went to lunch at his hotel. Afterward, meaning to stop in his room, he went to the desk for his key, but he did not take it. For, before he asked, he saw that there was a telegram in his box. He fled to the river.

The glittering Thames was industrial and dingy after a mile or two, the water a viscous green. He scarcely saw what there was to see—the backs of warehouses, tired freighters with the crews' laundry hung out to dry. At Greenwich, he stayed on the boat. Sooner or later, he must accept the telegram. Then somehow hide. He had exchanged a prison for a prison, he thought as he passed below the Tower for the second time. But he would not go home. There was no way in the world he could ever go home again.

And there Maitland must be left for a while. It is time to consider

CARTWRIGHT,

who is to be found in a comparable fix in Paris.

He is American. He is sitting in his room in a pension near Les Halles. He has taken a newspaper clipping from a hidden—a secret—compartment of his wallet and is studying it. He is a slight man dressed in a gray suit. His hair, which was once brown and curly, has lost a good deal of its color and texture. He wears a mustache, discreet sideburns (to cover a thin, distinguishing white scar), and dark glasses. The clipping is over two years old, and Cartwright has no recollection of putting it in the secret place. There are other scraps of paper there, and it was for one of them that he was looking, but now the yellow clipping absorbs him. He regards it as a cue—a directive pointedly given him at this juncture. He has been in Paris over two weeks. Sensing the presence of hired pursuers in the city, he has taken an obscure room and so far has spent most of his time there. But that is not what he has come to Paris for. Not at all.

He reads that roughly one hundred thousand American men leave their families each year in search of a new life, refusing to face some crossroads of the old one. They are said to be in crisis flight. "The destination is both important and nebulous," he reads, "the quest illusory, and there are no satisfactions upon arrival anywhere." He cannot for anything afford to be in the company of such runaways. He has come precisely *for* satisfaction, *for* fulfillments, and these will define themselves soon. But there is time. Goals set in haste can too easily be missed. However—the world of free-lance journalism in Paris is peopled with alluring ghosts. He may have come—he has only just discovered that he has come—as a modest successor to them, having spent twenty years as an editor for a college press. But he does not know Paris well. He must go out and learn what is there for him. He feels that this will be shown him, just as the clipping has now clearly told him that he dares no longer hide.

He goes out, open to suggestion but uncertain what direction to take. When he finds himself coming to the Place de l'Opéra, he avoids it; he must not exactly hide, but he must be wary. It is afternoon. The day is hot. He shuttles in side streets and eventually comes to the Madeleine. It will be cool inside. He must think. He goes in and sits toward the rear. The place is almost empty. Peace hovers there—a kind of disembodiment seems available; he stays a long while. An invisible being is tuning the organ, repeating a single phrase. Eventually, Cartwright glances at the pocket watch he carries on a chain across his vest. The watch case is chased silver, and its cover snaps open to show the time. It was given by his grandfather to his father in a past age, and recently to him. The chain is a gift from his wife. The organ is quiet. Then it swells into full sound, on and on, round and jubilant in the high spaces. Bach, perhaps. Scarlatti, perhaps. No matter. It is magnificent, and the church has suddenly become unbearable to him. All the people he has run from—the ones he has so puzzled and hurt, the ones whose lives he is now wholly certain he has shattered—in a sense are crowding into it. He leaves, circling far from a woman—surely American and also wearing dark glasses—who has just entered and appears inquisitive.

Outside, he walks along the Boulevard de la Madeleine swiftly, as if to outdistance someone—his wife, who all the while seems to move as swiftly near him, watching him. Watching over him. He cannot endure the thought of her bewildered eyes or of the small lines around them. Age is claiming her as it has him. He has left her to it. She will believe that he has not cared enough for her to stay with her all their years, but it is not true. It is not that at all. Still, she will grow old alone. So will he. They had hardly planned it that way. But for a year or more, life in all its parts had seemed to be slipping toward a close. Entering his house at evening, he had again and again been gently brushed by the sadness of leaving it for good. Somehow. Sometime. To leave his books and chairs, now on diminishing loan. Until at last he had known that life could be regained and its flight checked only in another place.

He sees a street sign that says "Boul. des Capucines," though he has gone around no corner. He turns into the Rue du 4 Septembre, which soon becomes Rue Réaumur, and it occurs to him that the signs could have been tampered with to confuse and trap him, but he tells himself aloud that this is preposterous. Still, *they* are devious and influential. He will stay in his pension this evening, but tomorrow he must be early up and about. He must prove to himself at any cost or risk that his coming was right and good. He must atone to himself for himself.

He eats an early dinner in a bistro on the Rue Saint-Honoré, and then, in his room, takes out his wallet with its paper scraps. Typed on one of them is a sentence by Henry James. On an idle and apprehensive Sunday at home, it had struck him as written for him, and he had copied it: "See, see, we are getting older, we are getting almost old—old enough; we are taking it on and entering into the beauty of time and the dignity of life—we are at last beginning." That was long before he left. At the time, he had no idea he would be going.

He tries to hold the lines in his mind as he lies in bed, but they shift and melt at the sound of his father's voice—the high, querulous voice of a very old man, now blind and confined to his chair and bed. He hears his father's voice and sees his daughter's stony face masking the bitterness of her husband's death in the war—Alice, now further forsaken. Father abandoned. But in the morning James's heartening words re-form themselves, reassume their meaning and their bravery, and send him out to vindicate himself and them.

Once again, he does not find at once what he has come for. It is not necessarily free-lance journalism today, but it is waiting for him in Paris absolutely without question. He visits Notre Dame, then wanders the galleries of the Louvre, though he pays small attention to the paintings. That evening, he sits for more than an hour on the terrace of the Café de la Paix. Later, in his room, he speaks thoughtfully to his mirror image, which he has fallen into a habit of addressing. Among other things, he does not like his looks. The sideburns and the mustache are unbecoming. With them, he is simply not himself, and he must *be* himself. With a feeling of affirmation, he shaves them off.

The next morning, he begins with the Gare de l'Est, drifting there, watching the commuter tides. He browses among the famous bookstalls along the river. He finds his way to the Cluny. And he ends his day at the Café de la Paix once more. In fact, the café soon becomes a habit with him. When nothing else presents itself—no museum of renown, no park, no railway station beckons—he sits there with a newspaper and a drink. And it is there that, one evening, he sees a passerby he believes he knows. Knows slightly. The man is gone in an instant. He is possibly not the person Cartwright takes him for. It is unlikely in any event that he would recognize him. But Cartwright springs halfway to his feet—not to escape but (perplexingly) to pursue. Then he drops back. He is appalled, but a queer and unacceptable idea is taking shape. He dismisses it, he denies it to himself with heat, he refuses to give it words. But he cannot help remembering the saw that says that if one sits long enough in the Café de la Paix everyone in the world will pass by. And he remembers, too, the old clipping, hidden at that moment in his breast pocket. "In fact, the average runaway really wants to be found, and soon begins to signal 'Here I am. Come and find me.' "

Which will never do. Which can never be said of him. And who knows who may already have seen him, who may be watching him now? Paris is swarming. Paris is unsafe. . . .

But it is time, now, for

HAVERFORD.

His flight to a new life has taken him to Rome, after other cities. He has been there only a few days, but already it has failed him. It has given him no sense of renewal, of purpose. Drifting among the enormous columns of St. Peter's, sitting in the damp shadows of minor churches, he envies the simplest worshippers. All of them are full of certainty, none are rootless. Women in black, shawls on their heads; men also in black, their ties always a little low and askew under their white collars, their hats in their heavy hands. But

TWO BRAZILIAN POEMS

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Elizabeth Bishop.*)

CEMETERY OF CHILDHOOD

In the cemetery of Childhood
It was morning when I entered,
The flowers were in bloom,
So many I was dazzled . . .
It was morning, bright with dew,
When I reached my own country,
Of the smiling faces I saw
I'll remember very few.

From wide distances
My horse travelled swiftly,
Through night, across the night,
Searching by afterglow;
And I heard, ominous,
A remote, forgotten voice . . .
And the roosters crow and crow
—Sunrise sunflowers.

From behind those mountains,
Through the leagues of summer,
How many repeated steps
Tracking the same ground;
And along the roadsides—
Rosary, cross, and heart . . .
Women praying tears,
Their hands telling the drops.

Here the wings of the angels
Fell off. Homely paths
Adorn the small graves
With thorns and white nettles;
My steps came closer, closer,
Too close, stealthily;
The souls flew up from the ground,
A flock of little birds.

Oh, the small afflictions
In the hearts of toys!
Your sleeping rosebushes
Drop their leaves in fright . . .
Your grief brings evening dew,
Sweetness of early morning;
Oh, cemetery of Childhood,
Reveal your secret light!

Flesh, ash, and earth
Feed mortal mysteries;
Children, then adults:
The big fields of cane . . .
Like a king's ransom,
Berries load the trees,
Cattle graze the levels
Of the vast common plain.

—JOAQUIM CARDOZO

SONNET OF INTIMACY

Farm afternoons, there's much too much blue air.
I go out sometimes, follow the pasture track,
Chewing a blade of sticky grass, chest bare,
In threadbare pajamas of three summers back,

To the little rivulets in the riverbed
For a drink of water, cold and musical,
And if I spot in the brush a glow of red,
A raspberry, spit its blood at the corral.

The smell of cow manure is delicious.
The cattle look at me unenviously.
And when there comes a sudden stream and hiss,

Accompanied by a look not unmalicious,
All of us, animals, unemotionally
Partake together of a pleasant piss.

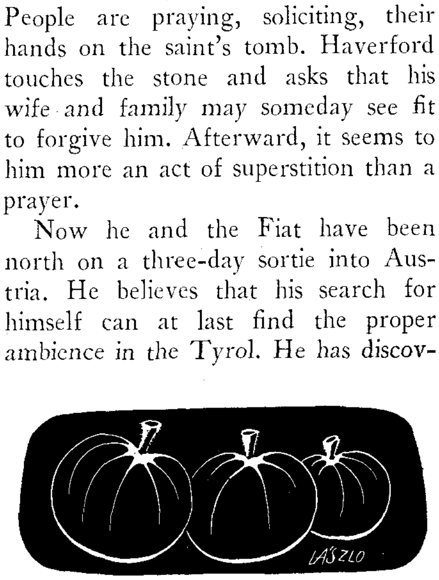
—VINÍCIUS DE MORAES

• •

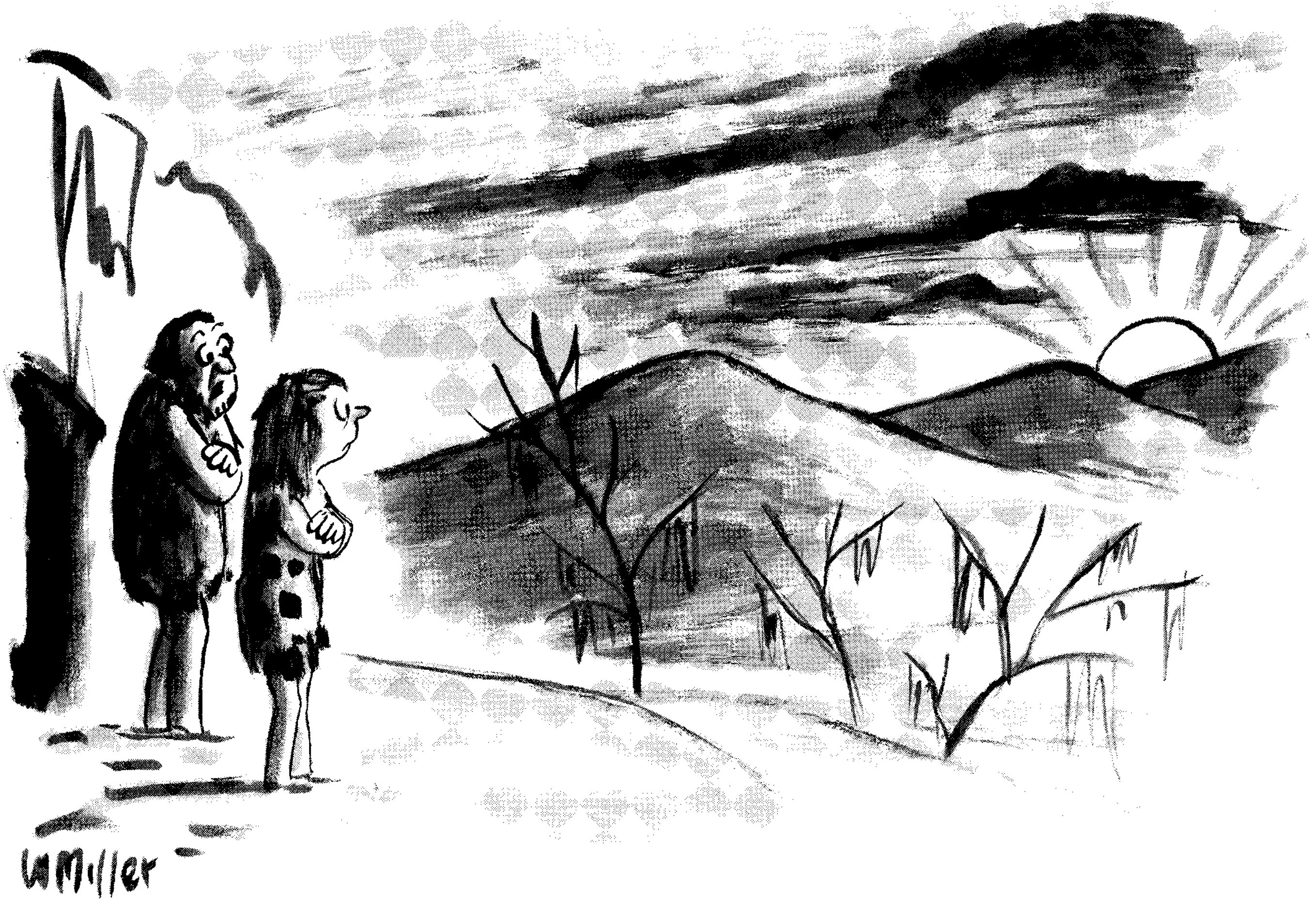
chiefly he envies the priests—most of all the earnest young ones, wearing gowns. He longs to go to confession, but he cannot. He is not a Catholic; he would be under false pretenses. Once, on a bench above the Tiber, he tries to pray. The prayer becomes a tortuous apology to God for being so approached when not fully believed in. And soon enough this overture becomes a colloquy. He tells himself that it is *himself* that he must search for; the new *man* must come first and the new life may then, *will* then, follow. He is greatly refreshed by the prospect, and soon decides that Venice—which seems to him to float, unchained, removed from the world—should be ideal for self-communion.

But he finds that Venice is merely dead. Phosphorescent. Lovely, but unsuccessfully embalmed. He is uneasy and restless there. He cannot collect his thoughts, and he rents a small Fiat and roams the Veneto region. In Padua, perhaps as a last gesture back toward Rome, he visits the basilica. People are praying, soliciting, their hands on the saint's tomb. Haverford touches the stone and asks that his wife and family may someday see fit to forgive him. Afterward, it seems to him more an act of superstition than a prayer.

Now he and the Fiat have been north on a three-day sortie into Austria. He believes that his search for himself can at last find the proper ambience in the Tyrol. He has discovered a town called Engelsdorf. Guarded on all sides by mountains and forests, it sits in its valley looking as if it had been the scene of fables and the activities of trolls. It looks, in fact, like something out of childhood—a place for beginnings—though he knows it bears no resemblance to anywhere else he has been. He has also found a Frau Erika Maurer, who sometimes takes lodgers in her eighteenth-century house. She need not; she is a widow and well off. But she teaches English in the *Gymnasium*, and, perhaps with an exchange of languages in mind, has agreed to rent a room to Haverford.



And so, early on a Saturday morning in September, he is driving back to Venice to pick up what belongings he has left there. On Monday, he will return to Engelsdorf. The road is about to quit the mountains it has



"I don't get it. When you're freezing it comes and goes very fast, but when you're hot and sweating it just hangs around and hangs around."

• •

wound through and emerge on the flatlands of the Piave. He thinks of Frau Maurer—"Frau Erika," he has already begun to call her, in the local fashion. She is younger than he, possibly by ten years. She is tall and self-contained. Her hair is light, her eyes are brown. She seems at peace, much as her town and valley do. She seems to possess a wholeness. A singleness. And then he thinks of Irene, his wife, calm and forever capable. Latterly, she had seemed to him immersed in a dailiness that he had come to fear. She drew strength from a life of patterns—her work, her club, her good deeds, her unchanging friends. He thinks how sameness stretches ahead and falls behind, day by declining day, until life begins to run out. Each day like the last and the next. A road through a desert. "Well, I have left it," he tells himself. "Exit, pursued by the years. And by failure, of course—oh, yes, by a sum of failures."

Now the road beneath him is straightening and beginning to run past farmland. Once (he thinks), when Irene and I were coming to Venice by train, she fell in love with the way the orchard trees are linked by garlands of vines. Dancing trees, she called them. Trees swaying hand in hand in the wind from the mountains. Laughing trees. She often spoke of them afterward. It seems unlike her.

He comes to Treviso and turns south toward Mestre. From there, the road will go over a long causeway into Venice. He tells himself that he had better get hold of some money. He is running low. He can raise cash on his credit card at American Express. The money will be charged to the bearer of his old name, to be sure, but he himself will be well lost back of the mountains before the bill reaches his home. His former home.

We ought to make Venice in an hour, he thinks. Then—*we*? Who are "we"? Myself, whom I am supposed to be in search of? My *selves*? At least, I've had a selection of *names* in this hegira. He takes his silver watch from a pocket of his vest, which is unbuttoned and held loosely by the watch's silver chain. He snaps the case open. The time is close to noon.

And later, driving into the garage near the Venice station, he thinks that getting money from American Express may be too risky. Should he, should he not? He worries the question all the way by launch to the Piazza San Marco, and there takes out the worn British penny that, in recent months, has made many decisions for him. Heads (a young Queen Victoria, so dim that she is the barest hint in the copper)—heads, he will go and get the money; tails, he will stay away. He flips the penny. It comes up tails. He frowns and thinks a minute, shakes his head, and almost runs to the office of the Express. And on Monday Haverford checks out of his hotel at dawn, is taken by gondola to the railway station, and boards a train. He has chosen the moment when it crosses into Austria to adopt the name he has already given to Frau Erika as his own. It is

Timothy Renfrew.

Deep autumn, now, in Engelsdorf, though the days have been warm. The colors of the forest are thinning, seeping away. I am alone. The housekeeper has gone home because Erika is off in the mountains—on my account, though of course she did not say so. She's with one of their indefatigable hiking-and-climbing groups. And I pace this second-floor gallery porch while the old wooden planks creak questions at me. I sit beside the rustic table, but it echoes the questions too sharply, narrowing them to a few—really to one. I sat here for half an hour yesterday, then went for a walk before Erika came with her afternoon coffee, as she does when the weather allows. I must have known she would come. I did know. But the question remains. I move inside. I go and stare at myself in the pier glass of the Biedermeier wardrobe in my room. I have found a new game. After a time, one's features become those of a none too familiar person who can be scrutinized with impunity at close range: the mouth is full and possibly tremulous, the eyes wary, et cetera. Now the lips curl slightly of their own accord. Scorn? Or a tolerance of madness? Oh, a mild madness. One must wonder what the image is thinking. Thoughts buried under my thoughts? Was it *he* who sat beside that table yesterday?

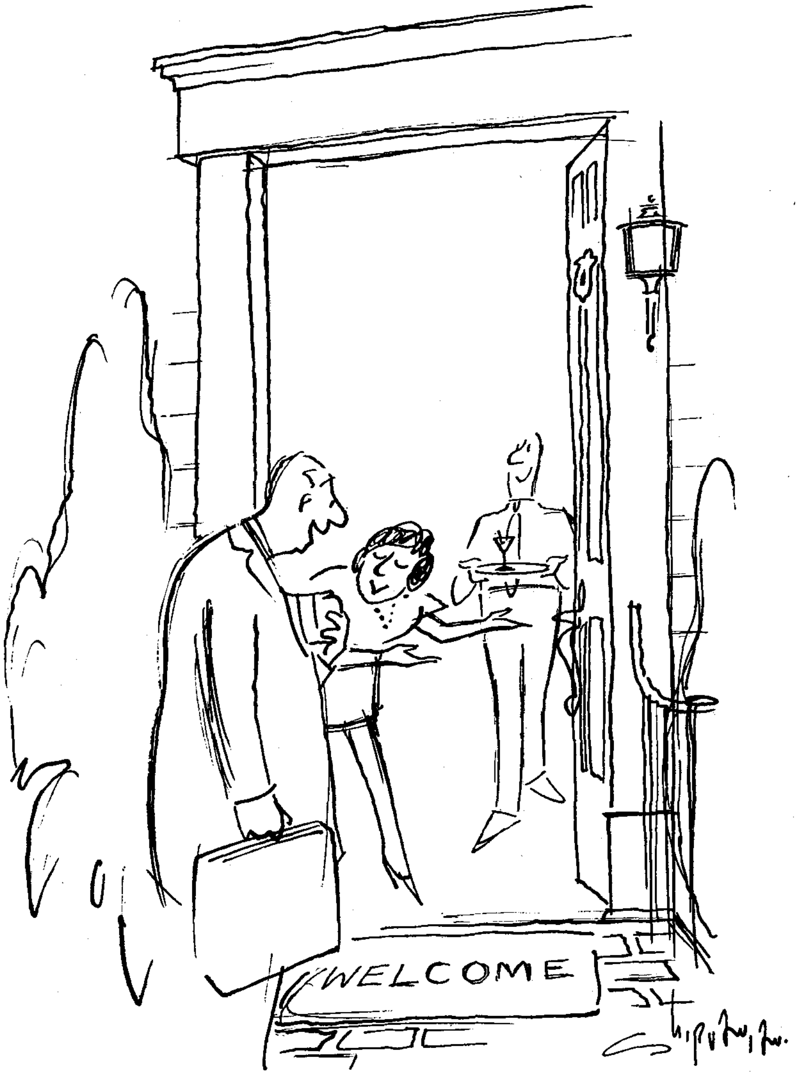
And what is Erika thinking, up in that rarer air? Will she come home today? I doubt it. She was more troubled than she wanted me to know. She will surely stay awhile. I should mail the letter I wrote to Irene. This morning, with the sun still back of the mountains. And yet I wait and wait. Why? All day, I have told myself that I must see Erika first—must try to put things between us back in place. But I could not talk to her now—not at this moment. Perhaps that is why I am waiting. Perhaps I must try to explain myself to myself before I see her or mail the letter. At last. To ask myself why I am here.

Go back, then. Track it down. I ran away from failure, didn't I? As simple as that. Of course. I lost my job. But now I feel that that was only the trigger—the evidence I had that there was nowhere more for me to go, that maybe there hadn't been for a long while. I was hardly needed. Suddenly I think of Father. He retired and then went crazy. I hated to visit him. I could see myself already at his age and in his place. He set out to learn Greek because a Roman worthy whose name escaped him had undertaken it when he was eighty. Later, he read about growing rare flowers for profit, and he tried it, but aphids and the wetness (or the dryness) of the soil undid him. He took a correspondence course in photography, but no one bought his filtered cloudscapes or his backlighted trees. He didn't need money. The family thought he was addled, but all he wanted was one more start in life. There were other ventures. He grew small. I managed to have him put on at the press, reading manuscripts, when he was seventy. He kept it up with joy until his eyes quit, and for a few years he found his belief in purpose and order again. I suppose the years before were *his* time of flight. But he came back, at least for a while. I helped him back.

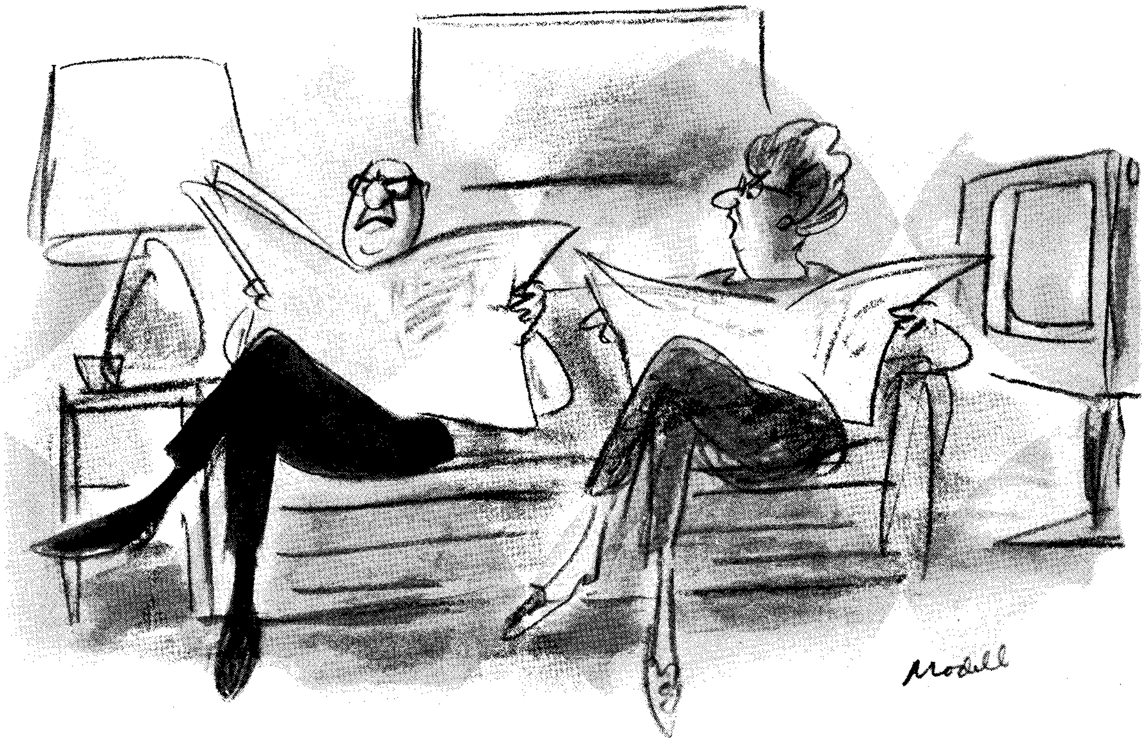
Panic and flight, hope and then panic again. That telegram in London. Why, I wouldn't so much as open it until I got to Paris. A bogus wire from an auto-rental service. A bit of hard sell for a newly arrived American guest of the hotel. And I ran. On and on. Soon the nature of the beckoning future can no longer be recalled, fear finds vacuums to fill. Even here. Erika's Red Cross man. He was only a family friend who works in Vienna, home on a visit. He dropped in to offer me a little of his careful English—a smiling Engelsdorfer with a perky brush in his hatband and crooked, gleaming teeth. He came to be hospitable and kind. But—the International Red Cross. Missing persons. I scarcely spoke. I froze. Erika sat trying not to look incredulous and hurt. As a rule, in this place and in her presence, I could be thought of as talky.

I would never want to hurt her, though now I am sure I have. Am I in love? Is she? *Was* she? There's been more than a little of it in the air, though I suppose I've chiefly been flattered. She likes to get glimpses of my life. America shines brightly for her, and to her I am it. So I touch myself up. Flights of fancy. Little flights into the ways I wish my life had been. She thinks I am a familiar sight in cities I have barely glimpsed. She seems to suppose me a mine of civilized knowledge. ("When I was doing my doctorate," I say, not adding that I didn't finish it.) I am only a mine of snippets. I drop them for her as I go—a line of verse, a passing note on the Wars of the Roses or the nine cities of Troy.

It has been a good time—a time taken out of time. We have our local Troy—a Celtic town being excavated a mile along the valley. It was a hill when Erika was a child. She speaks of her childhood often. We have danced and drunk wine with the peasants. We have



"*What a pleasant surprise, in this age of rampant hypocrisy, polarizing hostility, and obfuscating jargon, to find something that means exactly what it says.*"



"I'm sure if the good Lord thought the market should be stabilized He'd stabilize it."

• •

sat by her fire exchanging songs of our countries, and it occurs to me that, oddly, the songs were almost always mournful, though we were not. We were safe for the moment, but singing for the past. She is eager, for all her calm, and oddly young and respectful for her years. She is dear to me, and I am deeply grateful, but not in love.

I think of Irene. Of *her* calm, her steady sameness. Is that what I really ran from? I have thought so often enough. But there were cracks in it—rifts. And she was not always like that. She once was headlong and cheerful. One forgets. I see her hair flying behind her in the open car. It was the accident that changed her—a head-on crash in the rain that killed a man and nearly herself. The years have blurred it. But, of course. A long time of sedatives and weeping, and then a long world cruise. She went alone. A form of flight? I suppose so. But she always expected to come back. When she did, she seemed to be tutoring herself in caution and dailiness. Her schedules became exact. She played bridge on certain days and golf on weekends. She read papers to her club and sewed for charity. Later, she took a job. Yes, but the white nights had set in, and they have continued. I have held her hands near dawn, sat with her at the window and just held them between mine and let them tremble until at last they stopped. "Nothing," she would say. "Nerves. Nothing." But I think it was more than that. I think she could never again forget what can lie in wait at the next turning, for her or for anyone, and life to her has become a thing of turnings. God knows what she has imagined about me. She must need me. And now I think that perhaps even Irene does run, take flight—that daylight and sameness and work are her country of escape.

So, then, do we all run, I wonder, run and—somehow—return? If my wife flies from the shadows of the nights, then my child fled from death. Alice. From her husband's distant, aimless death to Scotch in the breakfast nook without benefit of breakfast. She hid it for a while, and then she couldn't. So icy and so young, then so dishevelled. She came back—I think she had come back. She was working with disabled veterans. She had begun to talk to me again, but she was hard to watch. I found her the job and then deserted her.

Out to the gallery once more. The evenings fall quickly down from the mountains now, through the shivering trees. Do the hiking groups sleep in hostels, or on the ground in bags, or . . . ? I left it here. My passport. Here on the second chair beside the table, and when I came back from my walk it was on my chest of drawers. I couldn't recall having left it, but I knew at once where it had been. How? That is the question, or the question next to last. I brought my briefcase out here to look through some notes I'd made on the Celtic ruins—why, I don't know. A project for later abandonment, no doubt. But there was no reason I should lay my passport out. *Why* did I leave it there—the final question.

Well, I am Timothy Blaine again, as the document states. I have my whole name, not just the half of it I took back when I came here. Erika said nothing. She waited. We sat by the fire in the evening and drank a little too much. Waiting. I was waiting for courage. She went to close a curtain and then stood beside me and rumpled my hair. I got up and we held each other. We have never made love. We were near to it then. I suppose we felt it could somehow put things back in order. (Draw close. Say little. *Flee* into closeness.) Then, "It is I," she said. "I think you think it is someone else," and she pushed me gently away. She was wrong. It was I who was someone else to her now, and myself to myself.

So the story of these last months came out piecemeal—the salient facts, the dramatis personae. But—how do you tell a whole person what it is like to break apart, to be more than one? That centrifugal forces can get so out of hand? That selves are facets of self? How do you justify flight to someone who does not flee?

Does not? But then—where is Erika now? So. She is one of us after all. Flight. And return. She will be back. In a while, of course—perhaps quite soon. The post office is closed, but I think I would be wise to take my letter to the drop. Now. To start the long way home before she comes.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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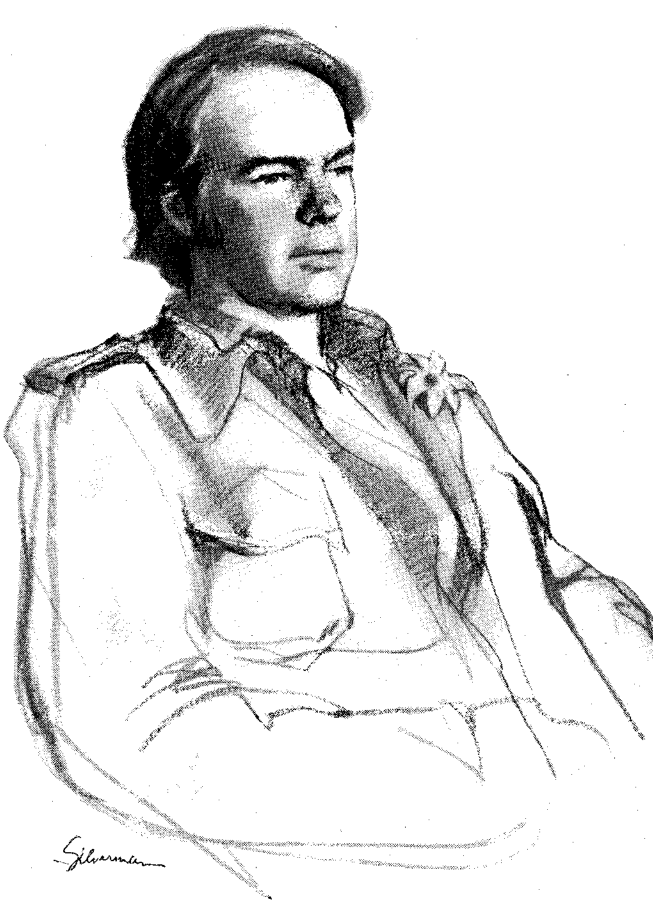
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. (AP)—Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey has called for three lunches for every American school child.—*Plainfield (N.J.) Courier-News.*

And to hell with Social Studies.

PROFILES

BLUE CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK



Stewart Rawlings Mott, one of the few people around who list themselves in the telephone book as "philanthropist" (he would prefer "avant-garde philanthropist," but there are space limitations), has almost no problems that would not beset any bachelor of thirty-three with limited professional skills, with a deep concern for and an uncertainty about the future of civilization, with uncommon candor and a lively determination to be in tune with his times, with a nagging desire to be noticed and liked, with a personal generation gap of awesome proportions, and with an income of more than a million dollars a year. To begin with the generation gap: Mott's father, a singular philanthropist himself, if a somewhat old-guard one, is Charles Stewart Mott, who parlayed a wheel-and-axle business into one of America's largest but least-known fortunes. Now a surprisingly alert ninety-six, Mr. Mott is the senior director of the General Motors Corporation; he has sat on the board of that company since 1913, the year Richard Nixon was born. Today, Charles Stewart Mott and his wife and his six children and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation own, among them, more than four million shares of G.M. common, worth over three hundred million dollars. The total wealth of the elder Mott (who is also chairman of the United States Sugar Corporation, and whose many other holdings include water companies, banks, and real estate), his family, and the Mott Foundation has been appraised by Stewart, who prides himself on his carefulness with figures, at about eight hundred million dollars. Around half of this belongs to the foundation, the seventh-largest in the country, which was set up in 1926 and has ever since been devoted almost exclusively to the welfare of Flint, Michigan, where the old man lives nine months of the year, in a well-appointed Tudor mansion but, considering his capabilities, with comparatively little ostentation. Until Mr. Mott was ninety-two, he drove his own car. He could have had any G.M. model he desired—even, conceivably, a handmade one—but he chose a Corvair. A fervor for General Motors products has marked much of his adult life; when a married daughter was about to buy a refrigerator and happened to remark that, according to *Consumer Reports*, a General Electric was the best buy, he dragged her to a Flint department store that he owned and stood by while a salesman explained why a Frigidaire was better.

Since 1966, Stewart Mott, who when not travelling by bicycle drives a scruffy-looking Volkswagen, has lived in New York City. He first impressed himself on the municipal consciousness in the spring of 1968, when within a ten-week period he pledged fifty thousand dollars to Governor Nelson Rockefeller's Presidential campaign and another fifty thousand to Senator Eugene McCarthy's. The contribution to McCarthy was disclosed at a rally in Madison Square Garden, the one to Rockefeller by means of double-spread advertisements in the New York *Times* and eight Michigan papers, among them the Flint *Journal*. Mott was born in Flint, which is the hub of Genesee County and is a General Motors town. There are four hundred and fifty thousand people in the county; some seventy thousand of them work for G.M. No community was harder hit by the 1970 G.M. strike—not even Detroit. The main Buick assembly plant is in Flint. So is a big Chevrolet plant. AC spark plugs and Duco finishes are made there, too. Flint is the site of the General Motors Institute, a four-year school principally for business and engineering students. Since 1968, the Mott Foundation has spent ten million dollars annually on Flint, and Mr. Mott has perhaps had a greater impact on that city than any other individual has ever had on any community bigger than a village. He has been mayor of Flint three times, and although his last term ended in 1919, he is still known throughout his home town as Mr. Flint. A former annual children's frolic there was called the Motti Gras, and one of the local shops stocks a pipe tobacco called the C. S. Mott Blend, featuring a photograph of the patriarch, whose magnificent white eyebrows and mustache give him the appearance of a local Santa Claus, which is what he is. Along with thoroughfares called Chevrolet, Buick, and Cadillac, Flint has a Mott Avenue and a Mott Heights. Until three years ago, the sixteen-story Mott Foundation Building, where Mr. Flint still puts in a six-hour day when he is on the scene and feeling chipper, was the tallest structure on Saginaw Street, Flint's main drag. (It was outdone by a non-Mott office building.) One of the first buildings an air traveller sees after landing at Flint is the Mott Aviation Center, and within a couple of miles of the Mott Foundation Building are to be found the Mott Community Center for Science and Applied Arts, the Durant-Tuuri-Mott School for handicapped children, the Mott Memorial Building of the Flint branch of the

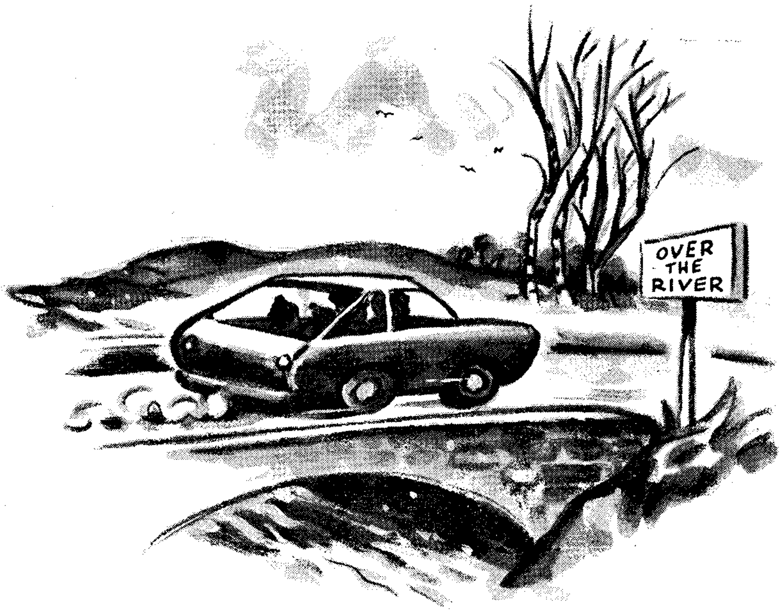
University of Michigan (standing on what used to be a pasture of the Mott estate), the C. S. Mott Children's Health Center, the Charles Stewart Mott Library, and C. S. Mott Park (incorporating the municipal golf course). Driving around Flint recently, Stewart Mott, whose own beneficences add up to half a million dollars a year but who has so far had nothing named after him, remarked to a companion, "If you say to somebody in Flint, 'I'll meet you at the Mott Building,' nobody knows what you mean. It all seems a bit much. One wonders why they didn't get it over with all at once and just rename the city Mott."

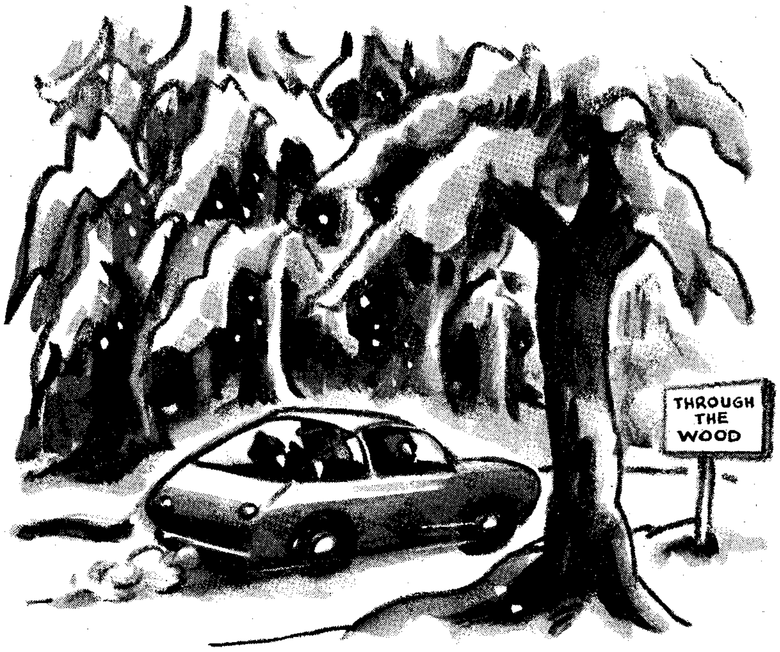
Charles Stewart Mott, whose own father died at forty-nine, is of English and Irish ancestry. One of his maternal ancestors, Charles Stewart, was a colonel on George Washington's staff; on the Mott dining-room sideboard in Flint is a tea service that Washington gave the Colonel, and Mott has also acquired the Colonel's ivory-handled sword. The old man is strong on mementos. Almost every inch of wall space in a vast basement chamber that was once a playroom for Stewart Mott and his siblings (just off it is a private bowling alley) is now given over to plaques, commendations, photographs, and other memorabilia of a long and busy life, including a scroll from the United States Chamber of Commerce attesting to his having been named a Great Living American in 1965. The elder Mott enjoys showing them to all visitors except his son Stewart, who is as likely as not to dismiss them with "What in the world do you want to keep all this junk for?" Mr. Mott was born in New Jersey and took an engineering course at Stevens Institute of Technology, which he later blessed with a Charles Stewart Mott Field House. He interrupted his studies for a year to bone up on zymology—the science of fermentation—at a laboratory in Denmark. The reason for that was that *his* father was in the vinegar-and-cider business. The Motts sold their holding a long time ago, and now have only a nomenclatural stake in Mott's Apple Juice; the family place in Flint, though, is called Applewood. At the age of twenty-four, Charles Mott went to work for an uncle in Utica who made bicycle wheels, axles, and wheels for automobiles. He took over that enterprise and moved it to Flint in the early days of the auto industry. In 1908, he sold forty-nine per cent of his company to the then infant General Motors, and in 1913 the remainder of it. In each instance, he elected to be paid entirely in G.M. stock. As General Motors progressed, so did he; while Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., the company's president, was the top G.M. man in New York, Mott, in Detroit, was chief of staff. He was married for the first time in 1900 and had three children—a boy and two girls—by that wife, who died in 1924. After two briefer marriages (one such a disaster that he omits it entirely from the curriculum vitae he submits to *Who's Who in America*), he went to El Paso in February of 1934, when he was fifty-eight, and there called on a young woman named Ruth Rawlings, whom he had met through his son Charles Stewart Harding Mott (known as Harding), one of her contemporaries. The father was surprised to spot the Mott coat of arms (bearing the legend "*Spectemur Agendo*," or "Let Us Be Known by Our Deeds") hanging in her family parlor. It turned out that her middle name was Mott and that they were remote cousins. Mott invited Miss Rawlings to Flint, and, according to her son's version of the episode, after she had passed what for her host was the crucial test of acceptability—to memorize the names, English and Latin, of every plant growing at Applewood—he married her. They had three children, too—Stewart and two daughters. Mott's older children have more of an avuncular than a fraternal relationship with his younger ones. Harding Mott was a father himself before his half brother Stewart was born. Stewart was the second child of the second Mott lot. At his birth, on December 4, 1937, the Flint *Journal* described the father as "the happy recipient of a precious pre-Christmas gift." It was an unusual bundle of joy: Stewart weighed ten pounds and moreover, was a blue baby. At Christmastime in 1938, as a special holiday treat for its readers, the *Journal* ran a large

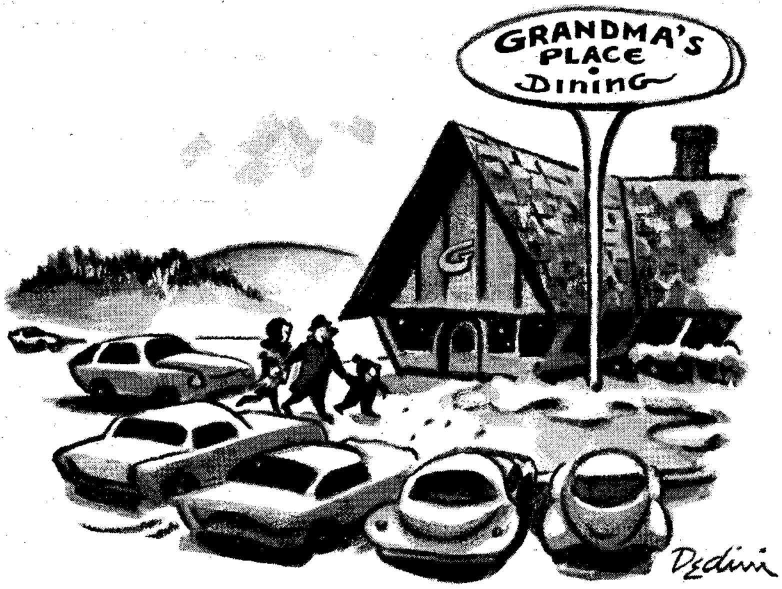
Wm Hamilton

"The Senior Prom, the summer in Maine, the crossing on the Aquitania, the honeymoon in Cannes! God, Marla, if only it had been you instead of Phoebe Henshaw!"

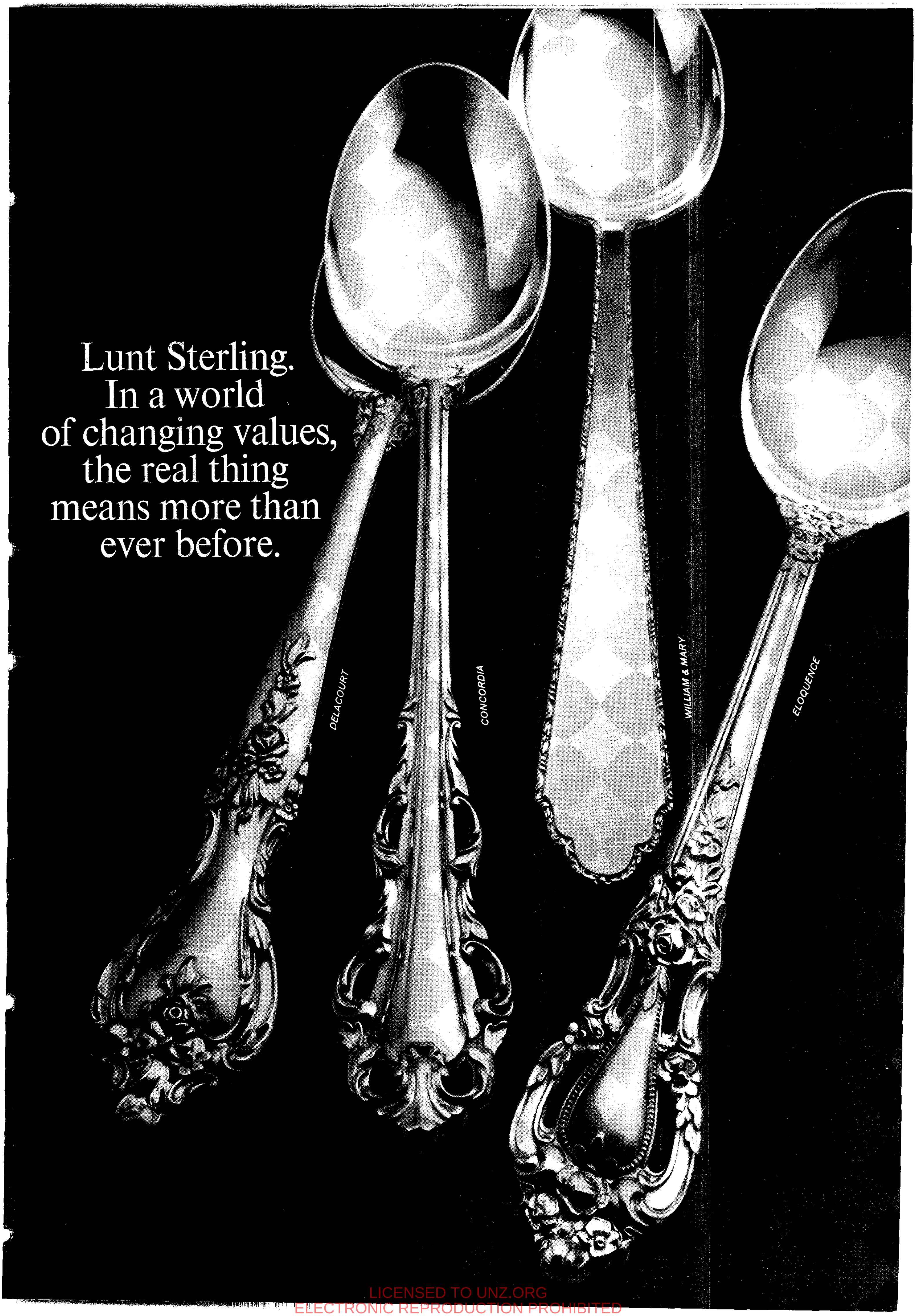
photograph of the chubby year-old infant tugging at a Yuletide stocking. That was just about the last time that Stewart Mott's relations with Flint, or with his father, were serene, uncomplicated, and infused with Christian spirit. The father is a rugged individualist in the old-fashioned sense, and Stewart is equally rugged and individualistic in his own mod way. At the age of nine, still overweight, he insisted on testing some thin ice that everybody said would not support him, and he nearly drowned. At sixteen, after having duly paid the prescribed fine for a traffic ticket in Oklahoma he insisted on appearing before a small-town judge for a hearing, and he ended up in jail, booked for suspicious behavior.







As an adult, Stewart Mott has acquired many acquaintances but few real friends. One of the people who are closest to him has compared him to a piece of sculpture in a glass case. "You can view him in the round, and get near enough to observe his every detail, but you can't get near enough to touch him," this friend says. Mott sometimes views himself with detachment. "I find it painful and puzzling to define myself," he says. At self-analytical moments, he tends to brood about the similarities and differences between him and his father, who was sixty-two when Stewart was born. By almost any reckoning, the differences predominate. The son, one of whose two main philanthropic preoccupations is peace, remembers becoming literally nauseated at the age of five on hearing that a playmate's father was going into the Army, and as soon as Stewart was old enough to react to warfare intellectually instead of viscerally he became a conscientious objector. The father, on the other hand, was quick to enlist in the Navy at the outset of the Spanish-American War, and in 1968, seventy years after he saw action off Cuba as a chief gunner's mate, he proudly put on his old uniform to have his picture taken with an admiral. During the First World War, he resigned as mayor of Flint to accept a commission in the Army Quartermaster Corps. "Ever since then, I've done everything a patriotic citizen would do," Mr. Mott says. "When Stewart became a conscientious objector, I didn't make a fuss, but it wasn't along *my* lines. As usual, he went his way and I went mine. But his peace-at-any-price attitude is nuts. There's *nobody* who wants peace more than Dick Nixon and myself." Whereas the father had four wives and six children, the son has never married. The second of his main philanthropic preoccupations has been population control, and he is not certain that he wants children. "I don't especially wish to get married, because that could lead to divorce and alimony and property settlements, and I'd like to keep my assets unencumbered for charity," he says. "As for my having children, that would constitute a statement of affirmation about our planet, and I'm not optimistic about its prospects. I can't feel that the world I'd be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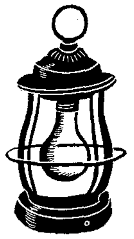
presenting a child with is one I could be proud of. Of course, if I were living with a woman and it was important for her to achieve self-identity through maternity, I'd probably yield to her desires, but I would certainly draw the line at having more than two children."

Mott is happiest when he can blend his two consuming interests. In the spring of 1970, he went to Russia in behalf of a group called the Fund for Peace, and he spent his time advocating both birth control and arms control. His primary mission was to make arrangements with the Russians to send a delegation to a peace symposium to be held in New York a month later. In due course, thirteen Russian delegates turned up at the New York Hilton for what was billed as the Second National Convocation on the Challenge of Building Peace. Mott soon afterward undertook to promote a Summer Festival for Peace at Shea Stadium. He corralled twenty-two rock singers and groups to perform—among them Janis Joplin, Richie Havens, and Steppenwolf—but attendance was terrible, and instead of raising funds for peace the sponsors took a fifty-eight-thousand-dollar drubbing. Mott had also corralled eleven persons who, with him, were to underwrite the proceedings; he felt so bad about the outcome that instead of dividing the deficit into a dozen portions he divided it into thirteen and allocated two-thirteenths to himself. Despite the disappointments he has encountered, he views himself as a unique bridge within the anti-war movement—a man who, if his dreams materialize, will ultimately bring together for the cause such disparate adherents of peace as Jane Fonda and Martha Mitchell.



Mott is an inveterate diarist, and he inundates his friends with his recorded thoughts. After his Russian trip, he sent out nearly a hundred copies of a nine-thousand-word memoir. "The experiences of the whole trip were so truly 'mind-expanding' that I feel absolutely compelled to take a few hours . . . to set into writing a few reflections on the trip," he wrote. "Since returning home, I've found the most frequently asked questions to be: Are you followed around? Is your hotel room bugged? Does Intourist rule your life? Golly! We Americans have the most fantastically suspicious cloak-and-dagger attitude toward the USSR!!! . . . Perhaps our strongest and most delightful recommendation to any tourist visiting Moscow with de-luxe services is to request ardently and long in advance to be assigned to Room No. 101 in the National Hotel. It was a pure delight. Imagine a two-room suite bedecked with the most fantastic, highly-gilt baroque carvings you can imagine. . . . The hotel food is very indifferent, but it's plentiful, well-balanced, thoroughly digestible, and the coffee is quite good. But far outranking any of the foods are the wines and champagnes. Wow! . . . I asked every woman I met about her attitude toward completed family size and without exception heard the answer 'None, maybe one, at the most two.' The desire for small families stems from numerous factors: the availability of abortion, the limited housing facilities, and, maybe most important, a tradition for women to partake actively and fruitfully in the working force without the burden of childbearing. I was mightily impressed by this!!! . . . Naturally, I was curious about free enterprise and capitalism within the USSR. It seems that many citizens find ways to advance their prosperity within the mechanism of a controlled economy. . . . Although incomes are small by U.S. standards, many of our usual high costs of living are covered by state services. And yet there is an income tax. There's even a surtax charged against bachelors and childless couples!"

In a 1965 diary, Mott observed that when he went to a Kiwanis lunch in Michigan to espouse planned parenthood he was introduced to a man who had eighteen brothers and sisters. "Such gross irresponsibility . . . should be enforceably prohibited," he declared to himself and his mailing list. Four years later, he distributed far and wide, to a mailing list of twenty-five hundred, the first of a couple of highly personal memoirs; their purpose was "primarily an attempt to find order amidst the chaos of daily existence," he said in one of them. "This may be presumptuous, but I trust it won't bore you, for I've *never* yet encountered *anyone* whose life style is quite like mine," he wrote in 1969. After making some reference to practically everything he had done or thought during the preceding twelve months, he continued, "Sometimes I've remarked that I've been so busy planning other people's parenthood that I've had no time left for my own. That's true in part. But the year has not been totally devoid of social and romantic interests." There followed a section on the latter, which, had anyone else written it, could have

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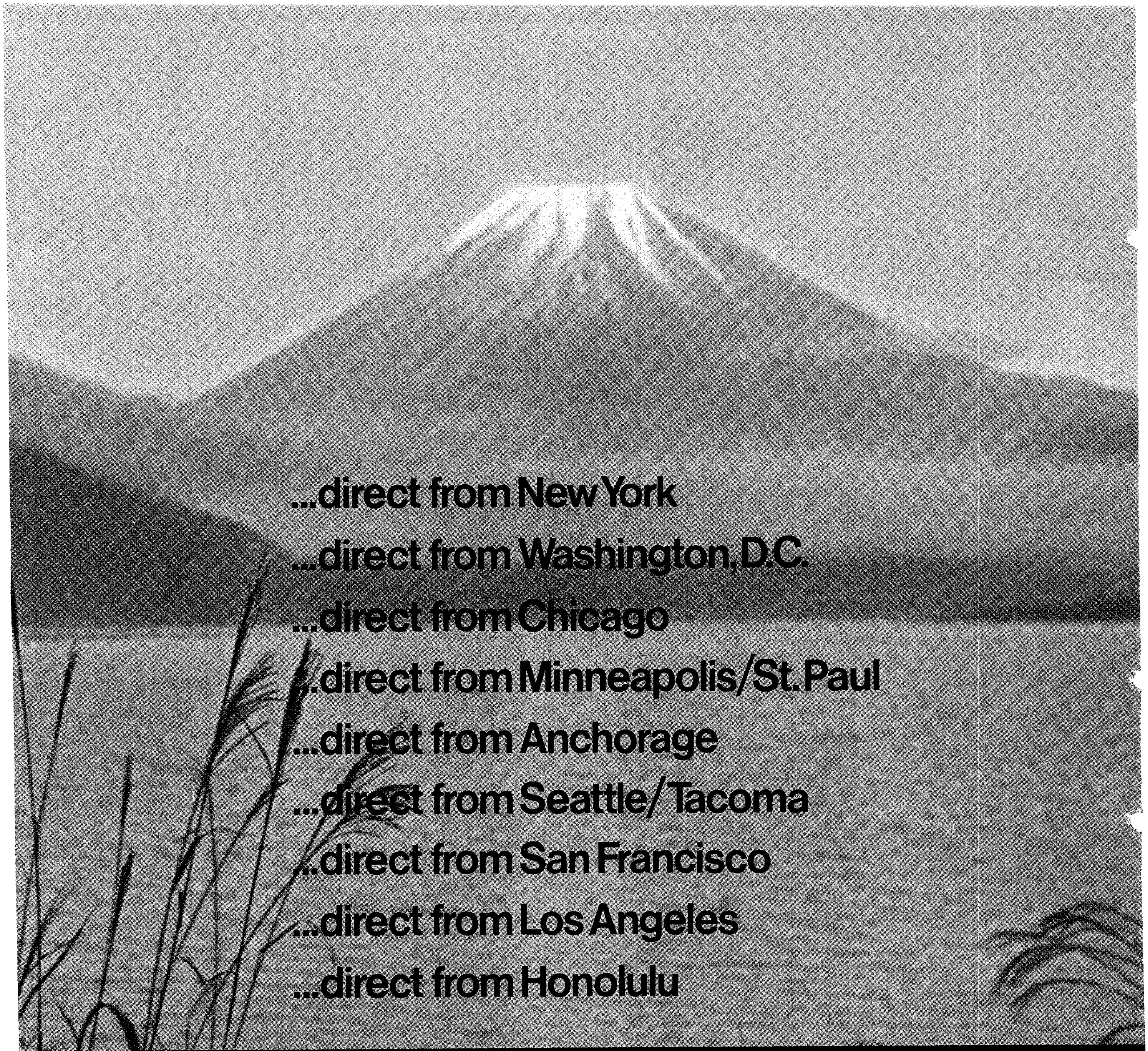
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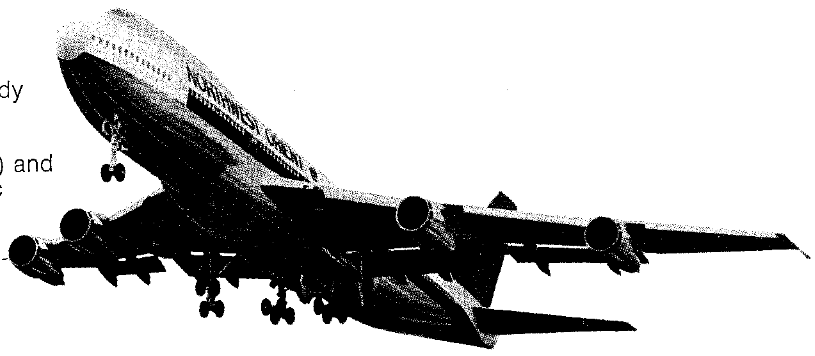

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been considered a heinous invasion of privacy.

Charles Stewart Mott, who was described in a 1971 true confession as "my zookeeper-father," is on his son's mailing list, but he does not bother to read everything that Stewart writes. This is perhaps just as well, for in still another widely disseminated communication the son described some activities of his father's foundation as "outrageous." The father has long kept a diary himself. One entry in it has to do with an incident that occurred when Stewart was fourteen: He was taking a shower at Applewood, and broke the handle off a mixing valve. It cost a hundred dollars to fix. The father noted that inasmuch as he was in the ninety-per-cent federal-tax bracket, he would need a thousand dollars in General Motors dividends to pay his plumber's bill, and that for every dollar General Motors passed along to him it had to earn four dollars first. "From this you will note that liquidation of expense caused by Stewart's breaking the handle off the mixing valve required an earning of $4,000.00 before taxes by G.M., which should be a lesson in economics and a warning against using too much strength on plumbing fixtures," Mr. Mott observed.

Charles Stewart Mott may be one of the few fathers around who has closed a letter to his son as formally as "Very truly yours, C. S. Mott," and Stewart Mott, for his part, sometimes tries to pique his father, but all in all the old man takes his son pretty much in stride. "I refuse to argue with Stewart on *anything*, so we get along all right," Mr. Mott says. Now and then, however, he does feel constrained to chide the lad. This happened some months back, for instance, when they bumped into each other at the G.M. shareholders' annual meeting in Detroit. (Stewart was supporting some of the demands of a dissident group of minority stockholders; his father, it goes without saying, was on the side of management.) A few months before, in an article about the son, the father had been quoted as saying of him, "He has twice the intelligence I have, but only half the common sense." During a lull in the shareholders' meeting, the two Motts, who had arrived separately, met in a corridor. "I never said you had twice the intelligence I have," the father said right off, as if resuming a conversation. "I said you had twice the *brains*. Brains are gray matter. Intelligence suggests that you're using it in some effective way."

Some people who know both Motts think that the younger is a mite severe with the older. "I can understand Stewart's frustrations," Harding Mott says. "I have the same father, and I know what Stewart has had to deal with. But Stewart is still sometimes a little rough on Dad, considering his age. After all, it's hard to ask a man to change his habits at ninety-six. Stewart is trying to work out his life in the best way he knows how, but sometimes I do wish he'd express a little more appreciation for the manner in which his father has provided for him."

How strikingly different their ways have been! Although the nonagenarian is fond of startling guests at his home by excusing himself after dinner and reappearing in a false nose and a fright wig, he is generally conservative in his dress. Stewart goes in for casual costumes in loud colors (to his father's glee, a doorman at the apartment house of one of Stewart's half sisters took one look at him not long ago and refused him admittance), and he habitually sports a fresh flower in his buttonhole; for a while, he even sported a tiny plastic vase to keep it fresher. The father has a Rembrandt inconspicuously hanging on his living-room wall. The son's taste in living-room art runs to large wall posters—the one depicting a pregnant Girl Scout, and the one of President Nixon bearing the caption "Would you buy a used car from this man?" The father belongs to the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the United Spanish War Veterans, Kiwanis, Rotary, the Elks, the Moose, and the Masons. The son is affiliated with the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the Abortion Rights Association of New York, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the American Schizophrenia Foundation, and the National Sex and Drug Forum, to most of which groups he has contributed his money, his energy, and his time. His social and philanthropic interests tend to dovetail. When he watches the voting returns at home on Election Night, it is less likely to be with a group of friends than with the office staff of the National Committee for an Effective Congress. He believes that a true-blue philanthropist should not merely give money to his favorite causes but actively support the political candidates who seek to legislate on behalf of them. "Too many philanthropists I meet are merely passive checkwriters," Mott says. "I think every philanthropist should be concerned, for one thing,

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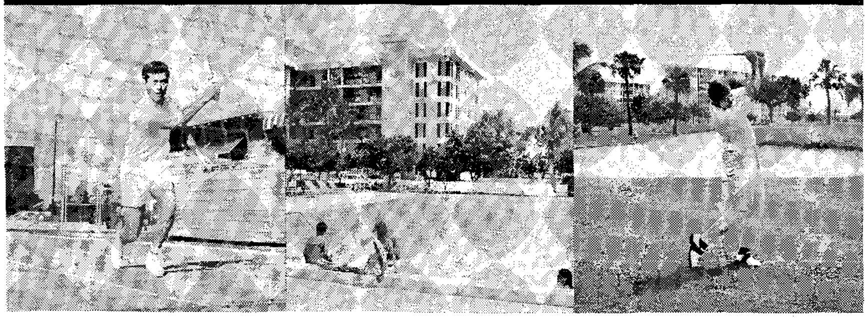

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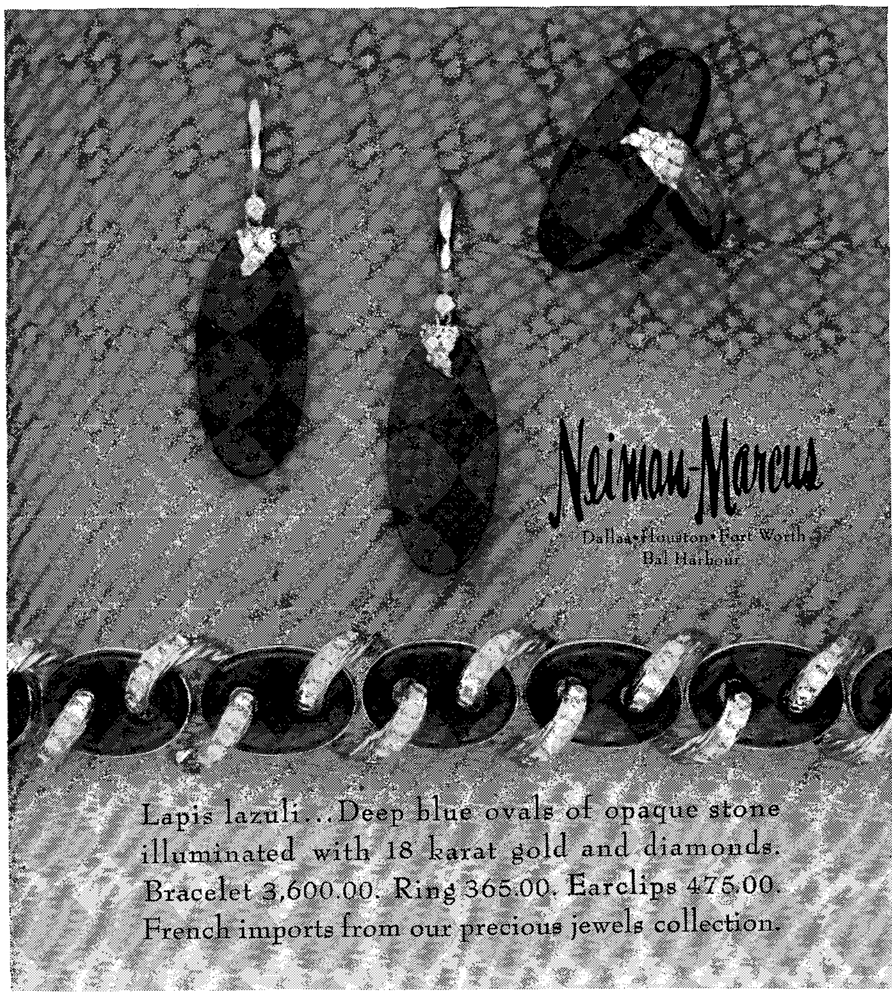
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with the competent management of his assets, so that he'll have more money to give away. I've molded myself in that direction, and it hasn't been an entirely natural process; it has been a little forced, a little conscientious and, I guess, father-pleasing. If it hadn't been for the existence of our fortune and my respect for it, I might have been a teacher or have done something in the theatre. My career has been skewed by the presence of all this money. It's a hell of a dilemma, but I'm glad that I've chosen the role I have. For another thing, every serious philanthropist should educate himself in the practicalities of fund-raising. You've got to be involved in budgets and cost accounting to have any program effectiveness. You should spend at least a solid year on the fund-raiser's side of the desk." He once seriously contemplated investing some of his assets in a fund-raising firm, the better to equip himself for his chosen role. For all his meditations upon philanthropy, he still regards himself as a relative novice in the field, and in a rather heady dispatch to his readership not long ago he sought to describe the progress he was making. "Right now my philanthropy is hearty, robust, full-bodied, but it still needs a few years of aging before it will develop fully its eventual clarity, delicacy, elegance, fruitiness, and fragrance," he wrote.

IN dredging up his childhood memories, Stewart recalls being taunted only once with some such gibe as "There goes the rich little Mott boy." He was less perturbed by his father's assets than by his absence. The father always seemed to be working. Besides, when the son got old enough to play catch, the father was seventy. "There was one excruciatingly humiliating moment when my parents hired the sports instructor at my school to come over and hold my bike when I was learning how to ride," Stewart says. "I really felt neglected when they had to resort to that." To make things worse, he was not only fat but also poorly coördinated. There was a fine flat lawn for sports at Applewood, but when the neighborhood kids came over to play baseball Stewart always ended up in right field. As he got older, he got slimmer, but only in the last few years has he ventured into competitive sports, and then largely because a girl he was seeing liked tennis. He attended schools in Michigan until he was thirteen; then he entered Deerfield. He did not even much like to *look* at athletic events. When the whole student body was required to go to a football game, Mott took "David Copperfield" along; at a rally afterward, the cheers for the team were interspersed with jeers for him. "I wasn't put together psychologically to stand that kind of thing," he says. "I resented the school's policy and the other boys' treatment of me. But on reflection I'm glad it happened, because it helped me discover the difference between their set of values and mine." He was better received when, as business manager of the school yearbook, he brought in a record amount of advertising—mostly from General Motors and allied companies. Mott has been a lukewarm Deerfield alumnus. "They touched me for twenty thousand or thereabouts for a building fund one time," he says. "I give a thousand each year, but I haven't made any major contributions. It's not really that I'm out of sorts with the place—it's just a question of my priorities."

As a boy, Mott was sent to a succession of summer camps, and he hated them all. After running away from one, he struck a bargain with his parents: he would return for half the summer if he could work the other half. He was only eleven, but he already had it in mind to acquaint himself with, and perhaps, in his fancy, eventually take over, his father's enterprises, and there were so many of them that it seemed wise to start early. He began by taking a job as a stock boy at the Smith-Bridgman department store—the largest in Flint, and one of four department stores that his father controlled. In subsequent summers, Stewart worked on a pecan-and-goose farm in New Mexico, as a machinist, and in a Frigidaire plant outside Paris, as an executive trainee. His journey through the maze of his father's financial interests reached its peak of intensity when he was twenty-four and decided to spend the better part of a year investigating stores and sugar companies and water companies that were scattered around the country. "I wanted an overview of my father's world, so I wrote to the presidents of the various concerns and said I'd like to spend a month with this one and two months with that one, and so on," Stewart says. "Some of them checked back with my father, who said the whole affair was my idea, not his, and they could do whatever they liked. They all turned out to be helpful. The president of the St. Louis County Water Company introduced me to a contraceptives manufacturer, who was later most cooperative when I got into Planned Parenthood."

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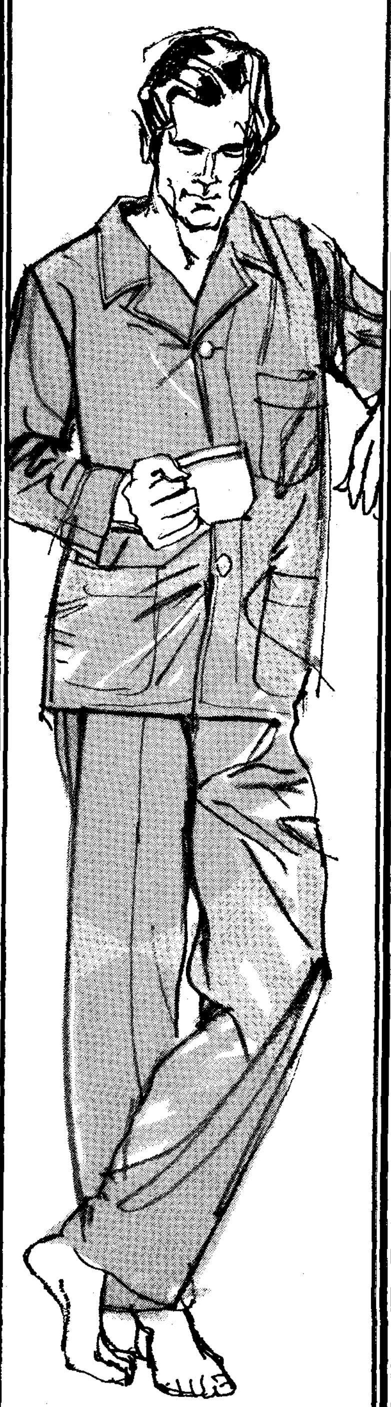

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had been science and math, so it seemed logical for him to go to M.I.T., and he did. Before he had been there long, he took an aptitude test, the results of which indicated that his language skills were potentially superior to his science skills. Delighted to learn that he was not a carbon copy of his father and that humanities seemed to be his thing, he dropped some of his science courses, grew a beard, joined the French Club, took piano lessons, and underwent psychoanalysis. Meanwhile, he had met a Vassar girl whose family had a home in Greece. On being invited to visit her in Athens the summer after his junior year, Mott, who was then twenty, displayed an entrepreneurial inventiveness that would have done credit to his father. Stewart had no money of his own then beyond an allowance of a hundred dollars a month, so he set about organizing a student charter flight to Paris, for if he could sign up enough other passengers he would get a free ride. Everything worked out splendidly. He recruited about a hundred fellow-passengers, and shepherded them to Paris, where he left them on their own, bought a used car, and headed toward Greece. In southern Yugoslavia, the differential broke. Mott knew how much automotive influence he had and how to use it. When a new differential proved unavailable in Belgrade, he phoned a General Motors office in West Germany, identified himself, and explained his predicament. Four days later, he was back on the road. In Athens, he decided not to return to college but to go around the world. There had been some question about his readmissibility to M.I.T. in any event, because he had neglected to fulfill a physical-education requirement. Mott drove to Teheran, sold his car, and started hitchhiking to Afghanistan. He had written his family from Greece about his plans, but then weeks went by without any further word, and his mother grew apprehensive. At a cocktail party, she mentioned her qualms to a General Motors vice-president. In the G.M. scheme of things, a lady Mott in distress merits gallantry of the highest order. The vice-president got hold of the man who was roughly his counterpart on the other side of the military-industrial complex—the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. From the E Ring of the Pentagon word went out to all hands: Find Stewart Mott. American outposts from Beirut to Bali took up the search. When, in due course, Mott sauntered into the American Embassy at Kabul to see if he had any mail, a military attaché collared him and said, "Young man, if you had spent a nickel on a postcard home, you could have saved the United States armed forces ten thousand dollars." Mott himself received four hundred dollars in cash in Kabul—the delayed proceeds of the sale of his car—and with it he made a quick aerial round trip to Athens, where he proposed to the Vassar girl and was accepted. "I had a very strong marriage orientation back then," he says. The wedding was set for the following June. Then he resumed his tour. He was gone one year in all, and, as he proudly relates at every opportunity, he spent just fifteen hundred dollars. "It was a fantastic, wonderful, liberating experience," he says. "For the first time in my life, I felt absolutely free." Arriving in San Francisco, Mott found some messages, among them one from a girl he had met five years earlier on the pecan-and-goose farm. She had just been divorced, had moved back in with her parents, and hoped Mott could stop by and say hello. So Mott headed for Flint via New Mexico. After he had been there a couple of days, the girl's father remarked that Mott seemed excessively attentive for a man whose engagement had been all over the society pages not long before. Mott concurred. He phoned Athens, and he and his fiancée parted company. Then he parted company with the New Mexico girl and went home. In Flint, he was disheartened to perceive that nobody seemed much interested in his adventures, social or geographical. At a party, he had a reunion with some of his contemporaries. Most of them were married and had children, and told him that because of all their domestic responsibilities they couldn't ever hope to do what he had done. A few days later, Mott composed a letter, which enjoyed what was for him limited circulation: he sent it to only half a dozen men in Flint. Its theme was that by saddling themselves with dependents while so comparatively youthful they had missed an important part of development in life. "It was not the most tactful letter I ever put out," Mott told an acquaintance afterward. "Among other things, I charged the recipients with not having any guts. I'm afraid some of them found the tone downright offensive."

Mott still believes that travel is broadening. For a while, he toyed with the notion of paying for a few peripa-

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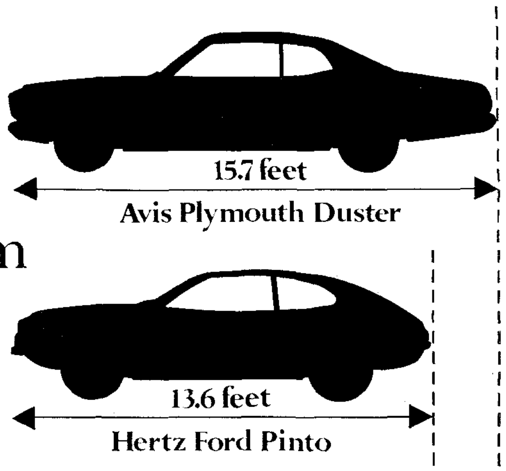

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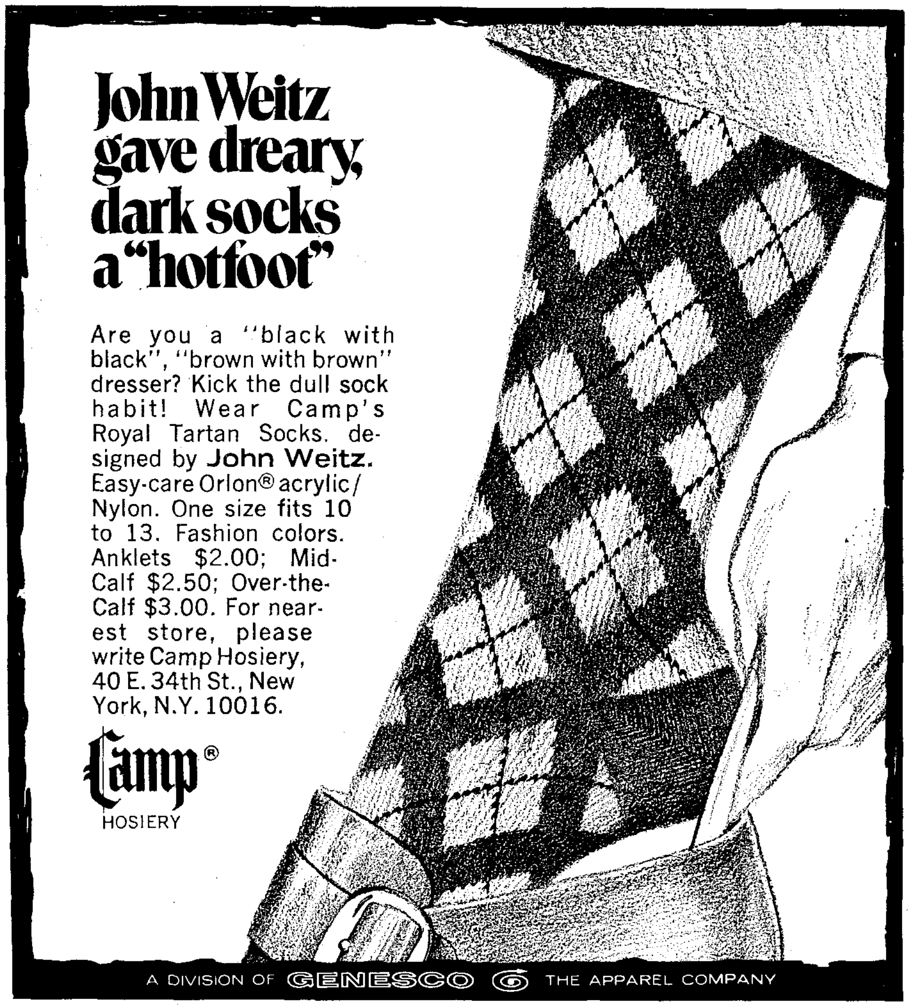

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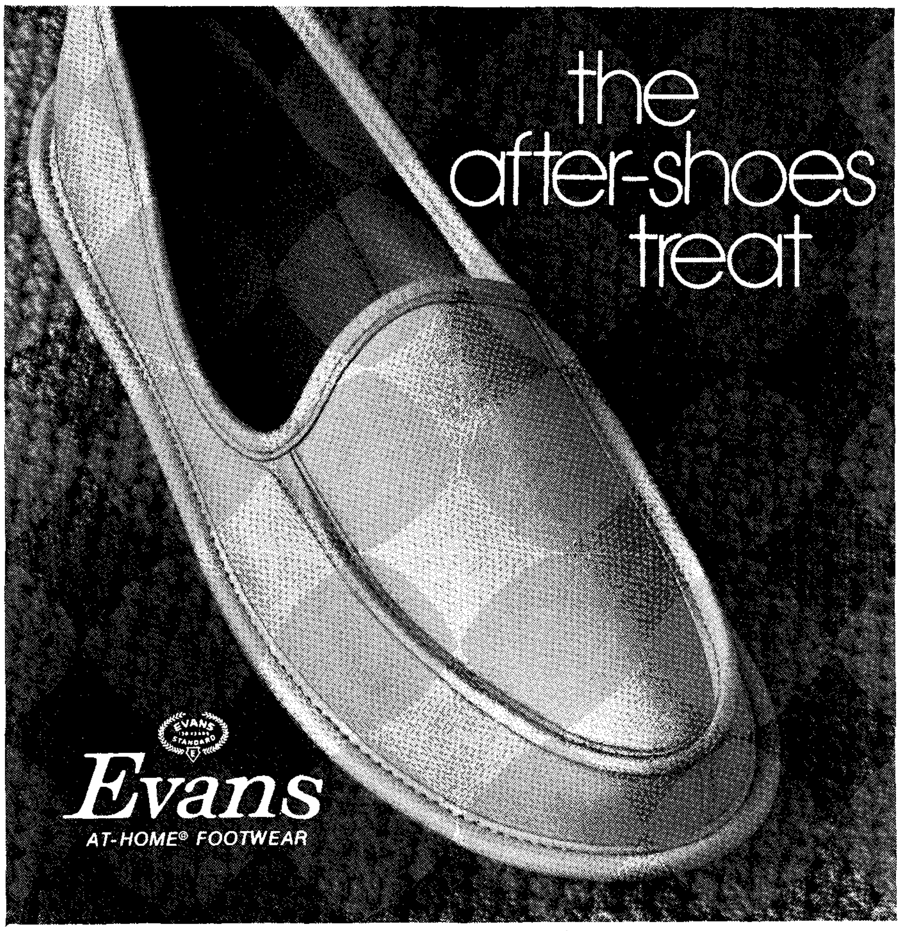

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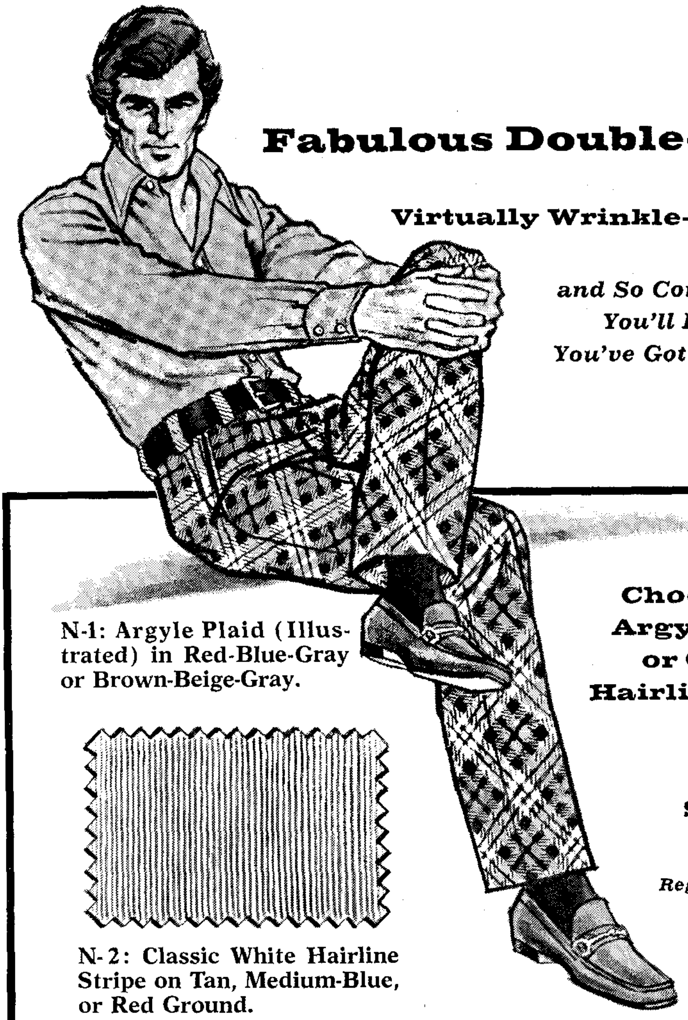
tetic fellowships each year. His fellows would be expected to emulate his own frugal odyssey, and, in order to make sure they didn't squander their entire stipend on an Oriental rug or a camel-driver's daughter, he planned to deposit a hundred dollars for each of them in each of fifteen widely scattered banks. He hasn't yet got around to putting that scheme into effect, but while waiting he himself has not remained stationary. He always seems to be going somewhere—perhaps to California to help devise a new United States Constitution, perhaps to Arizona to explore an area accessible only by horseback. Three or four times a year, he visits Bermuda, where his father has had a large place for more than thirty years. The elder Mott uses it for three months annually, and when he is not in residence Stewart is welcome to use it. As a gesture of appreciation, and of independence, Stewart recently bought a car for the General Motors patriarch to use in Bermuda—another Volkswagen.

IN the fall of 1959, Mott, back from Asia, decided to finish his education at Columbia. He spent three years there and earned two bachelor's degrees—one in business administration and the other in comparative literature—and also completed most of the requirements for an M.A. in literature. While pursuing his studies, he lived for a time aboard a Chinese junk moored in the Hudson River. It kept sinking, though, so he finally abandoned it. During this stretch, he saw his father regularly; there was a General Motors board meeting in New York every month. Mr. Mott usually stayed at the Grosvenor Hotel, at Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street. Not only was it inexpensive but there was also a barbershop nearby where he could have his hair cut for a dollar. Most of the G.M. directors who live in Michigan normally fly to the New York meetings in a company plane and are driven by G.M. limousines to the Regency or the St. Regis, or wherever. Mr. Mott, who thought company limousines, and even taxis, an extravagance and travelled around New York by subway or bus, clung to the Grosvenor, even after it had been taken over by New York University and converted into a dormitory, with no restaurant and only minimal housekeeping services. Finally, in 1969, on Stewart's initiative, his six children got together and bought their father an apartment at the Hampshire House, on Central Park South, which he accepted because it was within walking distance of the new G.M. Building.

Stewart left Columbia in the spring of 1962. Then he put in his year as an apprentice in his father's various enterprises. Returning to the department store in Flint where he had been a stock boy when he was eleven, he threw himself into home furnishings and men's wear with such zeal that after a three-month stint he felt qualified to write a fifty-page critique of the store's operations, containing two hundred suggested changes. He believes that a few of these were adopted. Still uncertain about his future, he spent the following year teaching English at Eastern Michigan University, in Ypsilanti; he quit with a public declaration (he rarely does anything in private) that the faculty had an intolerable teaching load. Then he returned, prodigally, to Flint, and rented a modest apartment in an integrated neighborhood a few blocks from his parents' estate. While he waited during these years to learn how—or if—he might fit into his father's philanthropic or other activities, he cast about for something other than retailing and teaching to occupy his time. He became aware that there was no Planned Parenthood branch in Flint, and he set one up. Eager to attract attention to it, he remembered the St. Louis man he had met who manufactured contraceptives. He obtained five hundred kits from him and, after distributing forty thousand flyers announcing their availability at supermarkets owned by sympathetic friends, hired a trailer and gave out the kits to passersby in a low-income neighborhood. "It was a very successful way of putting Planned Parenthood on the map in Flint," he says. Impressed by his missionary work, the national headquarters of the organization, in New York, soon began dispatching Mott to other American communities. He was an ideal choice to spread the word, because he could pay his own way. Before long, he found himself attending international birth-control meetings in London and Geneva. Almost without trying, he became one of the largest individual contributors to the cause. Whereas in 1963 he gave Planned Parenthood what was for him a modest thousand dollars, from 1964 through 1968, at which point he slowed down slightly, he was responsible for gifts to that group and similar organizations totalling a million two hundred and forty thousand. As a logical next step, he became interested in abortion-law reform. In 1969, he helped organize the First National Conference on Abor-



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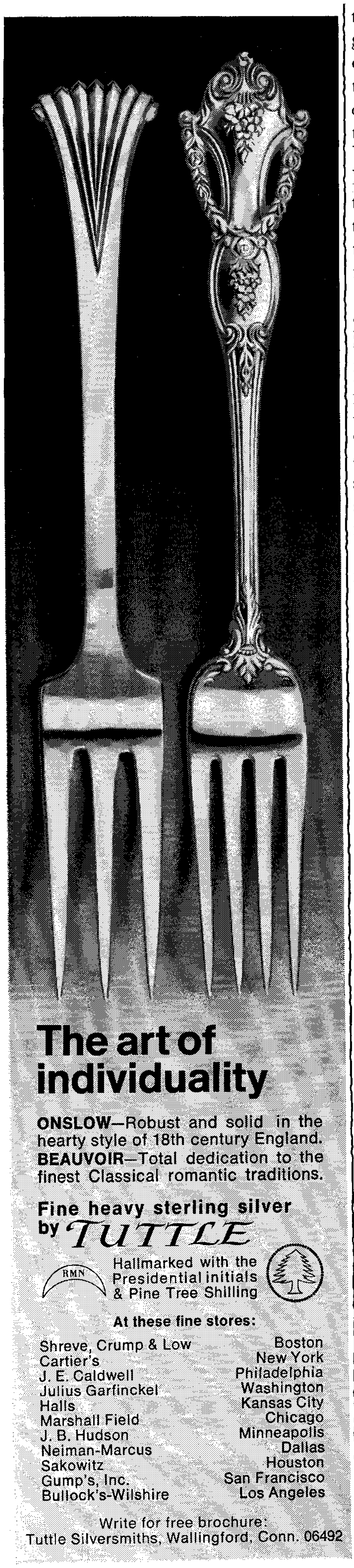

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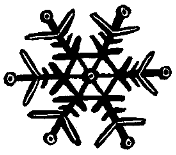
tion Laws, held in Chicago; he suggested then that if New York State didn't liberalize its abortion law, maybe the solution should be an abortion clinic on a barge moored just outside the three-mile limit. A year later, the New York State Legislature did amend its law, whereupon Mott became one of the principal sponsors of and contributors to a clinic on Irving Place, which to his dismay soon went bankrupt. But, for all his devotion to planning other families' parenthood, his overriding concern in Flint was his own sonhood. Specifically, he hoped that his father would find a place for him on the staff of the Mott Foundation. In 1944, Harding had been taken on. After having, in a Mottian sense, sown his wild oats, he had spent a few years as a Chevrolet dealer in New Jersey—a franchise not hard for a Mott to come by—and had then returned to Flint and to the foundation. He is now its president, and shares his father's office.



In 1963, Charles Stewart Mott gave his foundation 1,826,421 shares of General Motors common stock, today worth more than a hundred and forty million dollars. (He was asked at the time whether it was the largest single gift any individual had made at a clip, and replied, "I don't know, but it's the largest I've ever made.") Until then, the foundation had been merely a big one. Concentrating on Flint, it had also been (and still is) concentrating on adult-education programs in the public schools. Back in 1935, when Mr. Mott was a generous patron of boys' clubs, an educator in Flint had pointed out that the city was short of community facilities for adults and asked if Mott would consider providing some. The educator noted that there were plenty of first-rate school buildings around that were vacant most of the time after 4 P.M., and suggested that they be put to use. Out of that suggestion evolved the Mott Program, which has spread in thirty-six years to more than two thousand schools, in nearly six hundred school districts across the country. The Flint Board of Education, with an annual appropriation from the Mott Foundation that now amounts to five million, runs the program in Flint; the schools are occupied day and night, and almost anyone who wants to take a course in almost anything (how to organize débutante parties, for instance) can have it. Many teachers in Flint now draw two salaries—one for instructing children by day and one for instructing their parents at night. In 1965, Stewart Mott, then twenty-seven, had no strong objection to any of this, but he thought that the foundation should redefine its purposes and expand. A sensible reallocation of its disbursements, he argued, would be to give about one-quarter to its continuing projects in Flint (health and welfare prominent among them, along with education), one-quarter to population-control groups, one-quarter to arms-control groups, and the remaining quarter to any promising new proposals that turned up. Moreover, Stewart told his father, the average age of the trustees of the foundation was then seventy; might not some younger blood—his own, say—be welcome, if not as a trustee, at least as a consultant? Stewart offered to give seventy per cent of his time to the foundation's affairs, provided that his father and the other trustees would seriously consider his recommendations and would let him have a secretary. "It would have been a real sacrifice on my part to do that," Stewart says now. "The social life in Flint was zilch." The senior Mott contemplated the proposition briefly, rejected it, and suggested that his son might be happier in some other environment. Stewart moved to New York and didn't speak to his father for a year. "I think one trouble was that Dad didn't really believe me when I said I would take his philanthropic goals, basically, as my goals," Stewart says. "That was too bad, because I've really respected the way he has handled himself as a philanthropist, and I think he respects my work in population control, though he can't resist wisecracking every now and then that I wouldn't exist if I hadn't been the fifth of six children. And I respect him as a businessman, too. But I have never been able to respect him much as a father. He has been an awfully good provider, but sometimes he sounds as though he thought his responsibility ended there. I remember once when I was at Columbia and complained that he never paid any attention to me. So he made a formal appointment for me to meet him at an office in the General Motors Building at Broadway and Fifty-seventh Street, and when I got there we sat across a conference table and he said, 'Now, let me see the transcripts of your grades.' He didn't seem to have any feel for any kind of genuine communication. I just can never engage him in any kind of fruitful intellectual debate on philosophy or philanthropy or anything."

So in 1966 Stewart moved to New

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York. In keeping with his view that an authentic philanthropist, of whatever age or ideology, should be actively involved in fund-raising, he spent a year in the Planned Parenthood office, in the course of which he helped raise three million dollars. Gratified, he next set about recruiting ten wealthy young people who would take it upon themselves to bring in fifty thousand apiece. Believing, like an auto manufacturer, in incentives, he offered a prize for the best performance—a round-the-world trip. After approaching two or three hundred of his contemporaries and harvesting only a hundred and eighty thousand from the lot of them, he concluded that their showing had been too lacklustre to warrant any such reward, so instead he offered a free trip to a birth-control conference in Chile. When no one else seemed interested in going, he went himself. He continues to have faith in inducements. Not long ago, staging a fund-raising party for his congressman, Edward Koch, he conducted a lottery; to be eligible, a guest had to contribute at least a hundred dollars. The first prize was a day in Washington with Representative Koch, all expenses to be paid by Mott. The second prize was a day in New York with Koch. The third was dinner with Koch. The booby prize was lunch with Mott.

Mott, who owns a penthouse on the sixteenth floor of a Park Avenue apartment building, hardly ever gives a party that is not a fund-raising party. He has entertained there for the Committee for Conscientious Objectors, for William Kunstler and the Chicago Seven, and for Cesar Chavez and his grape-pickers. In honor of one of his pet charities, the New York Pro Musica, Mott charters buses at Christmastime and shepherds a flock of friends to The Cloisters for a concert. He serves a box lunch and champagne on the way uptown, and also leads his guests in carol singing. He makes the trip clad in a kilt fashioned from the Stewart tartan; the rest of the year, he wears trousers or, at home, ragged Bermuda shorts. Mott, who is also a patron of the American Symphony Orchestra, likes to describe himself as an aural rather than a visual person, and his apartment bears him out. He keeps a radio tuned to a classical-music station day and night. Visually, the place is less soothing. A frequent visitor said not long ago, "Stewart's apartment always looks as if he were either just about to move in or just about to move out." His style of décor is hodgepodge; in his living room is the bed he

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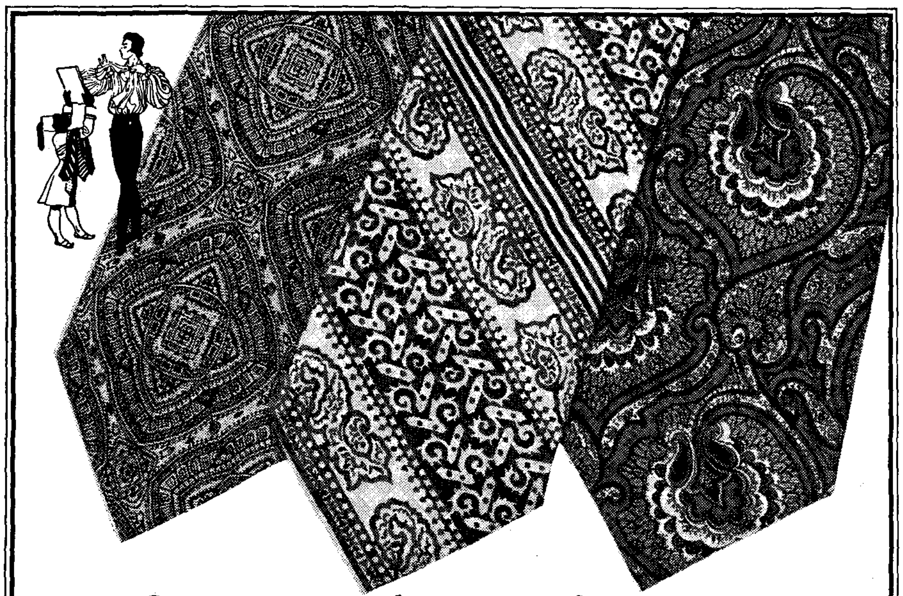
slept in as a child, now serving as a couch. He used to breed mice in his bathtub. They were flushed out of existence by a young woman to whom he lent the apartment while he was abroad at a population-control conference. He uses the penthouse not just as a residence but also as an office, and it is cluttered both with filing cabinets and with the cardboard cartons in which the cabinets were delivered. His spare bedroom, a not particularly large chamber, contained, at last count, seventeen such bulky cartons; a careless guest runs the risk of being smothered—or, at the very least, crated. Mott smokes Turkish cigarettes, and he often scribbles notes to himself on their boxes. Lest he lose a telephone number, he keeps the empty boxes; he now has several thousand of them on the premises, and he can never come close to putting his hands on the one he needs. On the terrace and roof of the penthouse, he engages vigorously in gentleman farming. In his somewhat less than formal dining room, along with more cardboard cartons and two bicycles, he keeps an assortment of rakes and hoes, four large ultraviolet lamps to accelerate the growth of seedlings, and a couple of bags of manure—possibly the only fertilizer in any Park Avenue penthouse dining room. He loves horticulture, and he calls himself a heliotrope—a plant that leans toward the sun. (His personal letterhead is printed on gold paper—a neat symbolic blend of philanthropy and heliotropism.) Sprouting from the roof of his penthouse are a number of ventilators that serve the occupants of the fifteen floors beneath him; Mott has painted them brilliant red, green, yellow, and orange, and has decorated a couple in a stars-and-stripes motif. They are barely visible from the street, but helicopter pilots have expressed admiration for them.

Mott began his urban gardening on a relatively modest scale, but this year, in the course of what he calls a sabbatical, he has been concentrating on it to the extent of forswearing many of the eleemosynary board meetings he would normally attend. "I'm completely absorbed by the challenge of non-human growth," he told a visitor the other day while bent over a gasoline-operated mulch-shredder he keeps on the premises. "I go to sleep at night worrying about the right way to plant radishes." Instead of calling cards, he has lately been handing out green plastic planting stakes inscribed with his name and "The Penthouse Garden." He now has two thousand square feet



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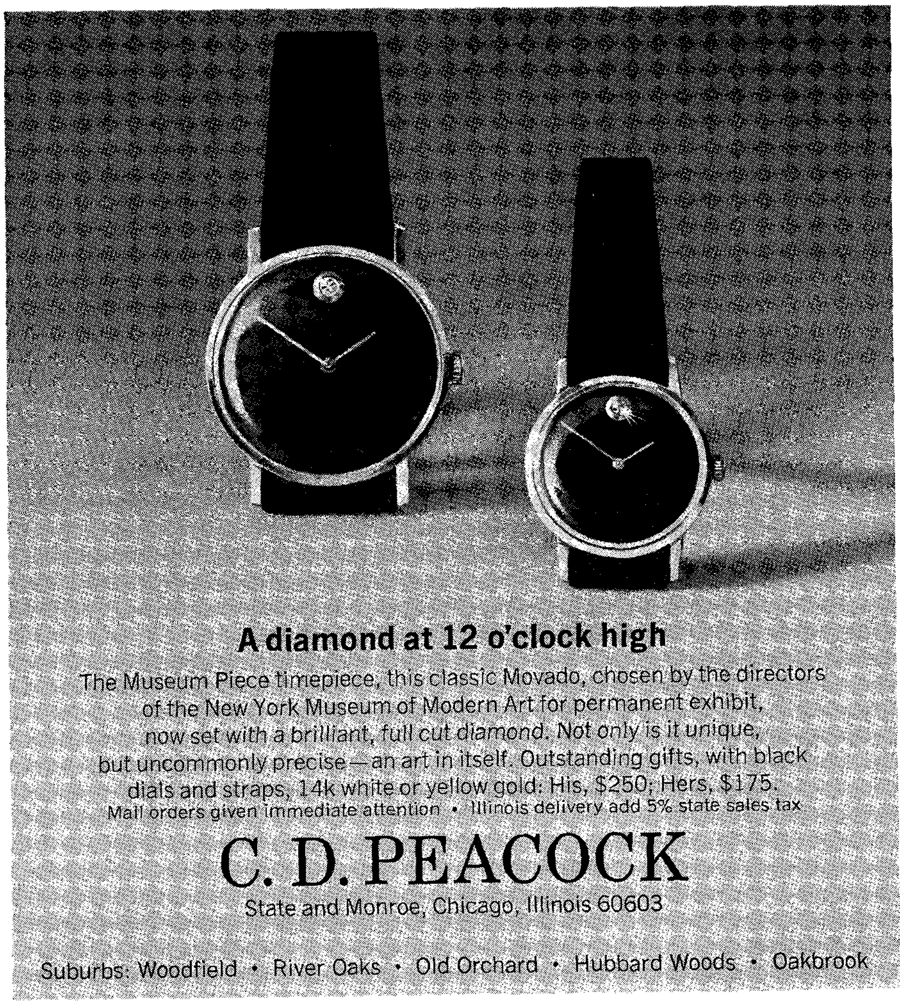

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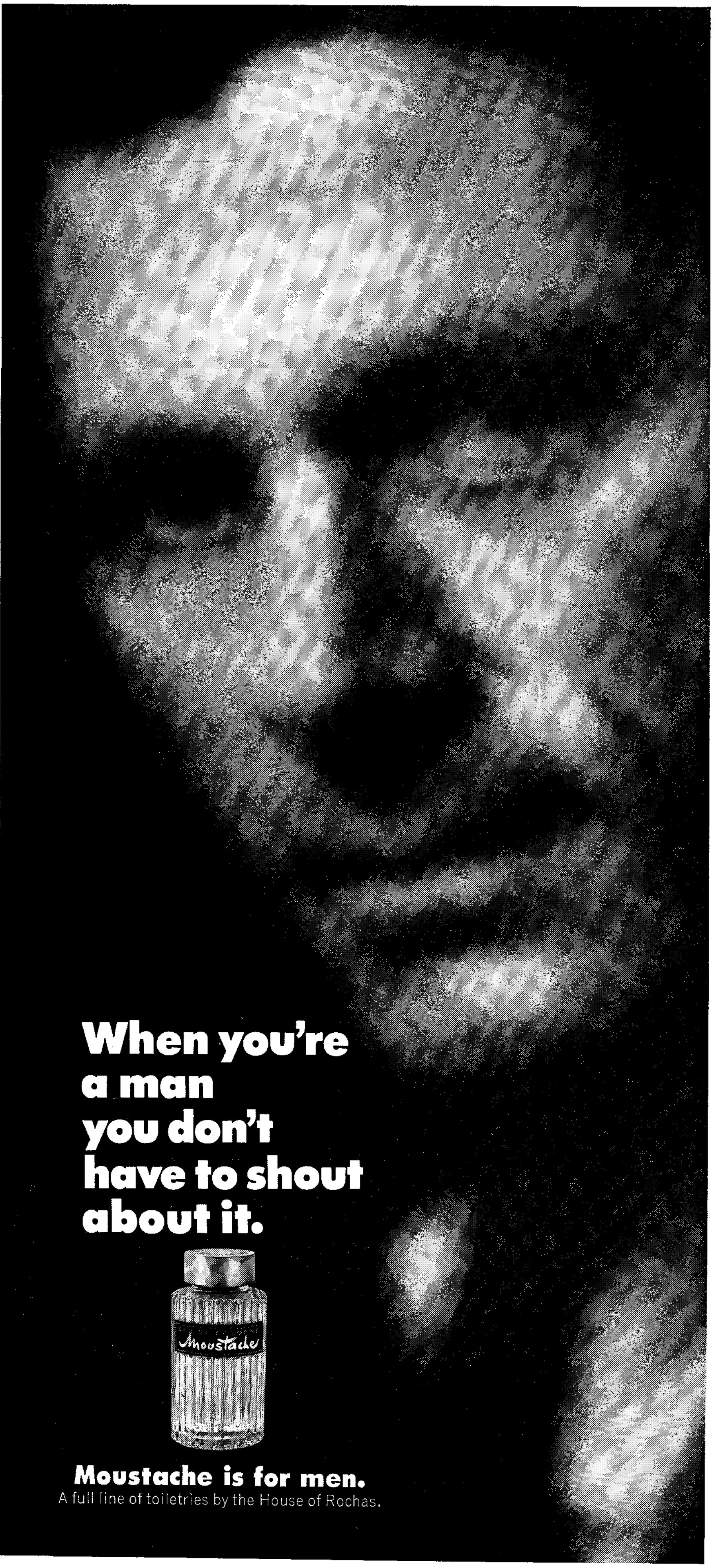
under cultivation, which, he has calculated, could produce enough fruits and vegetables to sustain him, were he so inclined, for an entire year. His only livestock so far consists of five laying hens, whose output of eggs costs him about two dollars a dozen. In all, his agricultural sabbatical has set him back about fifty thousand dollars—mostly the wages he pays to a half-dozen itinerant farmhands who keep his elevator men busy. Mott estimates that he has eighty tons of soil and planting boxes and other paraphernalia around; an engineer he consulted has assured him that the roof could hold six hundred tons without buckling. Even so, some of the other tenants are uneasy. Mott tries to mollify them with occasional fresh vegetables and flowers, but a few have seemed fretful. "Every time there's a wrinkle in the ceiling of the apartment of the guy directly below me," Mott says, "he complains, 'It's that Mott again.' And he's been fussing about my chickens. I had my lawyers check with the Department of Health, and they assured me there's nothing illegal about keeping hens."

Coming as he does from a family with an apple background, Mott sometimes makes cider in his kitchen; so far, he has had no major explosions. He has only one apple tree (a Burpee special, with five varieties grafted onto a single stalk), but he also has a crabapple—a fitting species, it is thought in General Motors circles, for this testy scion of Applewood. Mott is by inclination a vegetarian (though he will eat anything when dining out), and he raises much of the produce he consumes: asparagus, carrots, turnips, eggplant, three kinds of peppers, corn, and popcorn. He serves his guests fresh salads with as many as thirty-six home-grown ingredients, including watercress and, fittingly, Bermuda onions. He has done well with just about everything except cantaloupes and scarlet runner beans; this past Halloween, he harvested two pumpkins—one for a jack-o'-lantern, one for a pie. A methodical, meticulous man in many ways, he has calculated that he has thirty-two linear feet of herb shelves in his kitchen. Their contents are arranged alphabetically, from arrowroot to turmeric, and many of the herbs are his own—including catnip, which he plucks fresh for the delectation of a highly pampered cat. When Mott most recently inventoried his garden, he found that he had this year grown two hundred and thirty-seven edibles, ranging from anise to zucchini and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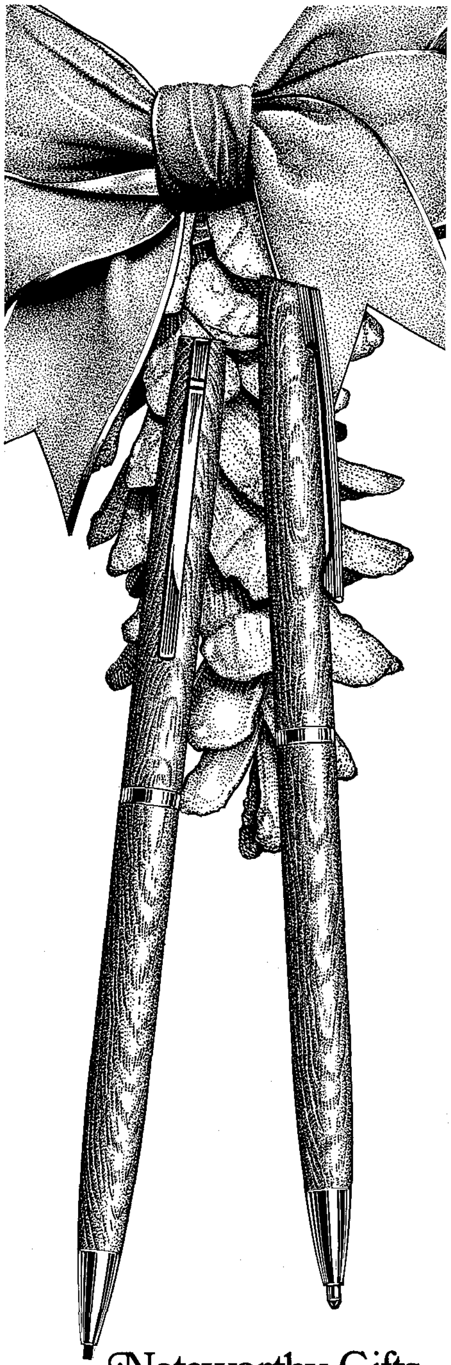

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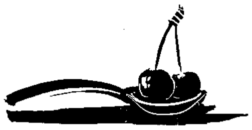
including artichokes, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, kohlrabi, peanuts, squash, summer squash, watermelon, eight kinds of lettuce, twelve kinds of tomatoes, and seventeen kinds of radishes, among them a Ukrainian radish he brought back from Kiev. It also contained two hundred and forty-two decorative plants, from ageratums to zinnias, and among *them* were bamboo, cactus, impatiens, Japanese maple, morning-glory, passionflower, privet, rhododendron, and wisteria. He also had a rubber tree and, inevitably, bachelor's-buttons. He grows some of his ten varieties of marigold just outside a window alongside his elevator landing, so he can grab one for his buttonhole as he departs. Despite the elevation of his turf, he is as sorely pestered as any earthbound tiller of the soil by flies, aphids, and other pests; similarly, he finds himself agreeably playing host to stray ladybugs, bees, and butterflies, and he has imported praying mantises to prey on their natural enemies. He is partial to an organic insecticide brewed from garlic juice, Tabasco, and soapsuds. “I'm still learning how to cultivate properly,” he says. Hoping to accelerate his education, he once slipped his father's head gardener—an expert—a hundred-dollar bill and urged him to come to New York for a weekend, but, whether out of lack of time or out of loyalty to his employer, the man hasn't turned up yet. Stewart hopes he can make it soon. The son was pleased when the father, after one sampling of some of his vegetables, rated them “commendable.” “When my father last inspected my garden,” Stewart says, “he told my mother afterward, ‘That boy is absolutely brilliant,’ or words to that effect. I don't know what else he said, but it was probably something like ‘I wish he'd shape up and go into General Motors.’ ” The father hasn't even groused about Stewart's impish use of the Stars and Stripes. “I respect the flag,” Mr. Mott told a recent visitor. “But if other people don't like it, I don't object. I try to put my time in on the plus things.” Mrs. Mott, who often serves as a sort of diplomatic envoy between her husband and her son, was listening, and she said, “Well, at least he isn't playing the races or going to Las Vegas.” To this Mr. Mott responded, “He's doing what he wants, and I have no objection whatsoever.” One thing Stewart wants to do someday soon is establish a vegetable museum, with, perhaps, a cutaway display behind glass showing how potatoes grow underground. “As far as I know, no such museum exists anywhere in the world,” he says. “A lot of New York City kids grow up without ever having seen a tomato plant.”



Stewart Mott is not a playboy, and it pains him to be compared to well-heeled young contemporaries like Michael Brody, who achieved notoriety last year by handing strangers cash from the Jelke oleomargarine fortune, or to Lammot du Pont Copeland, Jr., who more recently ran up liabilities that appeared to exceed his assets by some thirty-five million dollars. Mott was pleased, though, while lunching a while back with John D. Rockefeller III, to hear that veteran philanthropist say he had once been pleased to see his son Jay in a Jaguar, and had told Jay, “Don't take your sense of responsibility so seriously that you can't use your money occasionally to live it up.” Mott went right out and treated himself to a new tennis racquet. By and large, he takes his responsibilities with the utmost seriousness. One of the first things he did on moving to New York, for example, was to retain topnotch legal counsel. After scouting around, he decided on the big Wall Street firm then known as Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander & Mitchell. Mott had often seemed to be in search of surrogate fathers, and the fact that one of the senior partners, Milton Rose, not only was an expert on estates and trusts but also had a reputation as an understanding adviser to rich young men influenced his choice; that Richard Nixon was a partner may have been a factor, too. “Maybe I was seeking some kind of family approval when I picked Nixon's firm,” he says. “Maybe I thought his involvement with my affairs would somehow, back in Flint, legitimize all my new involvements.” Nixon was only titularly involved with Mott. At best, he may have heard some giggles from the outer office whenever Mott, after chaining his bike to a lamppost outside the firm's plush premises on Broad Street, called on Rose; he would come in garishly dressed and, like as not, bearing a bouquet of homegrown flowers for the receptionist. “Mr. Mott is the most exciting client we have,” a junior associate of the firm said recently. “He adds a lot of life to the joint just by walking in.” One of the first chores that Mott assigned his new attorneys was to help him straighten out a foundation he had established called Spectemur Agendo, after the family motto. It was supposed to be supported by all three of the younger Mott children, but its initial capitalization of three hundred thousand dollars came solely from Stewart. The foundation is now dormant, but for three years it bestowed grants spectacularly unlike those of the Mott Foundation—to researchers into sex and into extrasensory perception, for instance, and to a group that ran havens for hippies. Once, in March, 1969, Stewart gathered up his Spectemur Agendo trustees, along with Milton Rose, and took them to Flint, with his father's blessing, for a joint meeting with the Mott Foundation trustees. "I thought it would be nice to have some interaction," Stewart says. "We didn't turn out to have much in common, aside from the root source of our assets, but I got the impression that my father was glad to see that I had some associates with their heads screwed on right." Spectemur's corporate operations are administered, as all of Mott's business and philanthropic affairs are, by an office he maintains on Madison Avenue. He doesn't go there much himself; he prefers to work at home, where he has a telephone tie line to the office. Mott often answers his own phone, and when some stranger calls to ask for money and Mott wants to brush him off gently, he pretends to be a chap named George Jackson; if the person should call again, reach someone in the office, and say he was talking to Mr. Jackson the other day about this or that, the staff gets the idea. It costs Mott slightly over a hundred thousand dollars a year to run his office, and legal and accounting fees come to twenty-five thousand more. Until recently, his Madison Avenue majordomo was a C.P.A. named John Hodgkin, who once worked for Price, Waterhouse, in Philadelphia, and was scolded for coming to the office without a hat. Liberated by Mott, Hodgkin, who now devotes only part of his time to his young patron's affairs, works in a sports shirt and affects rakish sideburns. "I was always a little on the unconventional edge," Hodgkin says. "Once, when I was working for the Rockefeller Brothers, I wore black-and-white saddle shoes to work. But I would never have dreamed of coming in without a tie." It took Hodgkin a while to adjust to Mott's unconventional methods. Whereas most men of wealth tend to be closemouthed about their personal fiscal affairs, Mott will gladly discuss his income-tax returns and accountants' reports with almost

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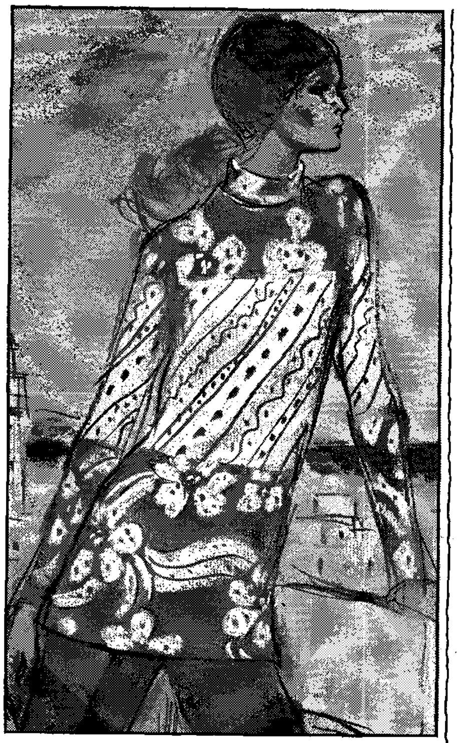

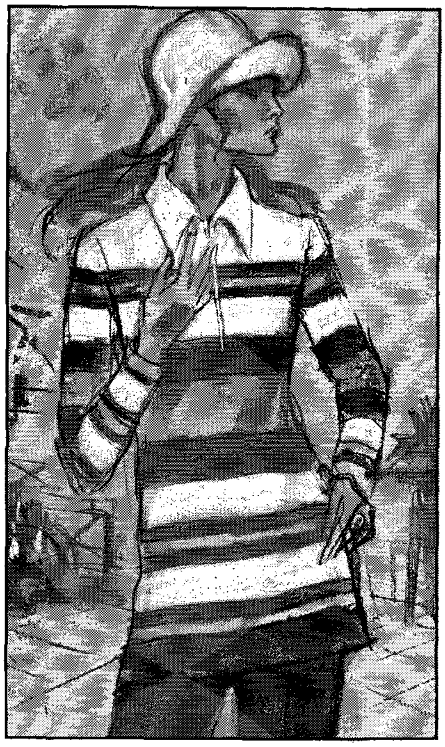

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anyone. "When I first joined Stewart and he began spouting facts and figures to whoever happened to be in the room, it sort of shook me inside," Hodgkin recently told a visitor. "But he got me used to it, and I began doing it myself." Hodgkin thereupon proceeded to explain to the visitor, in far greater detail than warrants repeating, that Mott has six million dollars outright and is also the beneficiary of three trusts set up by his father. The principal of the first one consists almost wholly of General Motors stock, and it paid him six hundred and eighty thousand dollars last year. He came into the income from the second trust—currently a hundred and seventy thousand dollars, mostly in G.M. dividends—when he was thirty. In 1977, when he is forty, he will receive the dividends from the third trust, containing G.M. stock that is now worth around four million dollars. Mott cannot dispose of the principal of any of the trusts. If he dies childless, the money is supposed to go to his two full sisters' children. He once thought of trying to bypass this restriction by adopting the world as his child and bequeathing the principal to mankind—which would have been all right with his sisters, who have just as much money as he has, and can thus provide amply for their progeny—but Hodgkin, Rose, and a few other advisers were unanimously agreed that he couldn't get away with it. Though not hardhearted, Mott is reasonably prudent when it comes to investing his own six million. He may take an occasional flyer if a friend asks him to back a new boutique or night club, and he has gone into a few ventures for ideological reasons—an anti-war movie, for instance, and the magazine *Ramparts* (he has lost nearly all of the sixty-two thousand dollars he put into that journal of the barricades)—but for the most part, like any run-of-the-mill nabob, he looks for lucrative capital-gains and tax-shelter situations. At the moment, he has about a million and a half dollars tied up in coal mining, ultrasonic engineering, fireplace equipment, cattle, oil and gas leases, shipping companies, and real estate. He checks up on each of his investments at least twice monthly. "I'm fascinated by the investment part of my life," he says. "I love to get mixed up in the problems of a shoe-machinery company. That can be very challenging and stimulating." Inasmuch as most of his income is derived from dividends, much of it—last year, nearly two hundred thousand dollars—perforce goes for taxes. For every hundred thousand dollars he gets, General Motors must

Mark Cross, of course:

The toiletry case without the "case."

Our stowaway is soft and pliable so it will tuck into any nook of your luggage, won't take up any more room than the articles within it, and will carry practically as much as you want. A conventional case can't do that. Waterproof lining inside and buttery-soft lambskin outside. In black. 10" square. $20. To order, write: Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C., or phone (212) 421-3000. (Add 90¢ postage outside delivery area.)

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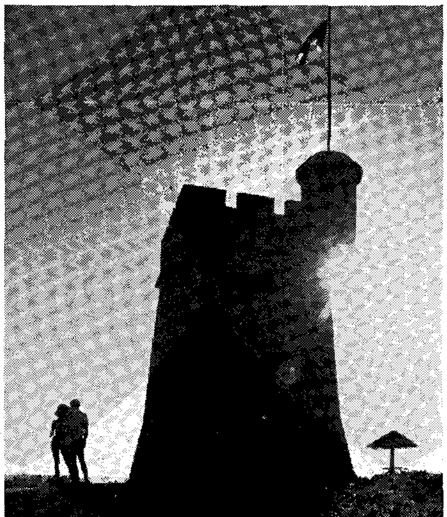

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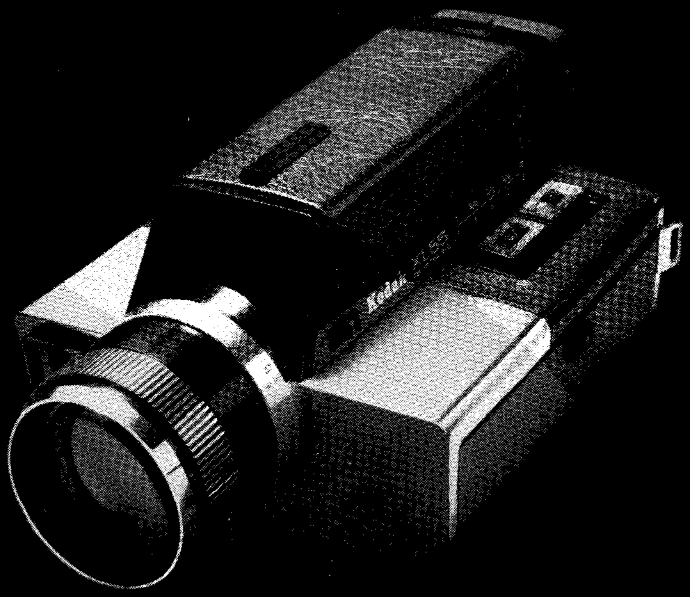
AN ISSA HOTEL – Nick Brimo, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager

sell five thousand Cadillacs. After shelling out close to a million a year in taxes and benefactions, Mott spends about thirty thousand on himself. This is not much for a man in his position, but he is forever trying to justify, both to himself and to anyone who will listen, his use of his wealth and his standard of living. Mott says, "I always ask myself, 'If I didn't have all this money, could I be earning the equivalent of what I spend on myself, or am I living beyond my hypothetical means?' My answer is that as a professional fund-raiser I could probably draw down a salary of thirty-five or forty thousand a year. When I tell myself that, it reassures me that I'm not a leech on society. As things stand, I spend on myself what I think I could have earned, and, after taxes, I give everything else away. That's how I make peace with my conscience."

LATELY, Mott has also been making peace with his father, and, being a generous man, he has done it in a generous fashion. In honor of his father's ninety-fourth birthday, in June, 1969, and also of his parents' thirty-fifth wedding anniversary, he took over the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park, and threw a dinner party for four hundred and twenty guests. It was not a black-tie affair; the invitations admonished the guests to be "as colorful and informal as you dare." The senior Mott, in a copper-colored Paisley jacket and butterscotch slacks, was widely acclaimed to be the most colorful man in attendance; the junior Mott, in a multi-hued jacket and raspberry shirt, was adjudged the most informal, because, as is often the case, he had holes in his socks. Stewart had thoughtfully scheduled the frolic to coincide with a monthly General Motors board meeting, so nearly all the G.M. directors were present, cheerfully rubbing and bending elbows with such elders as the late J. C. Penney, who was then ninety-three himself, and Frank Boyden, the retired headmaster of Deerfield, who was eighty-nine, and with such comparative striplings as Mayor Lindsay, a clutch of Democratic politicians, some abortion-reform exponents, the New York and Flint press, AC spark-plug and water-company executives, and others from the tangled webs of both Motts' lives. At one table was a gaggle of attractive young women, who couldn't figure out what any of them had in common until they discovered, not without embarrassment, that Stewart had roguishly seated them together because at one time or

Now. Movies without movie lights.



Kodak announces a new kind of super 8 movie film and a new kind of movie camera that let you shoot color movies just by the light you live in. Even by the light of the candles on a birthday cake.

The new film is Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film. It's four times as fast as Kodachrome II movie film.

The cameras are the new Kodak XL models. Each has a super-fast *f*/1.2 Ektar lens and a revolutionary new shutter design that lets in lots more light.

Each comes with a precision automatic exposure control system. Each has drop-in loading and is battery-powered.

The XL33 camera (not shown) is less than $120. The XL55 (above), with power zoom, rangefinder, and sports-type viewfinder is less than $200.

Look into either one. You'll see a whole new world to make movies of.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

Kodak XL movie camera/ Ektachrome 160 movie film.

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another he had taken them all out. He seated himself with the chairman of the board of General Motors. There were congratulatory tributes from, among others, President Nixon. The New York Pro Musica rendered some sentimental old numbers; the president of the Flint branch of the Michigan National Bank was so carried away by the bonhomie that he mentioned Ralph Nader in a toast; and Stewart, who in a program note had identified himself as his parents' "sometimes wayward, sometimes dutiful, son," recited some verses he had composed for the occasion, which went, in part:

For you to rear such a child as me
Has not been full of fun and glee—
Your progeny surely you sometimes rue.
About choices and actions we each pursue,
In politics, religion, and philanthropy,
We rarely—if ever—come to agree.

Just as Charles Stewart Mott has been coming to New York once a month for his G.M. meeting, so has Stewart gone to Flint once a month for some board meetings of his own. He is a director of the Flint branch of the Michigan National Bank, which is partly owned by the Motts, and an adviser to the Enos A. DeWaters Trust, a charitable trust that the bank manages and that operates out of the Mott Foundation Building. Stewart went on the bank board in 1964, when he was twenty-six. His father had been asked first and had begged off, so the bank inquired how Mr. Mott would feel about his younger son's filling the post. "I told them he couldn't hurt the bank, and he might learn somewhere along the line how my thoughts run," Mr. Mott says today. "Later on, Stewart began intimating that I had had nothing to do with it—that the bank wanted to get some younger blood on the board and that *that* was how he'd been invited. But never any thanks to me." (The following year, Mr. Mott put Stewart on the board of his U.S. Sugar Corporation. "I figured he couldn't hurt the company, and I've been entirely satisfied with his services," the father says. "I have no objection whatsoever.") Stewart offered to resign from the bank board when he moved to New York, but was asked to stay on. "I'm kind of a gadfly," he says. "Maybe I'm their house liberal. They're all rather amused by me, but the experience has been valuable for me, because now I know something about banking. And it's fine for me to go back out there every month, because it reminds me that not everybody in the country thinks the way East Coast liberals do." The bank board and the DeWaters Trust board meet on the same day, so if Mott is pressed for time he can fly out in the morning and return home that evening. When he plans to remain in Flint overnight, he sometimes rushes from the airport to the bank carrying a battered suitcase held together by rope; the bank board once interrupted its scrutiny of loan applications to discuss whether or not it should lend him enough money to buy some new luggage. Compared to the Mott Foundation, the DeWaters Trust—established in 1962 by the chief engineer of Buick, who, like Mr. Mott, made his fortune in G.M. common—is small philanthropic potatoes, but, even so, it dispenses over six hundred thousand dollars a year. Most of this has been going to the Flint Institute of Art and, for scholarships, to college students in Genesee County. Mott has been pushing, so far with only modest success, for what seem to him worthy alternatives—for, say, the support of a Flint crisis center to help people who need assistance in the general areas of abortion, drug addiction, and suicide prevention.

During his first couple of years in New York, Mott didn't become very well known in the city—except possibly to some of its traffic patrolmen. He is always in a hurry, and he had, and has, a penchant for parking his Volkswagen at hydrants; sometimes he double-parks at hydrants. He leaped into prominence during the 1968 Presidential-primary period. Mott, who is now an enrolled Democrat in New York, had been interested in politics for some time. In 1967, a number of Democratic politicians in Flint had talked about running him for Congress; he bore a name that was hard to beat. Somebody even had some buttons made up reading "Stewart R. Mott—A Great Congressman for '68." Before anybody got around to wearing one, however, Mott underwrote a poll of the district and deduced from it that while his prospects were fair, he would not be exactly a shoo-in, even if by some chance he were to get his father's vote, so he took himself out of the running, or non-running. In New York, on a Wednesday night at the end of February, 1968, he invited a girl to see "Tiger at the Gates," an anti-war play, and he came out of the theatre feeling strongly that the Republican Party had to nominate a peace candidate to oppose President Johnson, who was still expected to run for re-

Christmas is holly and happiness and ankle-length dresses with puckery tops...

The shirtdress goes long. And gets treated to a puckery navy top in nylon/spandex over a full, brightly printed skirt of acetate and nylon jersey. 8-14, 40.00*

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If that were just a slogan, the next two pages would be blank

Before a company signs its advertising with "Men helping Man," that company had better be trying to do something about problems like pollution . . . crime . . . transportation . . . heart disease . . . the energy crisis. That company had better be trying to do something about some of the biggest problems facing the country and its cities today.

General Electric is.

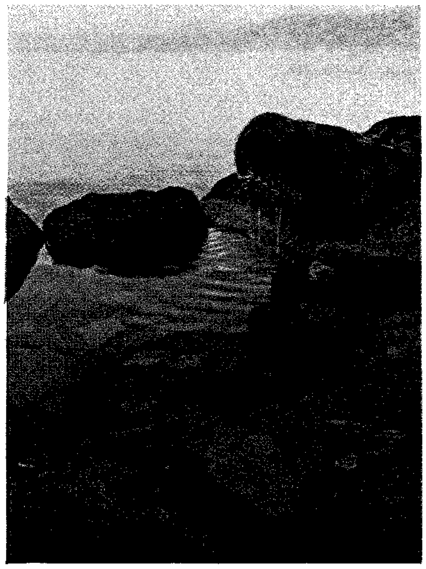
In fact, General Electric is probably working in more of these problem areas than any other company.

The reason for this is the unique scope of GE technology. Over 18,000 scientists and engineers are probing deeply into hundreds of different fields, many of which GE pioneered.

On the following two pages are some of the things GE people have been working on. None represents a total answer to the country's problems, of course.

But we think you'll agree they're clear examples of "Men helping Man."

With GE's help there's at least one lake still pure enough to drink.



Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world.

To keep it that way, the people who live there wanted one of the most advanced and effective sewage treatment systems in the world.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

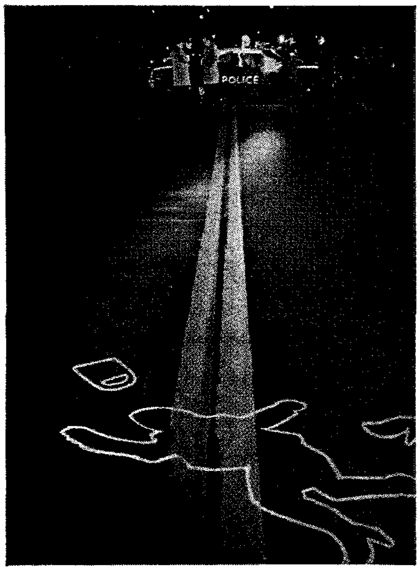
Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But, even so, it's pumped over an 8,000-foot mountain pass into a reservoir for swimming and fishing.

The people of Tahoe want only pure mountain streams flowing into the lake.

General Electric motors, controls, meters and GE service people help keep the whole sewage-treatment system working.

GE also has a new idea for purifying water. A new membrane, developed through GE research, may lead to a home filtering unit that will keep viruses and bacteria out of your drinking water.

People can live without street lights. Sometimes.



Where new streetlights have gone up, the crime and accident rate has gone down.

In cities like Detroit, New York, Indianapolis and Hartford, new streetlighting systems from General Electric have helped cut night crime in lighted areas by better than 50%.

Across the country, many new systems use GE's Lucalox® lamps. The most efficient source of white light ever invented. Lucalox puts out twice as much light as the best mercury systems . . . on no more electricity.

Streetlights are only one way GE is helping fight crime and accidents.

High-speed saws—with a cutting edge of General Electric Man-Made™ diamonds—are being used to cut narrow, parallel grooves into roads at hazardous curves.

The grooves give cars a firmer grip in wet weather. And cut accidents by as much as 85%.

We helped make the working day an hour shorter in Philadelphia.

For many Philadelphia commuters, the eight-hour day doesn't seem as long as it used to. Because they now save up to an hour in travel time every day.

They ride the country's first automated rapid-transit system.

It's the new Port Authority line between downtown and the New Jersey suburbs.

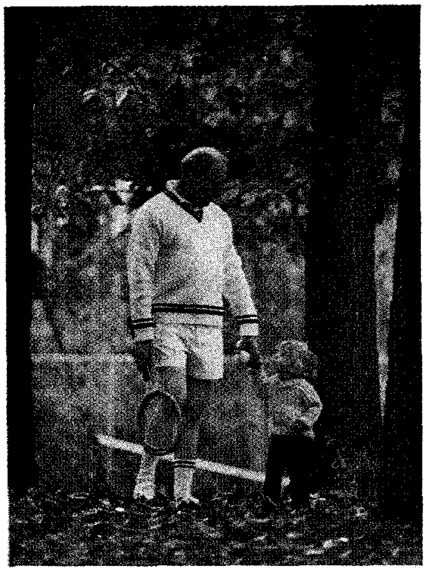
General Electric motors move the trains along at up to 75 miles an hour. GE automatic controls keep them running 2 minutes apart during rush hour.

The full round trip is a good hour faster than the driving time. And a good deal more relaxing.

GE is working in other ways to help people travel.

For the future, General Electric is continuing its research into a practical battery to power a broad range of electric vehicles for transportation.

"I died three years before she was born."



"Before I passed out, I remember thinking, 'This is what it's like to die.'"

Five years ago, before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach had what might have been a fatal heart attack.

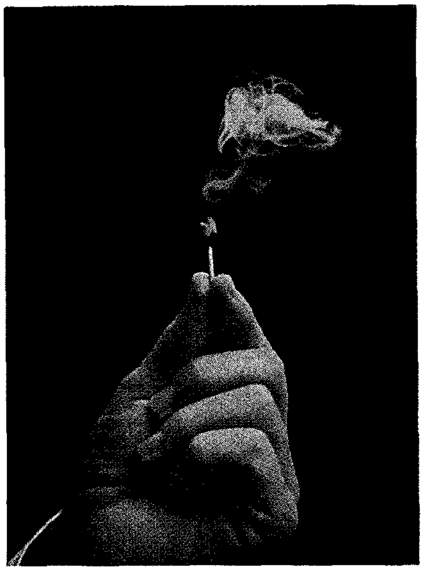
But he was lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-monitoring equipment.

The equipment gave doctors an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. Later, it kept watch over every beat of his heart for signs of another attack.

GE coronary-monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it.

It's only one way GE helps medical science fight heart disease. Another is a GE artificial lung just introduced which greatly increases the time doctors have for open-heart surgery.

A match puts more smoke in the air than a nuclear power plant.



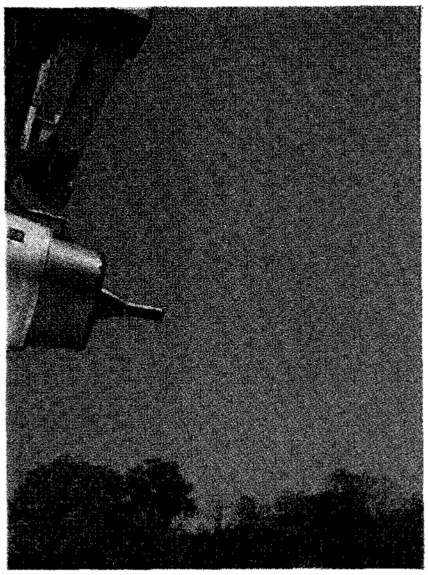
Nuclear power plants don't burn anything to make electricity. And where there's no fire, there's no smoke.

That's why so many people concerned about the environment now favor nuclear power. It's just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity.

Safety has always been the first consideration in building nuclear power plants. Take radiation, for example. A typical plant adds an average of less than 5 millirems/year of radiation to the natural radiation of its site. That's less in a year than the extra radiation you'd receive on one round-trip cross-country jet flight.

Fourteen years ago, GE built the first nuclear power plant ever licensed. Today, GE is helping develop a "breeder reactor." A breeder makes more fuel than it uses. In the next 20 years, breeders should begin making the job of meeting the country's demand for electricity easier.

This is a picture of the exhaust from our new jet engine.



This is an unretouched picture of our newest jet engine running at full take-off power. Where's the smoke? There's no smoke at all.

The engine in the picture is on a test stand. But virtually smokeless engines just like it are now in airline service on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10.

There's more to jet exhaust than just smoke, of course. Our goal is to one day make jets run totally clean.

Jet noise is another problem. But while there's still a long way to go, GE has already succeeded in making the DC-10 engines quieter than those on other commercial jets. Even though the new engines are more than twice as powerful as most engines now in service.

GE has been chosen by NASA to help solve aviation industry noise problems. By 1973, we hope to have developed the technology needed to get engine noise well below anticipated federal standards.

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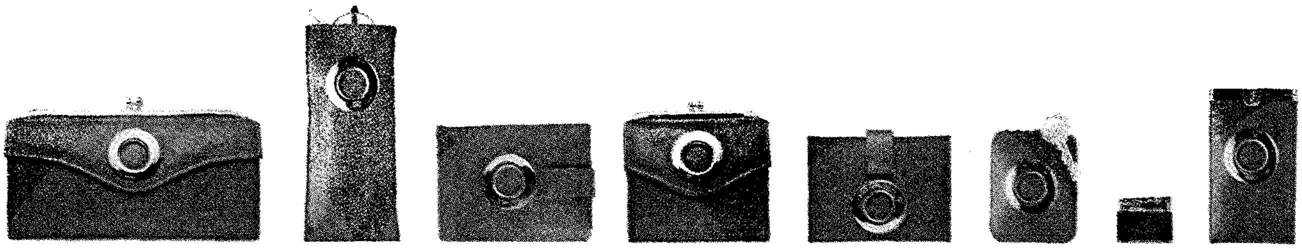

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election. George Romney had been one leading Republican hopeful. After the play, Mott heard on his car radio that Romney had withdrawn from the New Hampshire campaign. Distressed, Mott dropped his date off at her apartment, went home, spread out some paper that a dry cleaner had returned suits in, and drew up a double-page newspaper ad. The gist of it was that it was now incumbent on Nelson Rockefeller to become the Republican peace candidate. Mott pledged himself to donate fifty thousand dollars to a Rockefeller campaign if Rockefeller would declare his candidacy within two weeks, if he would clarify his views on Vietnam, and if others who were partial to him would pledge a hundred thousand. Mott had never before written or placed a political ad. He phoned the *Times* the next morning and was told that his ad should be sponsored by some sort of committee. Then he phoned Nixon, Mudge, Rose, and asked for help in creating a suitable committee. It was quite a request; Nixon and his partner John Mitchell were setting up committees all over the place at the time—but not for Rockefeller. Nonetheless, Mott got the counsel he needed. On Sunday, his ad appeared in the *Times* and in the eight Michigan papers; the nine insertions cost him twenty-six thousand dollars.

It had been Mott's vague intention to turn over whatever funds his ad might bring in to the central Rockefeller-for-President organization. He discovered that there wasn't one—or, at any rate, no overt one. So he opened a small suite of offices himself. Within a few days, he had received outside pledges of a hundred and forty-four thousand dollars, and he was just beginning to ponder what to do with it when, on March 21st, Rockefeller announced that, the support of Spiro Agnew notwithstanding, he wasn't going to be a candidate. So Mott returned all the money except a few thousand dollars from people who said he could use it for any liberal Republican who might emerge from the pack. Mott at once took out another *Times* ad—this one only a single full page—proclaiming the formation of a Coalition for a Republican Alternative. Before he could settle on one, Johnson decided not to run and Rockefeller decided *to* run. By then, Mott had become disenchanted with him. For one thing, he had scarcely been able to get any of Rockefeller's associates to answer his phone calls, and had had no direct word from the Governor himself. "I couldn't imagine his not even

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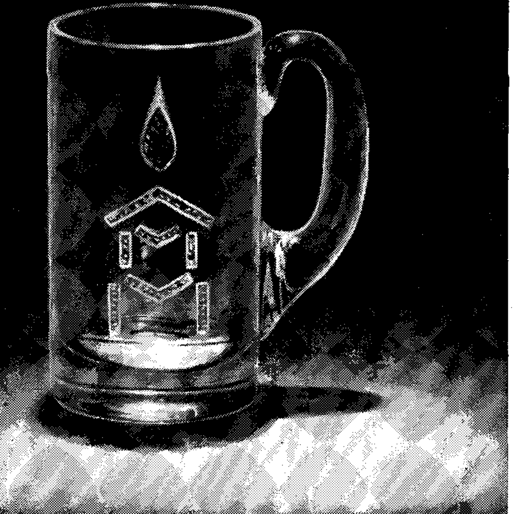
Hand-engraved Swedish Crystal Pint Tankard, designed by Eugene A. Garand and executed by Asta Strömberg.

"Olympiad XX" salutes the 20th Olympiad in Munich, Germany next August/September. The graduated "M's" represent Munich, and the steep overhanging roof recalls the Chalet Inns of Bavaria. Surmounting all is the eternal torch flame dating back to the ancient Greek Games.



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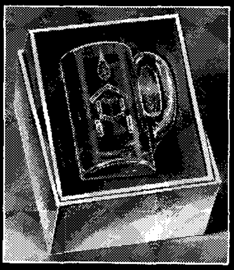

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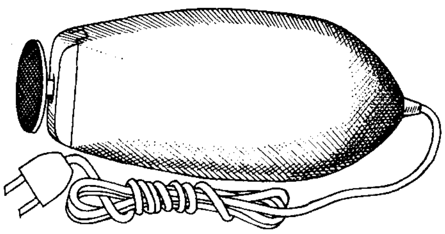

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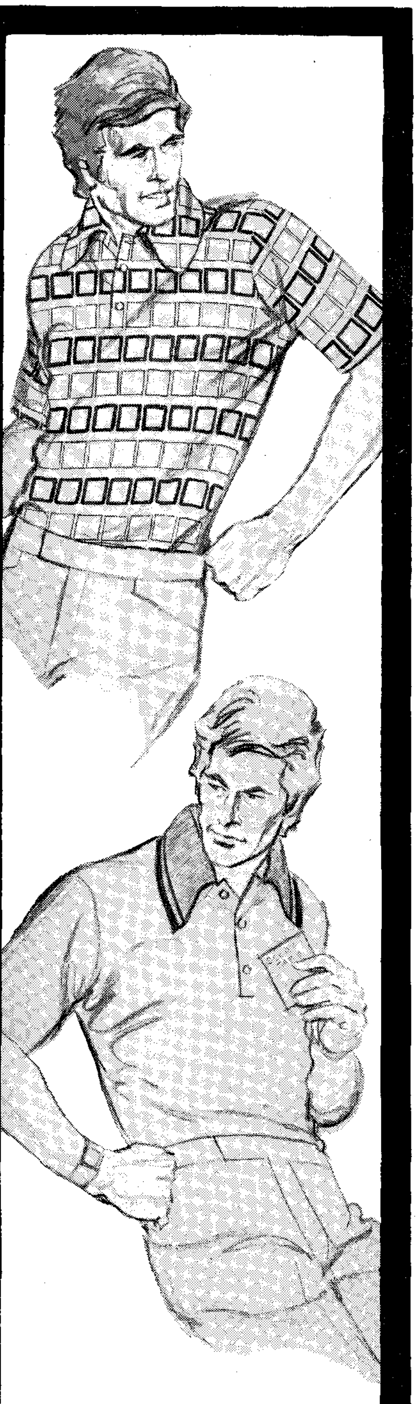

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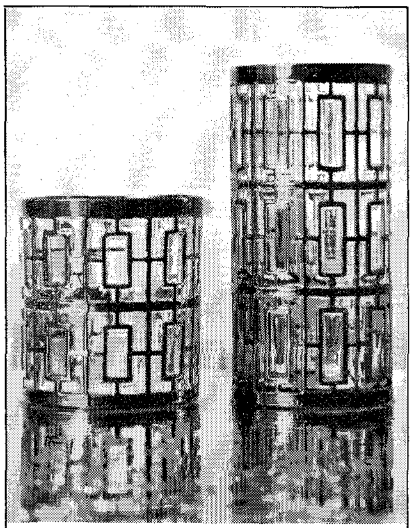
wanting to meet a young man who had made that kind of gesture and who might someday be an attractive political candidate himself," Mott says. For another, Eugene McCarthy's supporters had been courting Mott. They pointed out to him that although McCarthy was obviously not a Republican, he was certainly an alternative. Mott had had breakfast with the Senator at the St. Regis in January, and was impressed enough to leave him a thousand-dollar campaign contribution. Five months later, on the eve of a Madison Square Garden rally for McCarthy, Mott decided impulsively to promote him to Rockefeller's fifty-thousand-dollar category. By the time the 1968 elections were over, Mott had supported one candidate or another, in one party or another, to the tune of (including his administrative outlays and the cost of his ads) about three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. "I don't really like to give that much of my money to politicians," he says. "But it was an exceptional year."

Mott was less generous to politicians in 1969 and 1970, but he did not ignore them. In 1969, he spent seventy-five thousand dollars on political enterprises. That spring, at the time of primaries for the mayoralty, he took a full-page ad in the *Times* to back the Republican John Lindsay and the Democrat Herman Badillo. Both lost in the primaries. Mott was not fazed. He supported peace candidates, he argued, and peace hadn't won yet, either. In 1970, he contributed fifty thousand dollars to a host of candidates, most of them Democrats running for the Senate; he had eight winners and twelve losers. In May, 1970, just after the Cambodian invasion, Senator George McGovern wanted to make an anti-Administration speech on television; he needed sixty-five thousand dollars to buy half an hour of prime network time, but he could raise only thirty thousand. He phoned Mott and was instantly promised the rest—five thousand as a gift and thirty thousand as a loan. Mott gave McGovern another five thousand to help him get his 1972 Presidential campaign under way. Although Mott has not yet formally endorsed any of the current aspirants to the White House, some of his friends think he is leaning strongly toward the Senator from South Dakota if for no other reason than that he was one of a thousand or so people who toured Mott's verdant aerie this year and took time off to stay on afterward for a fresh-vegetable-salad lunch.

Mott may yet run for office himself.



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"I'm not especially keen to be in the House of Representatives," he says. "Although that would, of course, be a broadening experience. There've been times when I thought I would rather be in the Senate, but I'm not sure I could do as much there for the peace movement and family planning as I can do on my own. If anybody were to write a scenario to lead me into the Senate, the most plausible sequence of action would be for me to go back to Michigan, establish myself as part of the Mott Foundation, and eventually run against the Republican incumbent, Bob Griffin." There is, of course, one major stumbling block to such an unfolding of the plot—Charles Stewart Mott. But whatever happens in real life, his son is in no hurry. Fifteen years hence, Stewart reckons, his father will be a hundred and eleven, his half brother Harding will be eighty, and he himself will be forty-eight. "It would be unthinkable not to have a youngish male Mott on the board of the Mott Foundation—someone under seventy—and if I'm lucky enough to live that long, I'm the logical choice," he says. "As long as I don't go off the deep end before then, I think it's inevitable that I'll be accepted. I just think it's a pity that my father doesn't ask me now." While biding his time, Mott does not intend to be a hang-back philanthropist. He has a novel idea for recruiting on campuses. Just as law firms and Dow Chemical look for prospects at universities, so, Mott contends, someone should recruit wealthy young men—his cutoff point would be the ability to give away a quarter of a million a year, and he suspects there are a couple of hundred eligible individuals around—and persuade them to devote themselves full time to enlightened philanthropy. "I would like to get them all together for a weekend once each year in Bermuda or some such place, with someone like John Rockefeller and myself as hosts, and try to talk them into following our path," Mott says. "We might be able to encourage them to do that if we could convey to them some idea of how much fun it has been for us. I don't suppose any of the younger Rockefellers would have to be invited. They've already had that kind of encouragement from their family. I only wish my father had encouraged me."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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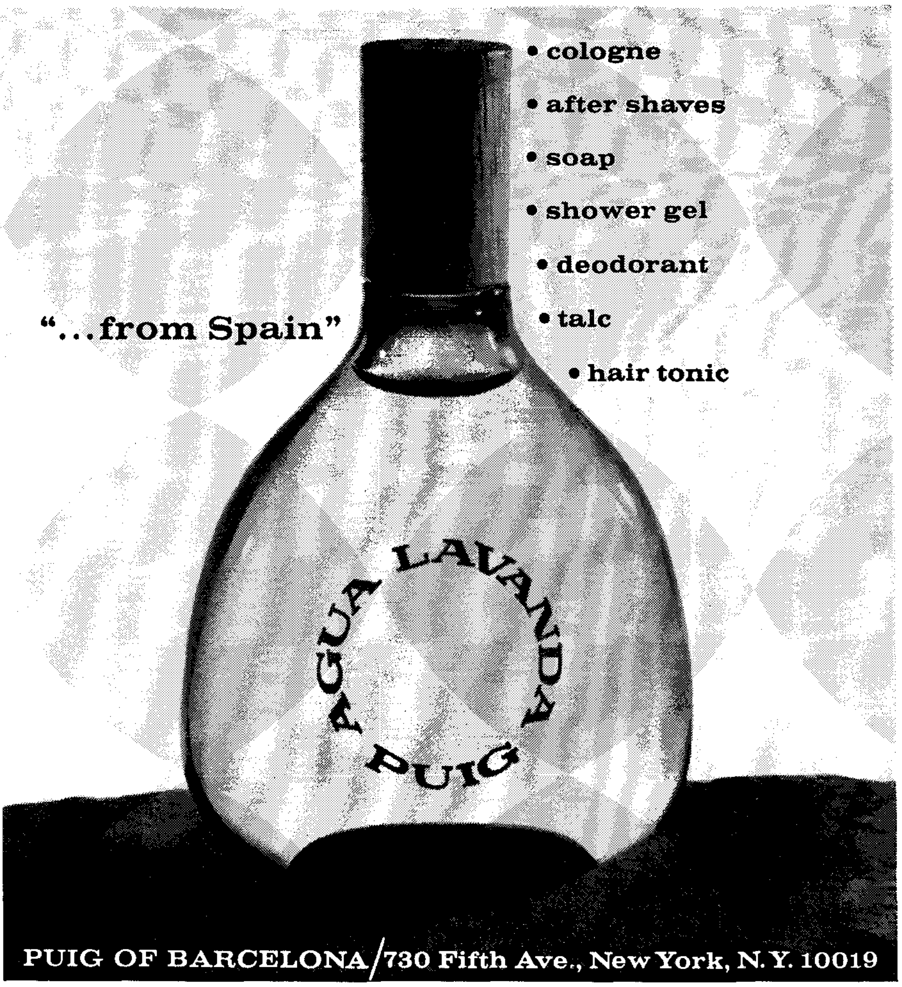
—*Headline in the Times.*

Anyway, it's no help.



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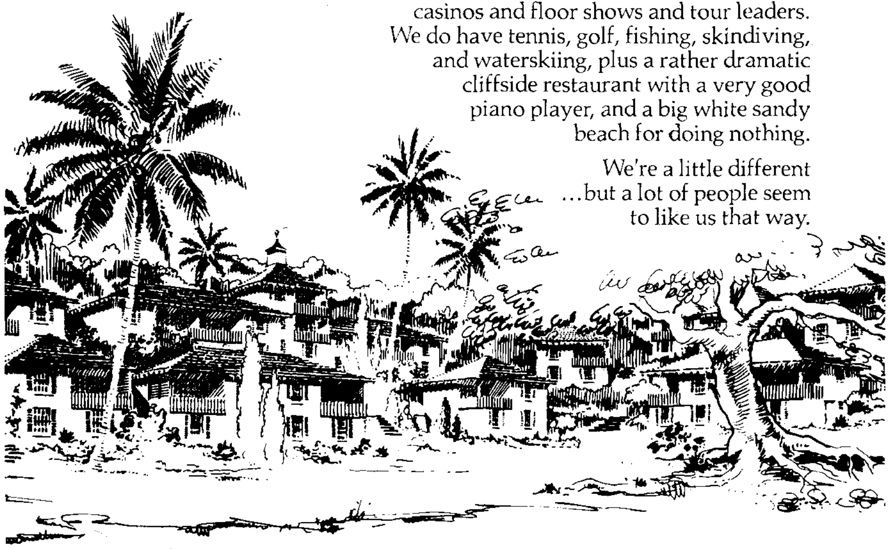

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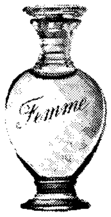

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THE THEATRE

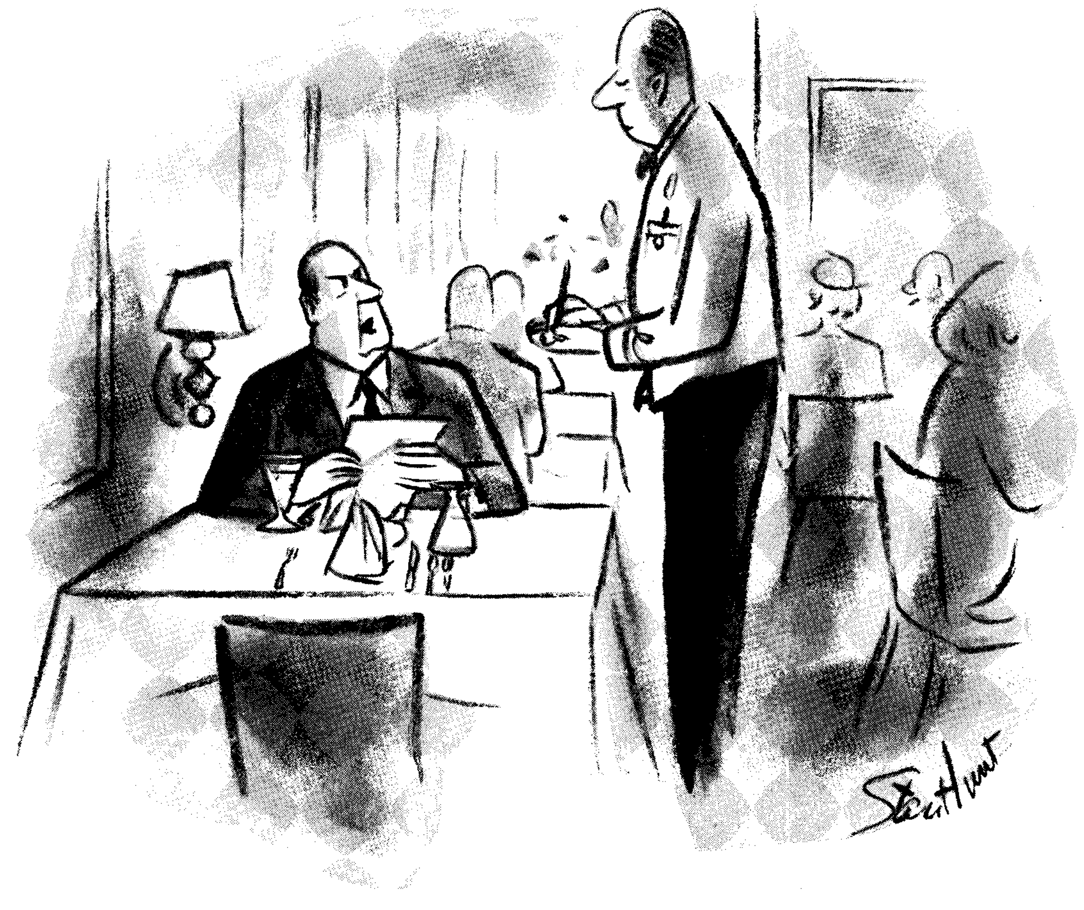
THE CRY

LIKE Faulkner before him and Beckett beside him—and in terms of artistry on the same level of importance—Harold Pinter with every work that issues from his hand marks out in greater detail the boundaries of a country altogether his and immediately recognizable as his. The odd and characteristic thing about the Pinter country is that, again as with Faulkner and Beckett, the more clues we are given to its nature the more mysterious it becomes—in a sense, the plainer the more obscure. Difficult as the terrain may appear as we scramble over it, the border is easy to cross; the language of Pinterland is as homely and familiar as that of Disneyland, though used with a sparseness that amounts to a sort of oral avarice. Here Faulkner parts company with Pinter and Beckett. Speaking in his own voice, as he sometimes cannot resist doing, the sole proprietor of Yoknapatawpha County has a tendency to muddle the syntax of a profuse rhetoric to the point where he might as well be speaking in tongues. The proprietor of Pinterland, like Prince Dub *l'Innommable*, prefers to speak not in his own voice but in the voices of others, and then as little as possible; he is without rhetoric and not infrequently without syntax, and there is never any muddle. His words are few and short and grow louder as we cease to hear them.

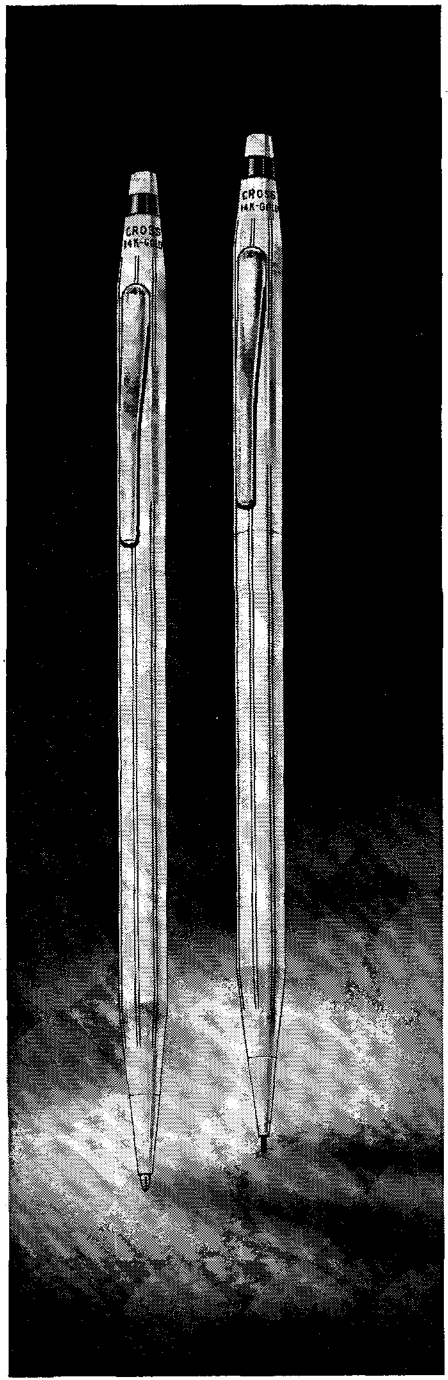
Pinter's method is to have the characters in his plays address themselves to topics of a conventional triviality and then to charge the silences between phrases and even between words with a demonic hugeness of dark intent. Pinterlanders are laconic and ferocious; their broken-off monosyllables spring unbidden out of the unconscious, much as if they were first effortful formulations of the pre-verbal old brain, transforming the laceration of deeds into the laceration of speech. The murderous innocence of the sea that Yeats wrote of is nothing compared to the murderous innocence of human beings who have learned that words spoken have the power to kill and—a worse horror, because it often passes for kindness—that words unspoken may also kill. Back of the mild social give-and-take of the daily chatter of Pinterlanders, scimitars are slashing off heads, and hearts' blood pumps unstaunchably into the gutters of the quiet faubourg. If Pinter and Beckett are easily the most eloquent playwrights of our time, their eloquence is a function of the cry not uttered, and the less we try to worry a particular meaning out of them the more pleasure they give us.

Pinter's latest play, "Old Times," at the Billy Rose, has the form and allusiveness of a long lyric poem (long for a poem, short for a play—even with a twenty-minute intermission between the two acts, it fails to occupy a full evening). A man and wife in early middle age, prosperous and intelligent and apparently on good terms, are entertaining, in their fashionably remodelled farmhouse in the countryside somewhere beyond London, a woman who twenty years ago had been a roommate of the wife's. Perhaps the two women had been more than roommates; as the husband and wife banter, and then as the husband and guest, in the wife's absence, begin a duel for what seems to be possession of the wife's soul, we move back and forth in time and with every parry and thrust new ambiguities arise. The three of them ransack the past and, in doing so, alter the past and the present as well, no telling whether for better or worse. We sense that the stakes being played for are mortal and unattainable, and because the play is a lyric, exquisitely written and perfectly enacted by Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure, we feel not in the least cheated by its having no obvious outcome.

The director of "Old Times" is Peter Hall, and the designer of the sets and the spooky lighting is John Bury. All Pinter plays are ghost stories, and I am always afraid in the course of watching them that the lights will go off altogether and leave me in the dark with his terrible inventions. Mr. Bury is a clever man: he made my flesh creep by brightening the lights instead of dimming them. —BRENDAN GILL



"And make that Martini executive size."



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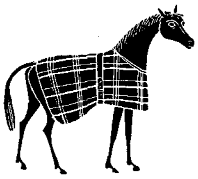
THE RACE TRACK

Autumn Haze



THE racing at Aqueduct always seems rather tame at this time of year. Still, we did have a surprise, and a splash of Indian summer to go with it, the day of the Demoiselle Stakes last week. Numbered Account wasn't in the race, but fourteen other two-year-old fillies, five of whom had trailed her earlier this season, came out for the mile run, and Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Dresden Doll, who had never met the big Phipps filly, was the first one past the post, beating Susan's Girl, the odds-on favorite, by two lengths. Brenda Beauty was third, four lengths farther behind. Dresden Doll paid a fifty-six-dollar mutuel. Coming up to the race, she had won only two of her ten starts, but I'd say that it was the change in jockeys that affected the odds. Baeza had been booked to ride her, but after he'd ridden three winners he complained of a pain in his arm and the stewards allowed him to cancel his engagement. (Colonel Martingale says that an aching arm is something unusual for a jockey to complain about.) So Frankie Catrone, who trains Dresden Doll, had to look for another rider, and he came up with Gene St. Leon, a sixteen-year-old apprentice, who filled the bill to perfection.

EARLIER in the week, I went to Philadelphia for the opening of the autumn-winter meeting at Liberty Bell, which is fast becoming one of my favorite tracks. (There will be racing there until February 5th.) Though it was a gray, misty day, a crowd of nearly ten thousand was in the stand—a larger one than attended the opening a year ago. The main event was the Flintlock Stakes, for three-year-olds, in which Kettle River ran the mile and seventy yards in 1:40—a new track record. Though he's nothing that Run the Gantlet need worry about, Kettle River was a pretty good buy for $2,500, which is what J. P. Costanzo gave for him at Monmouth Park several months ago. The colt has now won six races in succession, the last one being the Flintlock, which was worth $17,145. He paid $41.80 in the mutuels. Not bad for his stable, if they bet.

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J. Finley, Jr., the head of the Eagle Downs Racing Association, which puts on the show, presents the wife of the winning owner with a ten-dollar gold piece in a black leather pouch. Just the thing to hang on a charm bracelet.

SO Kenny Noe, Jr., comes to the New York Racing Association as racing secretary and handicapper, and Tommy Trotter goes to Hialeah and Garden State Park in the same job. Good luck to both. And I'm especially delighted that Trotter will make the 1972 Experimental Free Handicap for the Jockey Club, as he has for the past eleven years.

THOUGH the Gulfstream Park management is boosting purses and making great plans for its meeting, now that it has the prime Florida racing dates (January 17th through March 2nd), I doubt whether it will have the social cachet that Hialeah had. It will have plenty of horses, though. Trainers and their families—especially their families—have become so accustomed to spending their winters in Florida that it would have been hard to change.

ONCE more, horses brought a high dollar at the Keeneland Sales of bloodstock in Lexington last week. For example, Elliott Burch, acting for the Rokeby Stable, gave $160,000 for a six-year-old mare by Ambiorix, and E. Barry Ryan gave $107,000 for a four-year-old mare by Gun Bow, who is also the sire of Pistol Packer, the best filly in France. Apparently, President Nixon's Phase Two doesn't affect horse sales. —AUDAX MINOR

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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Nabokov has a trace of Indian blood in him.

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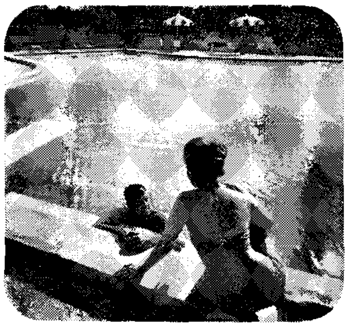

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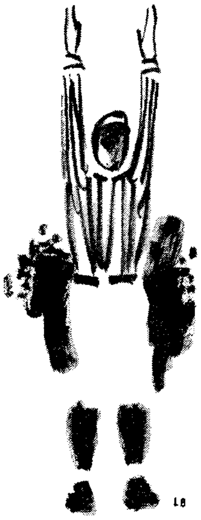
FOOTBALL

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

IT could be wished, as one benign Saturday follows another, that college football would go on until snowfall, even if it were necessary to replay some of the good afternoons—almost anything Columbia was concerned with, for one, or Dartmouth, or even that little noted and soon forgotten match between Harvard and Brown, which on the schedules looked unimportant indeed but in fact (and in Technicolor, which is how this correspondent saw it, making up for the ancient difficulties posed by the impossibility of being more than one place at a time) was a first-rate thriller. Yet in another week nearly all will be over, and the four-days-a-week diet will quickly shrink to the Sunday-and-Monday professional scheme of things. Action! Camera! will continue. But who comes into view on battlefields too distant to be visited except vicariously? No Bart Starr. No Sonny Jurgensen. Even no Joe Namath, the most celebrated of the Bachelors III. And now, it seems possible, no Earl Morrall. One night, his catchers were looking the wrong way. Another night, *he* was looking the wrong way, too. But if no Morrall at all, then Johnny Unitas, about whom nobody can complain, in his stead. *Vita brevis*, one almost murmurs, before recalling how many seasons Morrall has been around, and how many seasons Jurgensen has, and the hope renews that, film or flesh, they will cross the retina again. Fran Tarkenton, up hill and down dale with the tremulous Giants, is still visible, and in quantity. If he is to be taken from us, it's down with the coaxial cable and up with the croquet mallets until next autumn.



IT was thoughtful and even (since there are tickets to be sold) adroit of Army to put away Pittsburgh and of Navy to put away Syracuse—teams that in their time have necessitated a deal of putting away—as the preliminary bouts before the grand (or semigrand) finale of the not-for-pay season: Army vs. Navy this Saturday. Not very many great men will pass from the scene at the end of this aged ceremony; the great ones (the great Easterners, that is) have already made their departure—Ignacio of Harvard, Marinaro of Cornell, and Bjorklund of Princeton, for a starter. Now, perhaps, is the time to consider who may come next. Two years ago, the eyecatcher in the Ivy League was the yearling Rich Gatto, small brother to Vic Gatto and known firmly in the Harvard Yard as Little Rich. To the distant eye, he was too slight to be of service, yet the fetching and carrying he did in his freshman season were duplicated last fall and this one on the varsity. Again this year, the pick of the Ivy freshmen looks to be a Harvard performer—Pat McInally, imported from California. In the Harvard tradition, he, likewise, seems too slight, too tall for his age, and too loosely put together. Yet on the brisk morning your correspondent caught him in what—so slow-moving and lanky did he appear—can hardly be called action, he took three of the four passes that went to him and, drifting tantalizingly mere inches ahead of his would-be pursuers, cantered many, many yards to inevitable touchdowns. Officially, McInally is an SE, or split end, but the fact is that he can kick off, kick points after touchdown, and kick field goals as well as prance with the ball. Nothing in the Ivy League with a reach like his has been on view since Bruce Weinstein gave up lazily pulling down those casual bombs thrown his way by the likes of Brian Dowling and Calvin Hill—all Yale men good and true. When, one may ask, will the League ever again have as unholy, as marauding a trinity as these three? —J. W. L.

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Mrs. Grant reports that relocatable buildings will be brought to the site fir be brought to the site for classrooms Money is needed for them as well as classrooms Money is needed for them as well as ground preparation, utility installation, fencing and landscaping This will be the only fund raising drive, Mrs. Grant explains, as the school will be self-supporting this machine takes so darn long to warm up.
—*Rolling Hills* (*Calif.*) *Herald.*

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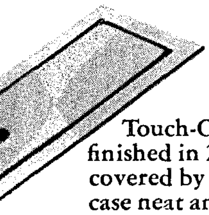

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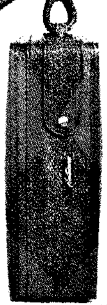

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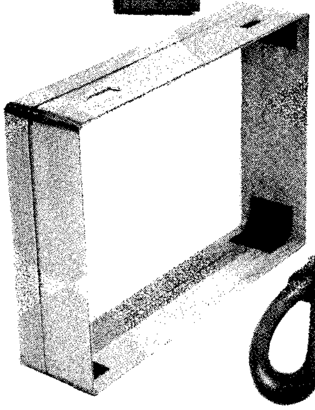

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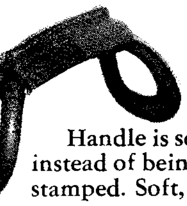

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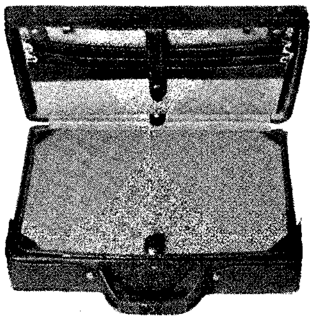

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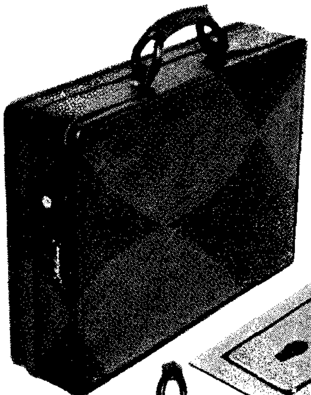

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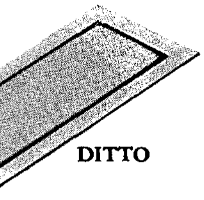

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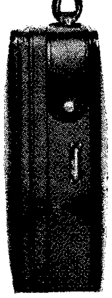

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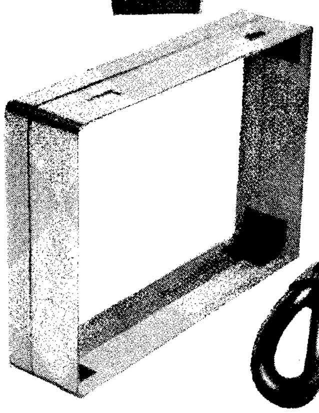

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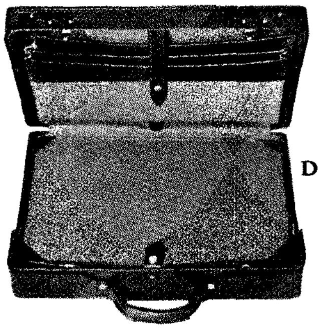

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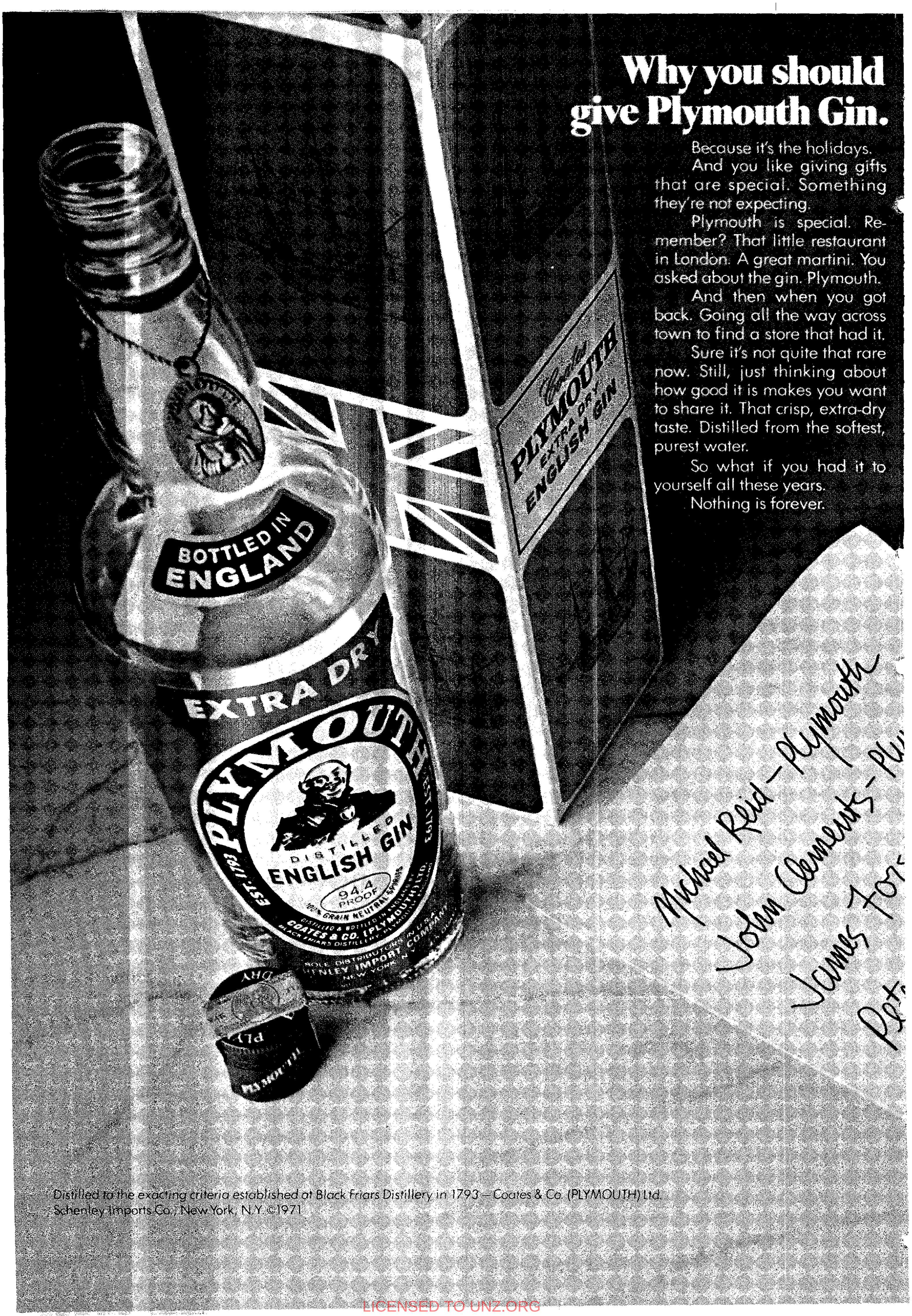
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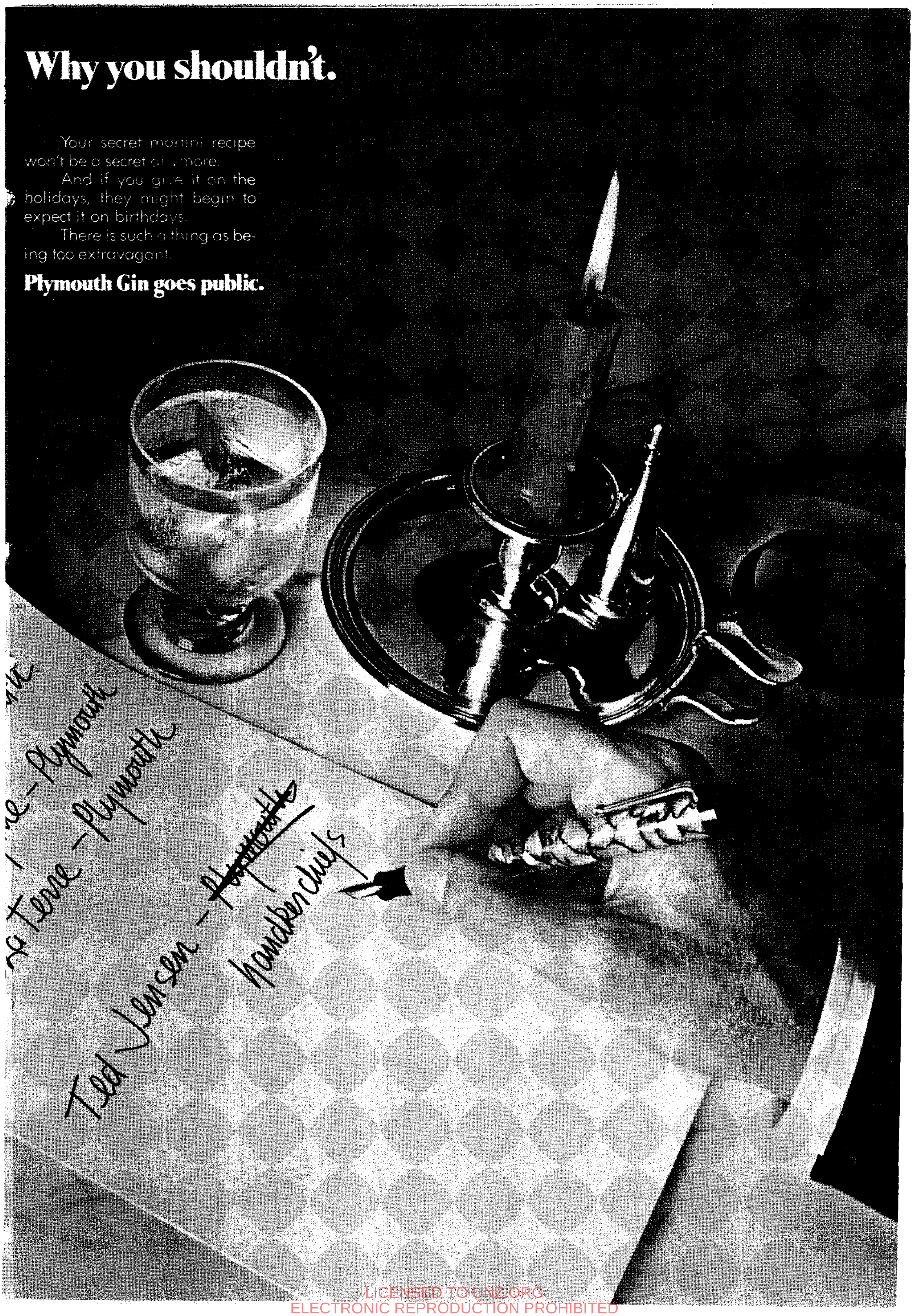
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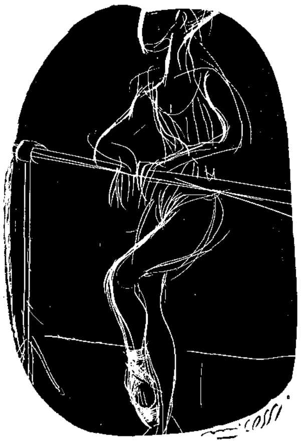
MUSICAL EVENTS

Anniversary Waltzes and Lutes Without Rifts

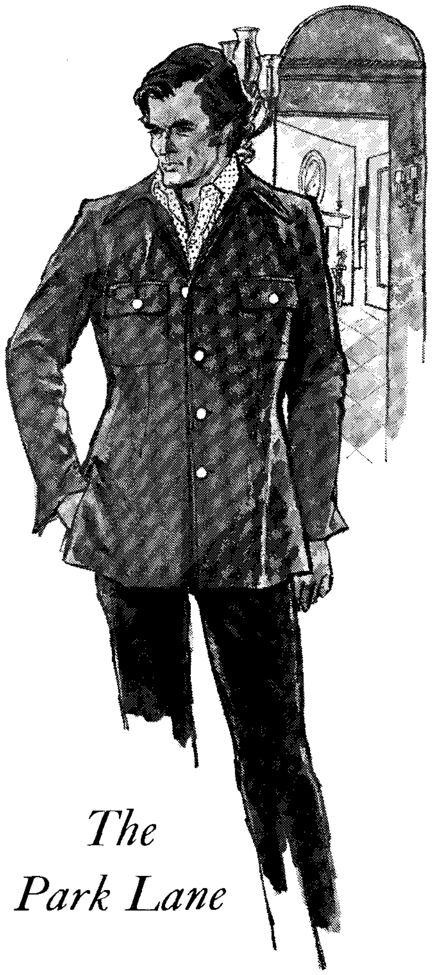
GEORG SOLTI brought the Chicago Symphony to Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night, and again presented us with one of those remarkable performances that only the Chicagoans and he seem able to produce nowadays. The amount of sheer energy generated by the performers that night was amazing. This Hungarian conductor, with his Mephistophelean face and his convulsive gestures, brings music alive as no other contemporary maestro can. And his orchestra, with its immaculate intonation in the strings and its powerful, organ-like wind section, is the finest organization of its kind in the country. Not since Toscanini has excitement in a concert hall reached the pitch it does in the performances of the Chicagoans. And this was the more remarkable the other night because Mr. Solti's program was distinctly routine. Some people insist that symphonies and operas are great works of art that can stand by themselves without the interposition of an interpreter. Don't you believe it! When an interpreter of Mr. Solti's calibre comes along, it is immediately evident that music, no matter how great, must have a great interpreter to make its message felt to the fullest.

Schumann's Symphony No. 3 in E Flat Major (the "Rhenish"), with which Mr. Solti began the program, is superficially one of the least effective pieces in the symphonic-masterpiece repertory. Its orchestration is poor and its thematic structure none too clear. But under Mr. Solti's baton it became so electric with tension and propulsiveness that it earned both conductor and orchestra a three-minute ovation. Later, there was Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra—also, superficially, not one of the most effective works—and it was done in an absolutely incandescent manner. Finally, there was the Prelude to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," an old war-horse but, with the robust brasses and woodwinds of the Chicago orchestra, a rousing experience even for those who have heard it a hundred times. Mr. Solti is one of the very few artists who counteract the current pessimism about the state of music. As long as he is around, there is still the possibility of true enchantment and hypnotism in the concert hall.



WE have been through a week of anniversaries. The Chicago Symphony concert marked the eightieth anniversary of the first important concert in Carnegie Hall, which, by the way, involved the late Walter Damrosch and the late Ignace Jan Paderewski. So there were speeches during the intermission by Isaac Stern, president of the Carnegie Hall Corporation, and John S. (Bud) Palmer, the Mayor's man in charge of public events, in which the week of November 15th was proclaimed Carnegie Hall Week, whatever that may mean. At the Clarion Concerts performance in Alice Tully Hall last Tuesday night, under the baton of Newell Jenkins, another anniversary was celebrated—the birthday of Virgil Thomson, by the première of his "The Nativity as Sung by the Shepherds" as well as the revival of an old Thomson item, "Synthetic Waltzes." Mr. Thomson attended, and took a bow.

Virgil Thomson is a curious phenomenon. During his stint on the *Herald Tribune*, he proved himself to be the wittiest of American music critics. As a composer, he has always been vaguely associated with the avant-garde. Yet his own music has always been conservative, and its closest approach to "modernism" has been the occasional use of the whole-tone scale, which, after all, was used consistently by Debussy, long before Mr. Thomson's time. The "Nativity" is an entirely pleasant affair, with several modal passages suggesting the traditional atmosphere of church music, and—here and there—that whole-tone scale. It was composed for another anniversary—the seventy-fifth of the University of Chicago—and it is a setting of a poem by the English Catholic poet Richard Crashaw (1612 or 13-1649). That evening, it was sung by the excellent Clarion Concerts Chorus, with an accompaniment arranged by the composer for two pianos and played by that sterling piano team Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale. The Messrs. Gold and Fizdale also officiated for



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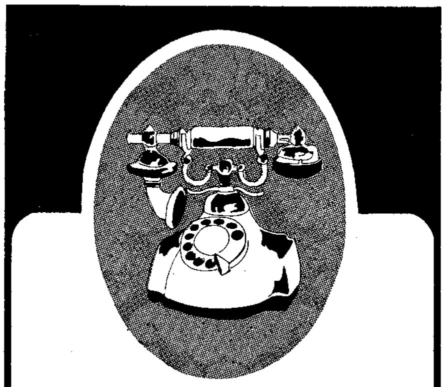

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Mr. Thomson's "Synthetic Waltzes." A note in the program said that the waltzes were modelled on Johann Strauss's. But Mr. Thomson's waltzes are actually the waltzes of a pianist—more like those of Chopin, and quite unlike the Johann Strauss waltzes, which are easily identifiable as those of a violinist. I don't think that Mr. Thomson's waltzes will enter the repertory; their melodies are not sufficiently bold. But they are agreeable—at least on first hearing.

Mr. Jenkins went on to provide his audience with a real treat: Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle," done not as we usually hear it, with the orchestral accompaniment he wrote for it later, but in its original form, with two pianos and a harmonium—an arrangement he made for a performance in a church of the village he lived in outside Paris. Perhaps because the simple arrangement leaves almost everything to the singers, this version is even more effective than the larger one. The work is late Rossini, composed long after he gave up writing opera, and though it has its rather operatic moments it is totally different from the operas in musical style. In fact, the style kept reminding me of Schubert rather than Rossini. For a "petite" Mass, it is pretty big, lasting about two hours, and it contains passages of heavenly beauty—passages far more beautiful than anything I have heard in his operas. The participants in the performance were—besides Mr. Jenkins—the Clarion Concerts Chorus; Lou Ann Wyckoff, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; Michael Devlin, bass; the Messrs. Gold and Fizdale; and Claire Brook, who took the harmonium part. All concerned did splendidly.

LAST Monday night, I went to Alice Tully Hall to hear the second recital in a series called "A Renaissance of Lute Song," done by Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas, and I was amazed at discovering that the house had been sold out, and at the presence of hundreds of young people. I have attended a number of lute recitals, but never before one that attracted such a large audience, and such a devoted one. Part of the reason must be the avid interest of youth today in plucked instruments, but part of it undoubtedly is the charm of what happens onstage. Mr. de Zayas, a thoroughly expert lute player, is also a picturesque young man with silver-gray hair falling to his shoulders, and a lecture-platform manner that could not fail to hold his audience. Through-

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out the program, of compositions for lute and songs with lute accompaniment that date from late in the Renaissance and the baroque period, he commented on what was being played and sung, cuing in his listeners about the period of one piece or another, or about details of a composer's life. Beside him, on a small table, lay four or five lutes and a theorbo (a lute with two comparatively straight necks and a lot of extra bass strings). The lute is a beautiful object, and the melon-shaped and melon-striped backs of the instruments added an element of visual enchantment to the proceedings. The instruments included a soprano, a tenor, and a bass lute as well as the theorbo, and the first half of the program consisted entirely of lute music from the English Elizabethan Age, or earlier, to the French baroque. Later, Mr. de Zayas was joined by Miss Perret, who sang songs from this period. Miss Perret would not win much applause in an opera house. Her voice is not under full control, and her enunciation in both English and her native French is poor. But, like Mr. de Zayas, she is picturesque—a pretty blonde, dressed attractively—and her singing sufficed to convey most of the musical, if not the verbal, content of what are, after all, songs of great simplicity. Mr. de Zayas, reading not from a musical staff but from the old lute tablature, which indicates the position of the fingers on the keyboard rather than the notes, accompanied her sensitively, his left foot, as is customary for lutanists, propped up on a footrest. Some of the pieces and songs were of great historical interest—particularly those of Daniell Batchelar, who was lutanist to Queen Elizabeth, and Antoine Boesset, who was lutanist to Louis XIII—and many, particularly the songs of John Dowland, were engrossing musical experiences. By the time the evening was over, I could understand the enormous popularity of this series, and I recommend it highly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Halifax (Nova Scotia) Mail-Star]

CLINTON, Ont. (CP)—The military base which housed one of the most closely-guarded secrets of the Second World War was officially closed here Tuesday.

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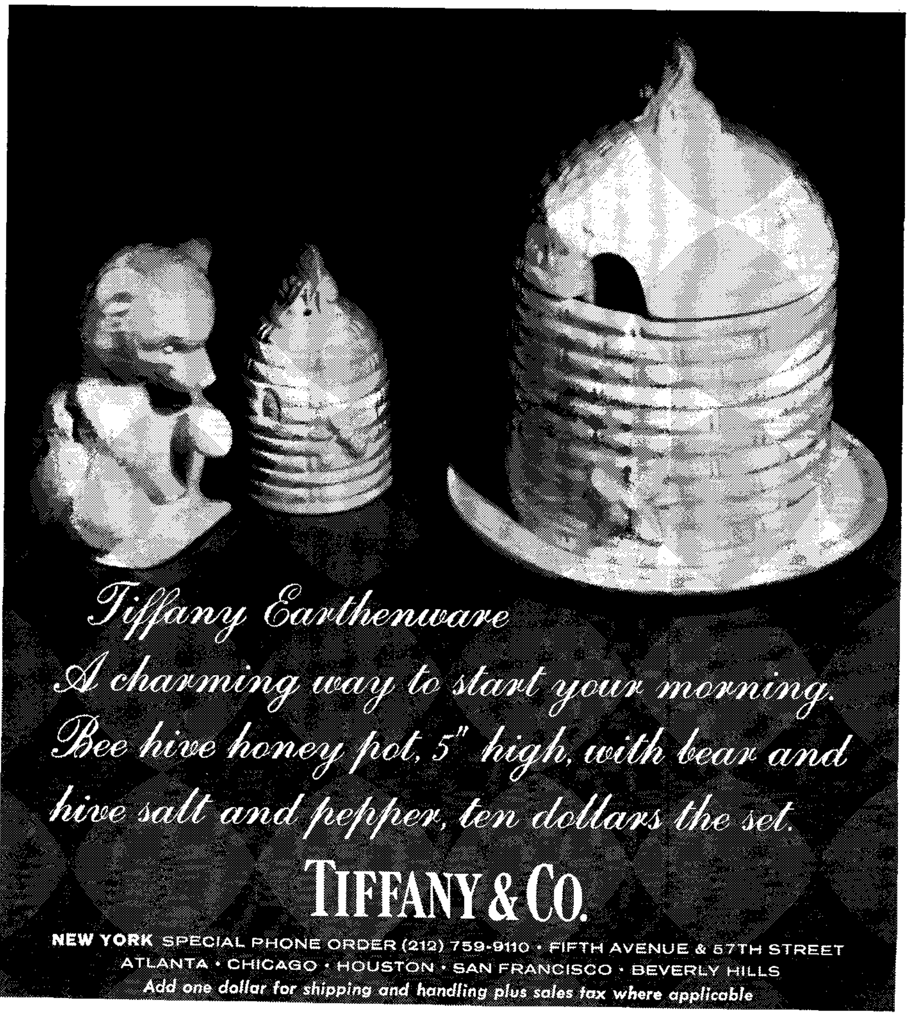

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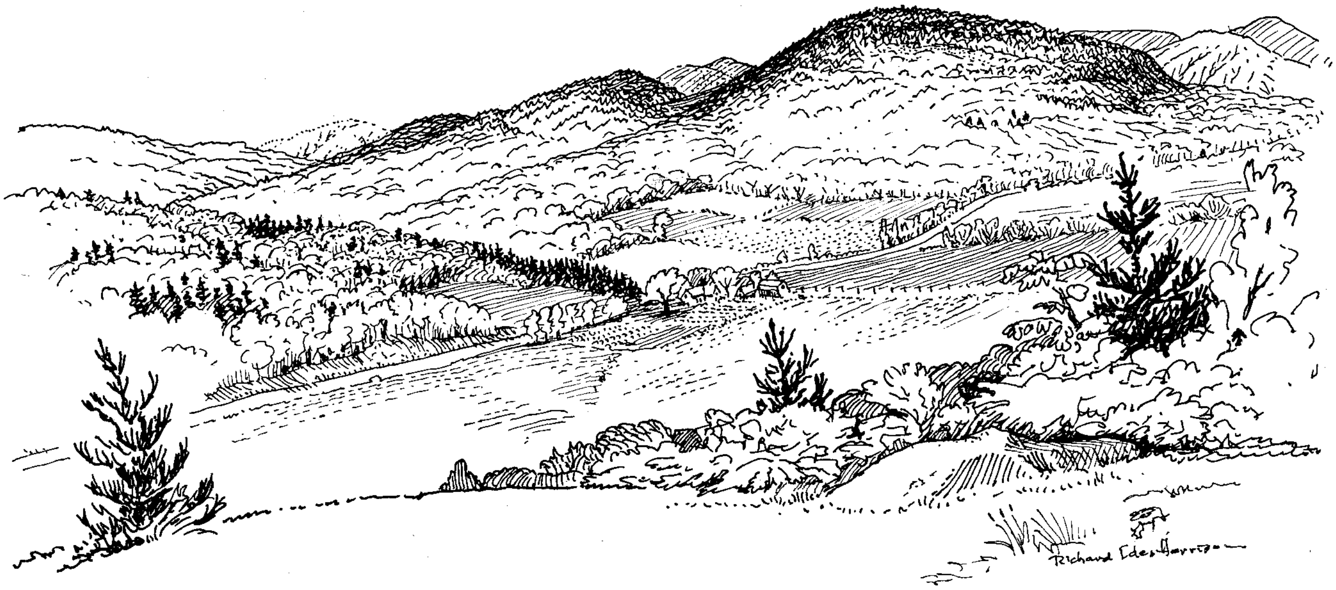

DUE north of New York City, up the Hudson Valley past the Westchester and Rockland sprawl, north beyond Peekskill, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Albany-Troy-Schenectady, all reaching out to touch each other; then north still, toward the source of the narrowing, meandering Hudson, past the tiny congestions of Saratoga Springs and Glens Falls, past the splendor and honky-tonk of Lake George, lies the massive chunk of New York State known variously as the Adirondacks, the Great Northern Wilderness, the North Country, the Sticks. For millions of non-campers, non-skiers, non-hunters, and non-naturalists, the North Country is one of those regions that occasionally come to mind when one is thumbing through a *National Geographic*, or helping a child with his American-history homework, or trying to decipher a ballot question about some forest preserve. And there are certain place names that ring a bell: Lake Placid, Ticonderoga, Whiteface Mountain, Schroon Lake, Ausable Chasm, Crown Point. Few people know exactly where these places are on the map, but many have heard of them. Where these places are—and where almost everything of significance in the North Country is to be found—is on an enormous tract of land, a kind of keystone of the whole area, called Essex County.

A road sign outside Elizabethtown, the county seat, bills Essex as "THE MOST INTERESTING COUNTY IN THE STATE," and while the local boosters will get a strong argument from their fellows to the south, they are not terribly far off the mark. The second-largest county in the state (St. Lawrence is the largest), Essex commands 1,823 square miles, or 1,166,720 acres—roughly the area of the entire state of Delaware. Almost all this territory is within the six-million-acre Adirondack Park, of which 2,246,000 acres belong to the Adirondack Forest Preserve, a constitutionally protected, state-administered expanse of perennial controversy. (The state actually owns only about forty-four per cent of the parkland in Essex County.) The whole eastern boundary of Essex County abuts on Lake Champlain, an inland sea that connects by rivers and canals to both the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. West of the shoreline are rich farmland and pleasing hills, and then, with awesome abruptness, the ragged mountains. The county contains the grandest of the Adirondacks, including the highest mountain in New York State and one of the highest east of the Rockies—Mount Marcy, which rises 5,344 feet. For every peak there is at least one deep, clear tarn, feeding rocky rivers or streams that are set in some of the handsomest forests in the world. The county has rare-mineral deposits, good fishing and hunting grounds, tourist attractions, hiking trails and campsites, skiing centers, historical landmarks, Interstate 87 (the Northway), an Olympic bobsled run, and a stern but healthful climate. The air covering all this is pure and sweet and invigorating.

While Essex County seems to be blessed with a large share of North Country advantages, it is also cursed with an elephantine portion of North Country problems. There is some dispute about whether the Adirondack Mountains should be considered a part of the Appalachian range, which bumps its way down eastern North America from Quebec to Alabama; technically, most geologists hold that certain old rocks in the haphazard profusion of Adirondack rocks are more closely akin to those in the Laurentian system of Canada. Among sociologists and economists, however, there is general agreement that the Adirondacks are Appalachian indeed. The mountain people of both the Appalachians and the Adirondacks are, for the most part, descendants of early white settlers from the British Isles. They took to the difficult upland regions first as hunters and as timber cutters to clear the land, then as farmers when the land was cleared, then as hunters and timber cutters again when the stony, restricted farming failed, and, finally, as miners when the real worth of the mountains was discovered. Of these Appalachian-Adirondack pursuits, all have diminished to a bare survival level in the mid-twentieth century. Besides these economic dregs, there is a smattering of industry and, in a few lucky scenic spots, some tourism. But mostly there is grim rural poverty. Essex County, less than five hours by car from New York City, is, indeed, a classic example of this condition.

History hasn't always been kind to the county, but it has had more than ample opportunity; in fact, Essex County has probably had more history than any other county in the United States—certainly more bloody history. In the beginning, there was, of course, the Indian. But for an area whose Indian names and legends are as plentiful

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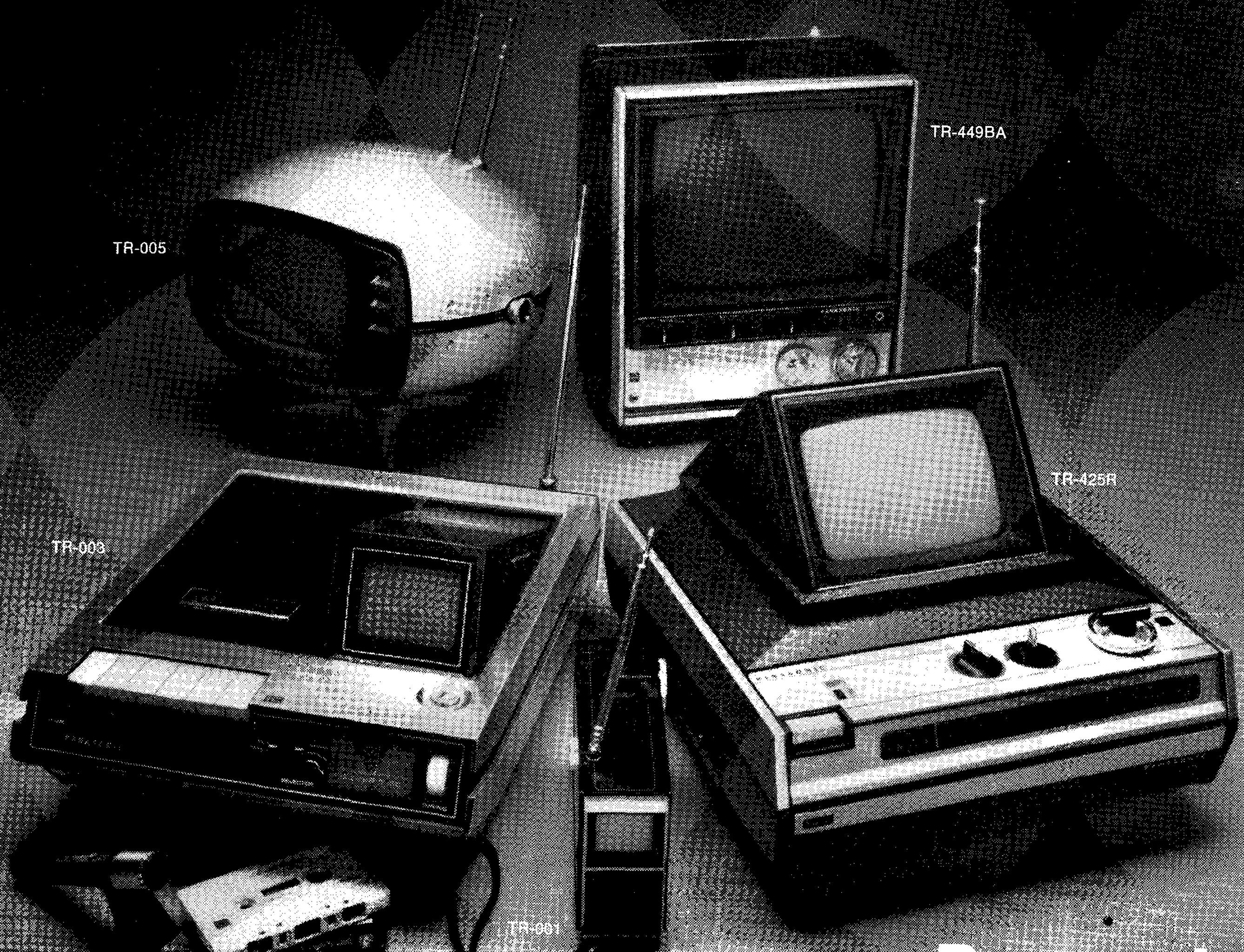

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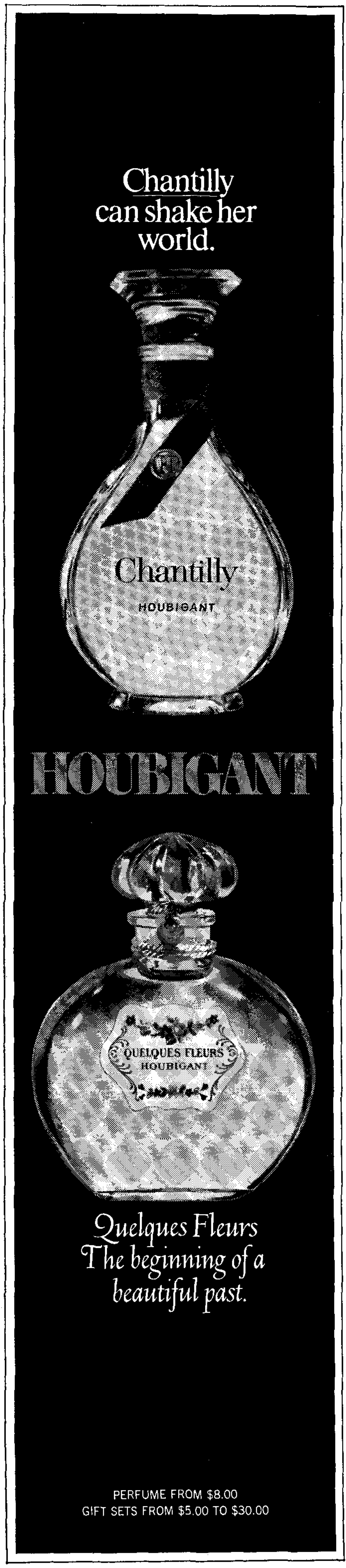
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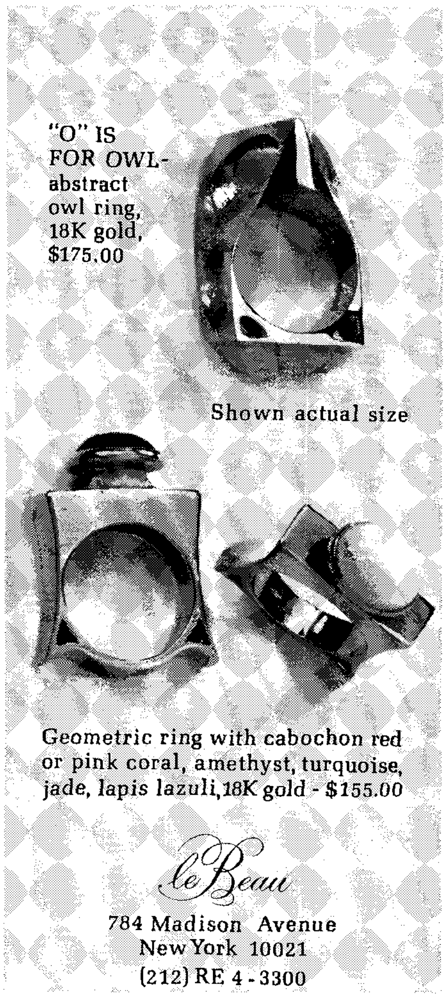
as the black flies in May, surprisingly few red men settled there permanently. As a result, little is known about the region's Indians before the first white man set foot in it. It has been accepted by historians—white historians, at any rate—that Algonquins and Hurons from north of the St. Lawrence and Mohawks of the original Iroquois Five Nations used the mountains, lakes, and rivers for hunting, fishing, and trapping. Game was varied and abundant, and an enterprising brave could take home enough meat to last his family through even a North Country winter. Once the Indians had sufficient game, they would haul the booty home to their villages, in the more hospitable and arable flatlands north, west, and south of the mountains, travelling by way of a majestic pass through the highest Adirondack peaks (still called Indian Pass) or by canoe or sled (depending on the season) over what is now Lake Champlain. The Indians named the hundred-and-twenty-mile-long waterway "*Caniadere guarante*," or "Lake that is gate of the country;" the Great Northern Wilderness was the Sticks even to the Indians. As the lake traffic grew, around the sixteenth century, a few Iroquois way stations sprouted along the western shore to handle the commerce, and these outposts caused rancor between the Iroquois and the Algonquins, heightening earlier ill will over hunting and fishing rights. A war was fought, and the Algonquins were badly beaten by the superior Iroquois. As legend has it, the victors taunted the vanquished with the Iroquoian epithet "*Rat-i-ron-taks*," meaning "They who eat the bark of trees"—an oblique way of saying that the Algonquins were too weak to kill even game and so had to live on tree bark. The French later heard the phrase as "Adirondacs," and the British changed it even later to "Adirondacks." In name, anyway, the vanquished became the victors.

It's a nice story, but it's probably not true. J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Smithsonian Institution, has reasoned that the word originated with an obscure sixteenth-century Canadian Indian tribe and that it meant "They of the great rocks." The Iroquois picked it up and mistranslated it to "They who eat the bark of trees," using the term to poke fun at inept hunters of any tribe who were forced to live on bark during rough winters. And, to make matters worse, a dictionary of Mohawk words compiled by Dutchmen in 1634 lists the word "*Aderondacke*," meaning "Frenchmen and English-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men." One point is clear, however: the Adirondacks were not a tribe of Indians but a cursed human condition of the time. Many North Country people think the bark-eating curse is still relevant. In any case, whatever trials the Indians who frequented the area had had to put up with were nothing compared with their life from July 30, 1609, on. That was the day—eleven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock—that the first white man set foot in what is now Essex County.

The white man was Samuel de Champlain, an ambitious French explorer, who had been in Quebec, New France, for a year trying to revive interest in the flagging settlement there. He had heard rumors about the great wilderness to the south from the local Indians, and in the summer of 1609 he, two other Europeans, and sixty friendly Algonquins and Hurons went up the Sorel River (now the Richelieu) in twenty-four canoes to that long body of water he was so quick to name after himself. As Champlain neared the lake, he remarked in his journal, with some relief, that "these parts, though agreeable, are not inhabited by any Indians, in consequence of their wars." That was his impression from the canoe. He was to amend it when he came ashore, near the present-day Crown Point—a flat peninsula almost touching the opposite, or Vermont, side of the lake. There he encountered a party of Iroquois from the Mohawk Nation, and, making no real attempt to communicate with them, he loaded his harquebus with four balls and fired point-blank, killing two chiefs right off. The rest of the Iroquois were easy prey for Champlain's companions. The explorer later wrote in his journal, "They lost courage, took to flight and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them, I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them and took ten or twelve prisoners. . . . The place where the battle was fought is in forty-three degrees some minutes latitude, and I named it Lake Champlain."

The Iroquois loathed the French and most Canadian Indians for decades thereafter, and at the end of the seventeenth century, when the British and the French were lining up allies for the endless bloody battles that were to follow up and down Essex County, the Iroquois threw in their lot with the British. The Algonquins and the Hurons sided with the French. The only real losers were the Indians.

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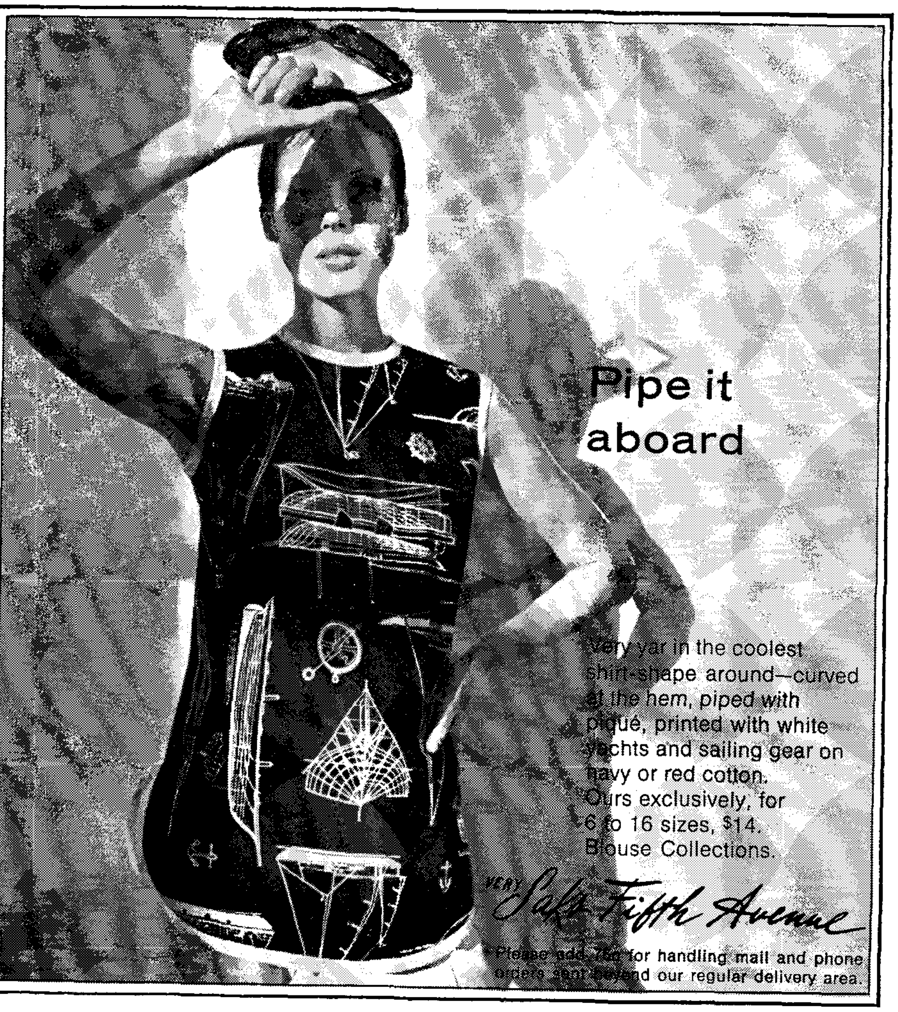

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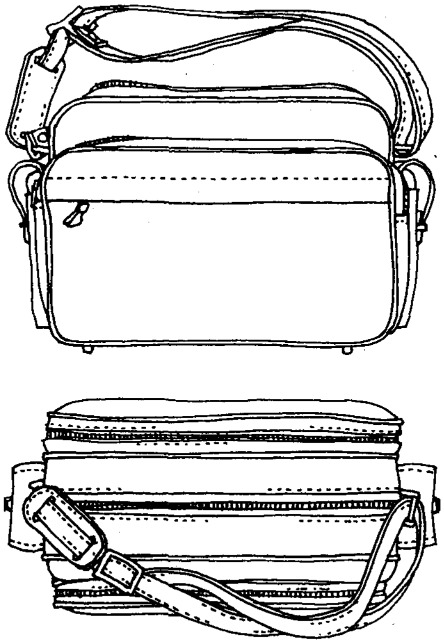

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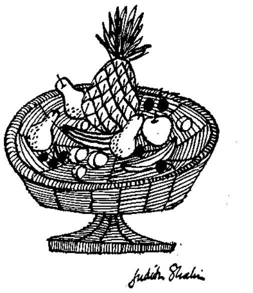
this loss with more bitterness today than Ray Fadden, the builder, curator, and lecturer-in-residence of the Six Nations Indian Museum, in the hamlet of Onchiota. Short, pug-nosed, alabaster-skinned, and with a shock of wavy gray hair, Fadden is mostly Scottish, but the blood in his veins he cares about is the blood of an Akwesasne, or St. Regis, Indian ancestor, a member of one of the tribal remnants of the Mohawk Iroquois, who still have a reservation near Hogansburg, on the St. Lawrence River. Fadden, a prolific pamphleteer on Indian history and culture, signs his work "Aren Akweks," his Indian name, and he is equally proud of "Te-ha-ne-to-rens," his Iroquois longhouse name. Fadden said that when he "got fed up with the phony white version of Indian history" he accepted a job at the school on the Tuscarora Reservation and then at the St. Regis Reservation, instructing young Indians in their own culture. In 1935, he married a St. Regis woman, who is pure Indian. They have a son, John, who dresses in Indian garb, speaks perfect Iroquoian, is a graduate of the Rochester Institute of Technology, and, like his father, is a teacher. Together, the family runs the museum.

Fadden works doggedly on his museum with a sense of divine mission. He built it (in the style of a longhouse) from native logs and constructed model stockades, villages, and tepees on the grounds, and he is constantly cramming into the tight exhibition space more artifacts and wordy displays of explanation, history, and propaganda. As a driven Indianologist and a despairer of the white man, he will deliver three intense lectures, chain-smoking as he talks, on Indian civilization and suffering to even one visitor. "I have so much to say that I never really repeat," he told a friend not long ago, after one of his lectures. "Somebody has to clear the air of the lies and more lies the whites have been telling about us. What do the white so-called historians say? They say that the Iroquois had hardly any brains at all, that he was a base, warlike savage, that he had little regard for marriage, no culture or civilization, that his food was rotten and that he was unclean, that he degraded his women and children, and so on—until the wonderful European came and showed him the good life. Well, it's simply not true. Long before that murderer Champlain invaded this area, the Iroquois had a democratic civilization that should still be a model for the whites. The Iroquois had more freedoms than Americans do now. No sachem ever commanded; all decisions had to be unanimous. The sachem was elected by his clan and could be impeached by his clan. His son was just the same as any other brave. Why, Lieutenant Governor Cadwallader Colden, a colonial administrator of New York, wrote in 1747 that Iroquois chiefs were elected on the basis of their merit, because of their honesty and integrity, and that they were usually the poorest men in the nation—never keeping anything for themselves, but distributing all annuities and monies equally among the people. That was thirty years before the American Revolution. Now, where do you think the whites got the idea for equality, brotherhood, and democracy? Certainly not from Europe. As for being a cruel savage, the Iroquois never beat his wife or children, he cared for his old people, and he was generous to a fault—a fatal fault. When Henry Hudson came up to Albany on the Half Moon, just a couple of months after Champlain's landing here, Hudson repaid the Mahicans' kindnesses by getting them all drunk. The Dutch fur traders who followed him cheated the Indians blind—six quarts of cheap rum for six beaver skins, when those skins went for incredible prices in Europe. The same was true of all the traders, soldiers, and settlers who followed, whether they were Dutch, French, or English. They would have died like babes in the wood without the Iroquois' help. We taught the puny European to dress light but warm in the winter, and to bathe properly, and to swim with the overhand stroke instead of the primitive breaststroke, and to breathe fresh air while sleeping, and to grow beans and corn, and a thousand other things."



Fadden stamped out his cigarette. "The lies," he said. "Do you know that scalping, skinning alive, and burning at the stake were European barbarian inventions, forced on Indian mercenaries? When the Indian was left to himself, he fought fair, for what was his—not just to torture and kill. The white historian can't even get the story straight on the fight between the Algonquins and the Iroquois. They had no war until the whites arrived. They had a few squabbles over hunting rights and the use of Lake Champlain, maybe, but no war. Wampum-belt symbols

Nassau is the Royal Bahamas Police Band beating the retreat.

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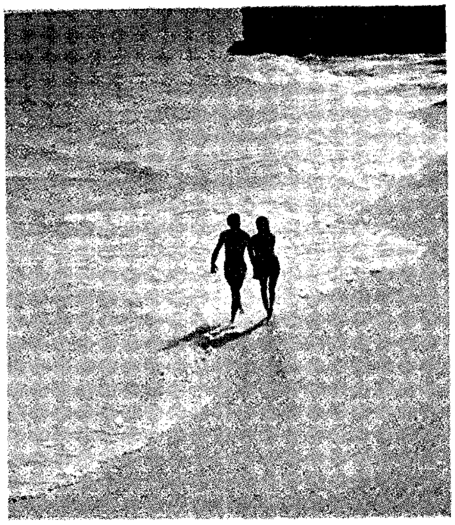
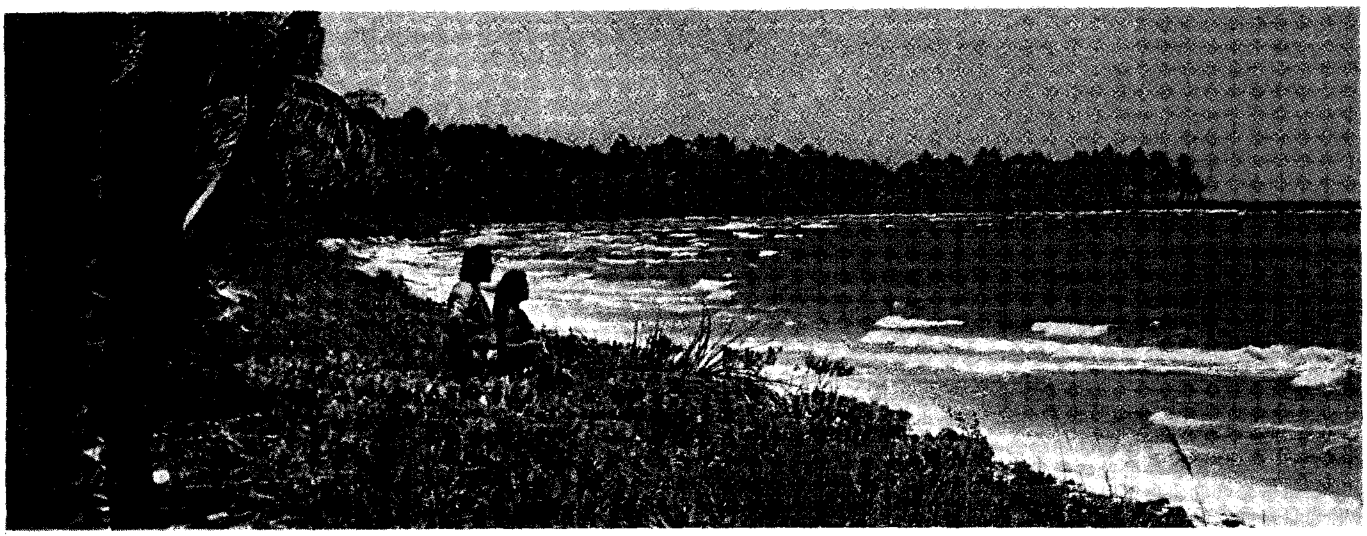


Nassau is Paradise Beach. Yamacraw Beach. Cable Beach. And Love Beach.



Andros is where Nassau is. In the Bahamas. Andros is just one of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. The settlement under coconut palms at Staniard Creek. The treasure caves at Morgan's Bluff. The third largest underwater reef in the world. Incredible. When you come to the Bahamas, you come to a sea of islands. Starting 50 miles off the Florida coast. Once you are there, you can have it quiet. Or not so quiet. Or not quiet at all. And all you have to do is see your travel agent.

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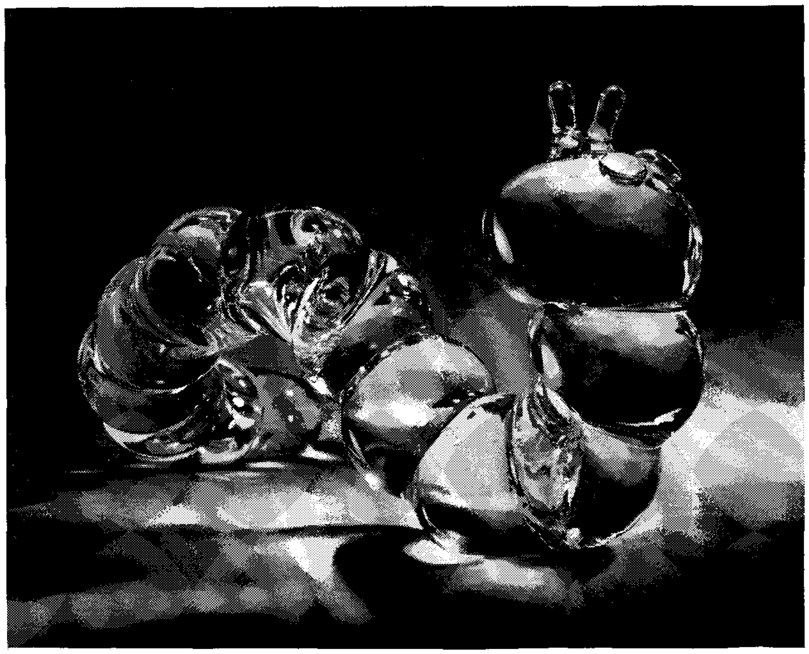
here in the museum show that the two groups considered themselves brothers, and still do. We St. Regis have Algonquin blood in us. So the supposedly humiliated and defeated Algonquins of the Adirondacks did not have to eat tree bark to survive. The truth is that Indians of all tribes who used the Adirondack area liked to flavor their food with ground-up dried bark. They used it like pepper. That's how the Adirondacks got their name."

Fadden's son John broke into the lecture, giving his father the chance to find a fresh pack of cigarettes. "What we're trying to do here is to educate both the Indians and the whites, in our small way," John said. "Fortunately for us, there's a surge of interest now in things Indian, and there's a kind of Indian nationalism, like black nationalism, which we feel very close to. More and more people on our reservation, and Iroquois all over New York and Canada, are leaving Christianity and going back to Indian religion. They come up to the reservation in the summers for vacations and they get interested. We like the feeling of being together. It's not segregation for us. It's our land. At Rochester, when other students found out I was an Indian, they wanted to know everything about what it was like. There was some kidding—just like here in Onchiota, with kids going 'wa-wa-wa' when they pass the museum on their bikes—but most whites are finally trying to understand us. A lot of it is guilt, of course. When I was growing up on the reservation, I ran into some discrimination in the town of Fort Covington. The white kids would beat me up for being a redskin, mainly because our parents, on the reservation, didn't have to pay taxes and their parents, in Fort Covington, did. But I got over it. I married an Indian girl, and now I want to live like my father. I just wish he wouldn't work so hard."

Fadden returned with his cigarettes, and said, "You know, I've heard many white folks from around here boasting about how they had an Indian great-grandmother or great-uncle, or something. Mostly hogwash, or maybe wishful thinking. But still it's interesting that they say so now. And there *is* a certain look in some faces. Who knows?"

THE two hundred and fifty-six years between Champlain's arrival and the end of the Civil War was a time of frequent hardship and bloodshed for Essex County. The Treaty of Ryswick, signed in 1697, established a



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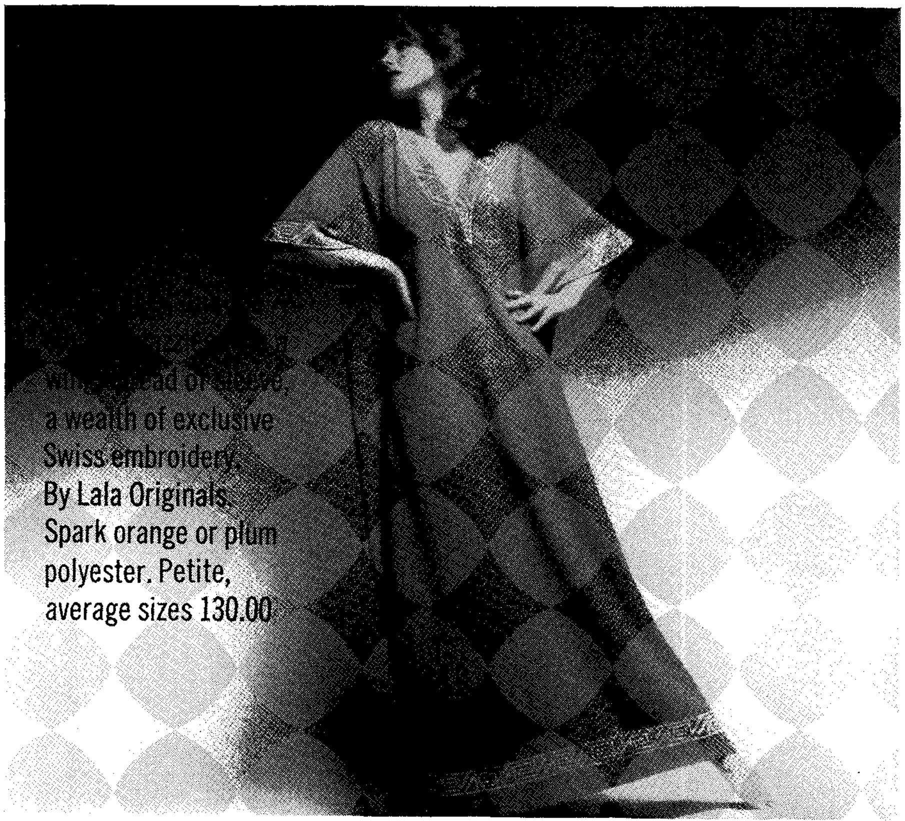

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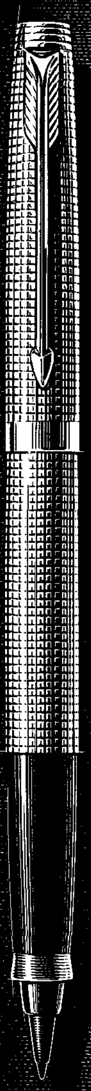

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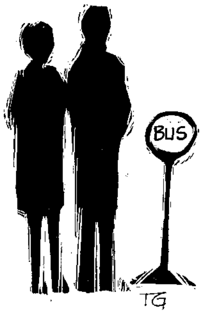
shaky peace between the English and the French settlers in the North Country, but it did nothing to reduce the territorial ambitions of either group. In 1731, French troops swooped down from New France and occupied Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. They erected Fort St. Frédéric, and fifteen hundred settlers soon established a colony there. In 1755, the French moved closer still to the British colonial heartland, with the construction of Fort Carillon, at Ticonderoga. (The English later named it Fort Ticonderoga.) The English, having been somewhat torpid during those years of French encroachment, at last were stirred to action, and the French and Indian War—the American version of Europe's Seven Years' War—was under way. In 1760, with the fighting ended and the French banished forever from the Champlain Valley, the first of several land grabs in the North Country began. The tentative settlements established there were to be virtually wiped out within fifteen years, when the Revolutionary War came to Essex County. After the Revolution, the devastated land on the shore of Lake Champlain—the primary area of settlement in the area—was inhabited only by an occasional trapper, a few unhappy soldiers at the ravaged forts, and the wolves. Most of the Indians, who for centuries had used the wilderness as their own preserve, had fled, and the old hunting grounds became the property of New York State, with a handful of reservations provided for in treaties, most of which are hardly honored today. As time passed, intrepid pioneers, excited by war veterans' stories of lush lands, began to trickle into the area and tried to scratch out a living by farming or by trapping. As they pushed inland and encountered the poor, heavily forested soil of the mountains, and as the long, discouraging winters made agriculture less and less appealing, the people discovered that the real value of the land around them lay in its timber. By 1812, the timber trade had become all the thing, some modest fortunes were being made, and a dozen towns had been established, with a total population of ten thousand. And then, incredibly, war came again. For the second time within forty years, the North Country people were called on to help defeat a great world power. When the War of 1812 was at last behind them, two years later, the people of Essex County began to consider the land—for the first time, really—safely their own. It had been fought for, disputed over by land speculators, fought for again, and, at last, made truly productive. After the war, every citizen applied himself to the, even then, good old American task of making as much money as possible, and timber was again the way to a quick fortune. The arrival of French-Canadian lumberjacks caused a second surge of immigration, and, with all the new labor available to exploit the area's timberlands, New York State soon became the nation's biggest lumber producer. By the middle of the nineteenth century, the discovery of rich veins of iron ore at Moriah—plus improved farming methods and the arrival of the first adventurous tourists—had the North Country booming. The population of Essex County swelled to thirty-one thousand—just thirty-six hundred short of what it is today.



One of the first financial coups made in the Adirondack wilderness was engineered by a trader of Dutch descent named Peter Smith, who skillfully cheated Indians out of valuable furs, which were sent on for resale to his New York City partner, John Jacob Astor. In the course of his dealings, Smith acquired about a million acres of New York land, including almost all of the town of North Elba, in Essex County. While he took a certain pleasure in evicting settlers from his property (always sending them on their way with a free copy of the Gospels), his son, Gerrit, was of a markedly different nature. A professional faddist and reformer, Gerrit soon tired of such tranquil crazes as vegetarianism and became active in the Underground Railroad for runaway slaves. In a burst of philanthropy, he made available, in 1846, much of his inherited land—a hundred and twenty thousand acres—to any Negroes who would clear and farm it. Smith's noble experiment offered a minimum of fifty free acres to each Negro family, and it attracted a lot of takers. A sizable all-black settlement—nicknamed Timbuctoo by the uneasy whites of the area—sprouted in the wilderness of North Elba, on flatlands below Lake Placid, known as the Plains of Abraham. The whites needn't have been uneasy; as it turned out, the Negroes, mostly from the Deep South, couldn't stand the North Country winter and the difficult farming, and almost all of them left for warmer and more receptive climes by the end of

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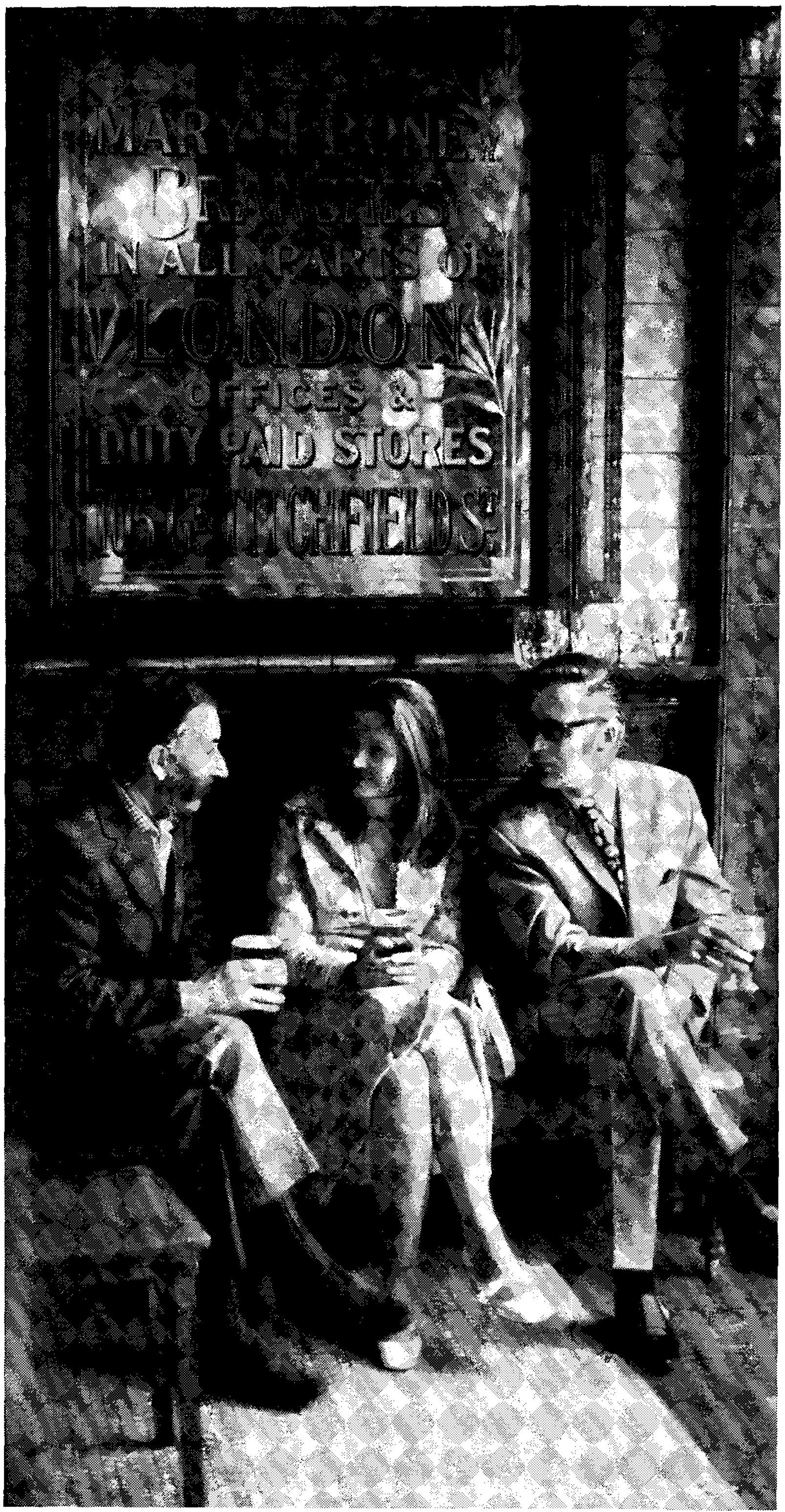

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the first year. The few who remained needed some inspired expertise if they were to make a go of the independent agrarian life, and Smith enlisted the aid of his fellow-abolitionist, John Brown.

Brown, a Yankee wool broker and cattle raiser, arrived at the Plains of Abraham in 1849, with his wife and several children. He bought from Smith for only a dollar an acre a two-hundred-and-forty-four-acre farm, which he planned to use as an example of productive agriculture for the Negroes. A New York State Agricultural Society report of 1850 referred to a "number of very choice and beautiful Devons from the herds of Mr. John Brown, residing in one of our most remote and secluded towns," but even with his personal success as an example, the experiment failed. As a consequence of this failure, Brown's abolitionist sentiments became severely militant. His older sons went off to homestead in Kansas, and Brown joined them there in 1855, organizing the wild raids on Kansas slaveholders that gained him notoriety all over America; meanwhile, his wife and younger children in North Elba were left practically penniless. On his trips back to Essex County, he agitated along the way for his cause and actually enlisted some North Country locals, white and black, in his private army. Once, he brought back his grandfather's gravestone from Connecticut and set it behind his house near a huge rock. Possibly with a clear presentiment of what was in store for him, he announced that he wanted to be buried by that rock, and then carved his initials on it. In June, 1859, he left North Elba for Harpers Ferry, Virginia. By December, he was back in North Elba, under the ancient gravestone near the initialled boulder.

The return home of the hanged corpse of Essex County's most illustrious, albeit adopted, son was a moment of unexpectedly sincere sorrow for the citizens. The coffin arrived in Westport on December 6th, and a sombre cortege accompanied it to Elizabethtown, where it lay in state in the County Courthouse. Six men stood vigil over it all night long, one of them riding off at dawn to inform the Brown family that "the old man" was coming home. Then the procession trudged through the cold mountains to North Elba and the final resting place, where to this day "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave."

So the men of Essex went to war again in 1861—to teach a lesson, in the words of one local partisan, to the "misguided people of the Southern

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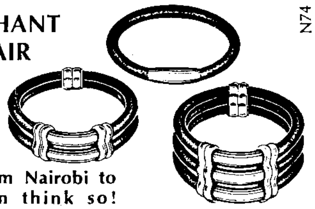

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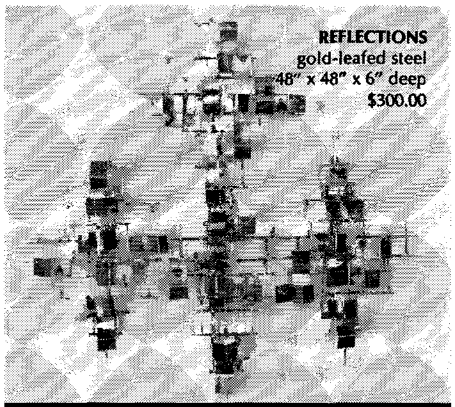

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states." The North Country people were all good Republicans, and they all supported Lincoln. They were sympathetic to abolitionism, even to John Brown, although they feared an influx of Negroes and some had kept slaves until the decade before the war. Five companies of soldiers were organized at the outset, and these men served in many famous battles, acquitting themselves well. The lesson-teaching cost Essex County about four hundred of its best men.

The postbellum period launched another golden age for Essex County, as it did for many other Northern areas. Both the wood and the iron of the Adirondacks were in great demand throughout the expanding nation, and the unlimited water power of the strong rivers lured pulp and paper mills into the region. There were no restrictions; everything was up for grabs. Along with the lumber camps and the mining communities, new mill towns, with all their attendant dreariness, appeared almost overnight. Mills meant cheap labor, and cheap labor meant foreign immigrants. Italians, Germans, Eastern Europeans, and more French-Canadians poured into the North Country. Unpronounceable names began to show up on voter lists among the Smiths and Straights and Dentons and Barretts, and while some were Anglicized most retain their original spelling today.

Northern war money had created a new leisure class, and now more and more people were coming up to the North Country not to farm, mine, or cut trees but simply to relax in the mountains. At first, the only available hostelries were crude affairs, little more than extra space in an enterprising native's house. But by 1875 grand hotels and lodges in the Saratoga manner were being built in the most unlikely backwoods spots, offering lavish menus, no-limit, year-round hunting and fishing, and all kinds of sylvan adventure. Journalists and naturalists wrote extravagantly about the blessed life in the untamed wilderness. Suddenly the Adirondacks were fashionable. Stagecoaches, lake steamers, and the brand-new Delaware & Hudson and New York Central railroad lines brought finely turned-out ladies and gentlemen to places that hadn't seen a lace cuff since the days of Fort St. Frédéric. The journey was called the Northern Grand Tour, and it had snob appeal; several of the *nouveaux riches* had already "seen" the Scottish Highlands, and the Adirondacks were supposed to be every bit as lovely and as chic. They were certainly much closer to

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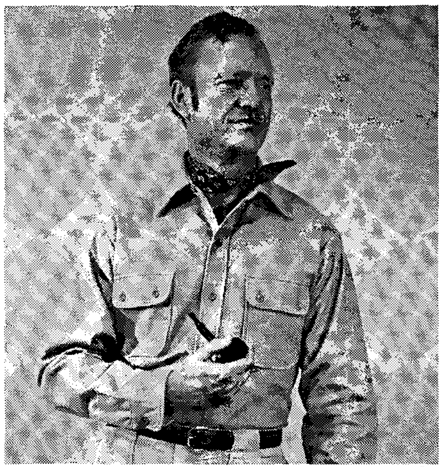

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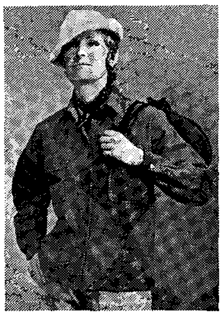

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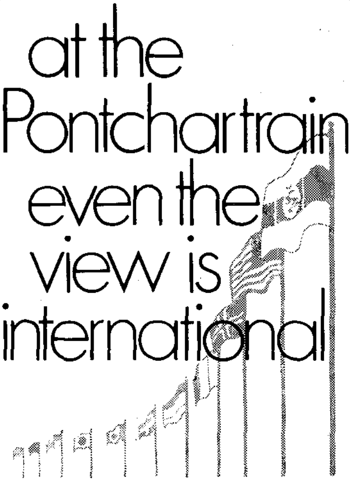
home. The registers of the plush hotels sported such names as Astor, Stuyvesant, Vanderbilt, and Morgan. Ornate lodges were built and visited by Whitneys, Rockefellers, Harrimans, Lehmans, and Roosevelts. (Theodore Roosevelt learned of the shooting of President McKinley while he was enjoying the strenuous life at the Tahawus Club, in western Essex County, and he technically became President as he was being driven at breakneck speed through the mountains in the middle of the night by native teamsters. The momentous ride has naturally become a part of Adirondack lore, and a tablet honoring the event has been erected beside Route 28N, near Newcomb.) When word of the health-giving effects of mountain air got around, a whole new crop of visitors appeared—tuberculars. Soon sanatoriums were clustered around Saranac Lake and Bloomingdale, in the remote northwestern corner of the county, and miraculous cures for consumption were being publicized. Tourism, for relaxation or health, became a major industry. Hundreds of North Country people were employed as everything from guides to bellhops, and land values rose to an inflationary high. A few individuals and the *Times* expressed some doubt about whether the wilderness had any future as a wilderness, and meanwhile the money kept pleasantly rolling in.

North Country people, especially but not exclusively those over fifty, love to talk. Most of their talk is anecdotal and about the past. Recalling a person, a place, an incident, an emotion from some happier or sadder day has developed into a native craft, not just a device to escape the drag of winter or a tiresome chore. When one is introduced to an Essex County man, the how-do-you-do's are barely exchanged before the fellow will point to, say, a passing mongrel, which will remind him of the time old man Pierce from Minerva used to douse his yard with cayenne pepper to keep a pack of wild dogs away from his chickens. If one does not return the compliment with a comparable anecdote, the conversation is considered a failure and overt steps are taken to end it. While this protocol can be boring, its display of language and accuracy is admirable. There is deep pride of self, of neighbors, of idiom, and of region connected with the trait. Sometimes, it seems as if television had never been invented.

A man who remembers more than most about the banner postbellum period in Essex County's history, and who is more articulate than many men his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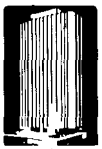

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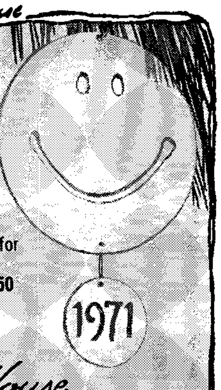

Holiday House

**99 Bellevue Theatre Building
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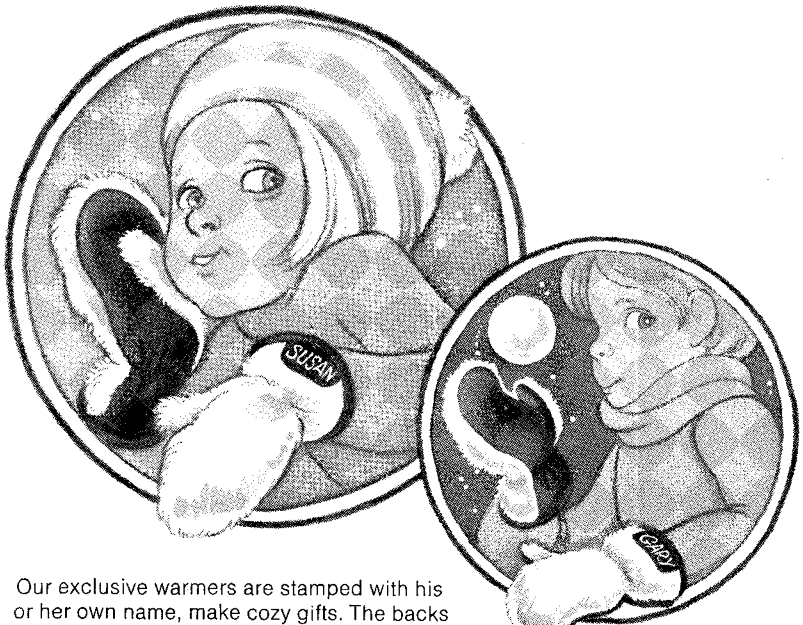
age, is Harry M. MacDougal, of Elizabethtown—Mr. Essex County. He was born in Elizabethtown in 1883, to a family that traced its Essex roots back to the seventeen-nineties. He doesn't look his years at all, and he is still active in Republican county politics. Slight and unassuming, he enjoys sitting back, smoothing his thinning head of white hair, and remembering. "My mother had the t.b. when I was a boy," he reminisced to a visitor one afternoon. "All the older people warned me to stay out of the house as much as possible. I was in school then, here in Elizabethtown. It was quite a place—an old iron-stove schoolhouse with an outside toilet. About two hundred kids walked through the snow for miles to get there. The teachers had whips and rubber hoses, and they knew how to use them. The lickings were something, all right, and there didn't have to be much reason to deal them out. Well, at about age twelve I had to quit school and take a job in a general store for fifteen dollars a month. Lifting things would build me up and keep me from the t.b., they told me. I did a lot of lifting. During the big timber boom at the turn of the century, I used to deliver groceries to the lumber camps, walking miles into the woods with those loads. My, it was exciting, though. Once a month, the lumberjacks—most of them were big Canucks—they'd get their pay and all hell'd break loose. There'd be eating and drinking like you wouldn't believe, and then the fighting— Oh, my, the fighting! I'm talking about free-for-alls. They'd take these terrible bloody beatings from each other, and then the next day they'd be at work, swinging an axe just like nothing. In the spring, there'd be river drives on the Boquet River to the pulp mill at Willsboro. The whole town would turn out to watch those fellows riding the big logs down the high river when they let the dams go. The money was good, too, for the times. Some people complained about the land being stripped, but there were plenty of lumbering jobs, and a lot of cash was coming into town. The mining also brought in money, but there were ups and downs, just like nowadays. No welfare to speak of then, so the poor folks in Mineville froze and starved when the mines shut. The store owners would help by extending them as much credit as they could, but owing got the miners in worse trouble, it seemed. I remember the forge towns around here—Stower's Forge and New Russia. A couple of neighbors sitting on a little ore bed would decide to work it, doing their own smelting and sell-

The personal mittens



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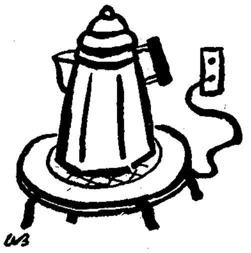
ing the crude iron, and before you knew it they'd be calling the property Somebody-or-Other's Forge. A few of those places grew enough so they had a post office and a school, but they didn't last much past 1910, when they either ran out of ore or ran out of wood to fire their forges."

MacDougal saved his money and went to Albany Business College. (He is its oldest living alumnus.) Then he and his brother started their own grocery store, which thrived until the chain stores came along, in the nineteen-twenties. They sold out to the A. & P. chain, and MacDougal tried his hand at farming. "In the old days, the family farm got along pretty good," he said. "There were big families and plenty of sons, and the farmer grew most of his own food and had very little to buy. The farmers used to come into my store and trade off their eggs, maple sugar, butter, and vegetables for stuff they couldn't grow. By the time I came around to farming, it had got harder to make a go of it. At one time, I had ten milkers, and I was president of the Dairymen's League, but, even so, I had to sell. Too small a return for the hard work. Now I walk around the valley and see the old abandoned farms—just a cellar hole is all that's left, really—and I feel lonesome. It pains me to see the old North Country farmer go.

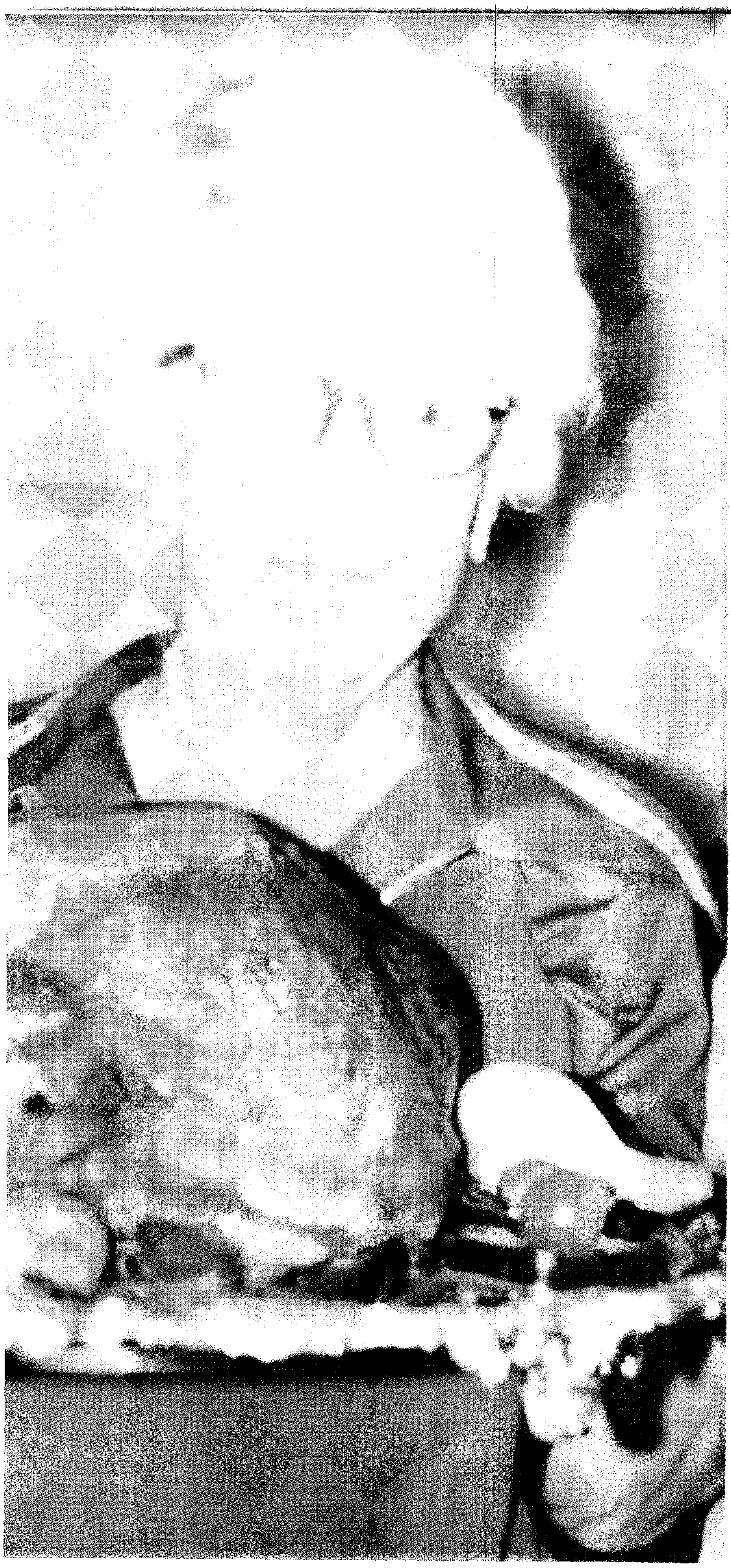
"Well, anyway, when the tourists came in strong around here we used to have ourselves some real good laughs. Fancy ladies and their fancy gentlemen, dressed all wrong for the mosquitoes and black flies and the woods. They'd get off the stagecoach from the Westport railroad station with all their fancy luggage, and how we'd snicker! 'City boarders,' we called them. Of course, we knew they were laughing at us yokels, too, but that didn't prevent us from holding out our palms for their good money. It was what you might call a reciprocal relationship. When they were bored just sitting around on the verandas of the big hotels in town—the Deer's Head Inn and the Windsor—they'd take mountain tours with local guides, who told them all kinds of stories about man-eating bears and such. They brought in good money, but only from May to September. Then, in the twenties, people bought cars, and motor courts were built, and the old Windsor and the Deer's Head emptied out. They've torn them down since, and that's a shame. The tourists used to have some times in those places."



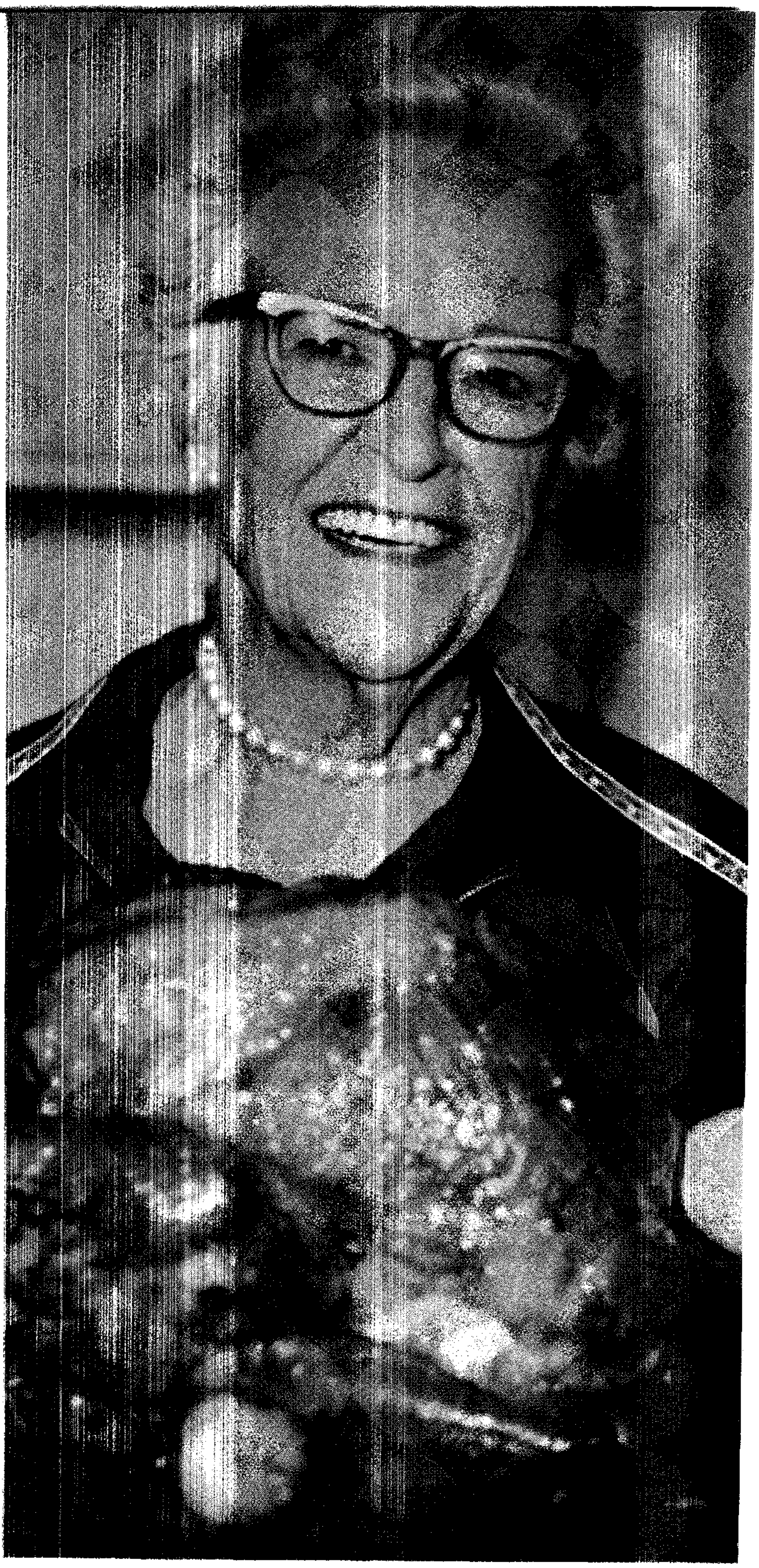
After giving up his farming, MacDougal discovered politics. In 1926, he was elected supervisor of Elizabethtown, and then county clerk. He was in and out of office until he retired, in 1965, but he is still honorary Republican County Chairman and works for various foundations, committees, and societies. He considers himself a Rockefeller Republican, but he loyally voted for Goldwater and for Nixon. "I don't think we can ever become a Democratic county," he said. "At least, I hope not. Republicanism is in the blood up here. But things change, the blood changes. Nowadays, politics comes out of the TV set—just so much toothpaste. I remember the old hot campaigns, like the one for Benjamin Harrison when I was a little fellow—the banners across Court Street, the bonfires, the parades, the fistfights, even. Teddy Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge used to come up here, but nobody bothers with us anymore. They can reach us on the TV without travelling hundreds of miles to speak to just a handful of voters. People switch their loyalties now; they didn't then. It was all more fun in the old days."

AFTER the First World War, tourists found that Long Island and Cape Cod were the places to be seen at, and the great Adirondack hotels and millionaires' lodges went begging. The people who did pass through stayed in the motor courts, and always seemed to be off the next morning for some other place. Summer camps for children helped the economy, and so did winter sports. Lake Placid benefitted from the sports more than any other town, and in 1932 it presented the Winter Olympics to several thousand hardy devotees. But the tourist business was on the wane.

As for the other industries the county relied on, the postwar news was not good. The Adirondack Forest Preserve had come into existence in 1885, and its regulations were being strictly enforced. Timber-cutting operations were curtailed. The vast open-pit deposits of iron ore from the Mesabi Range, in Minnesota, were underselling the Essex ore in the American market. The family farm was dying. And the county's enclaves of heavy industry, the paper mills, were still making profits for their owners but were piling debt upon



(Too much flash.)



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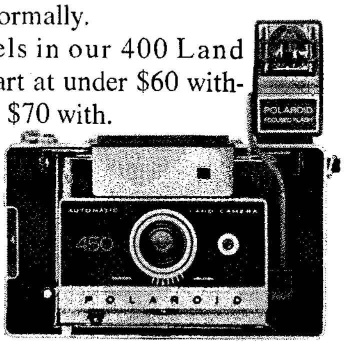

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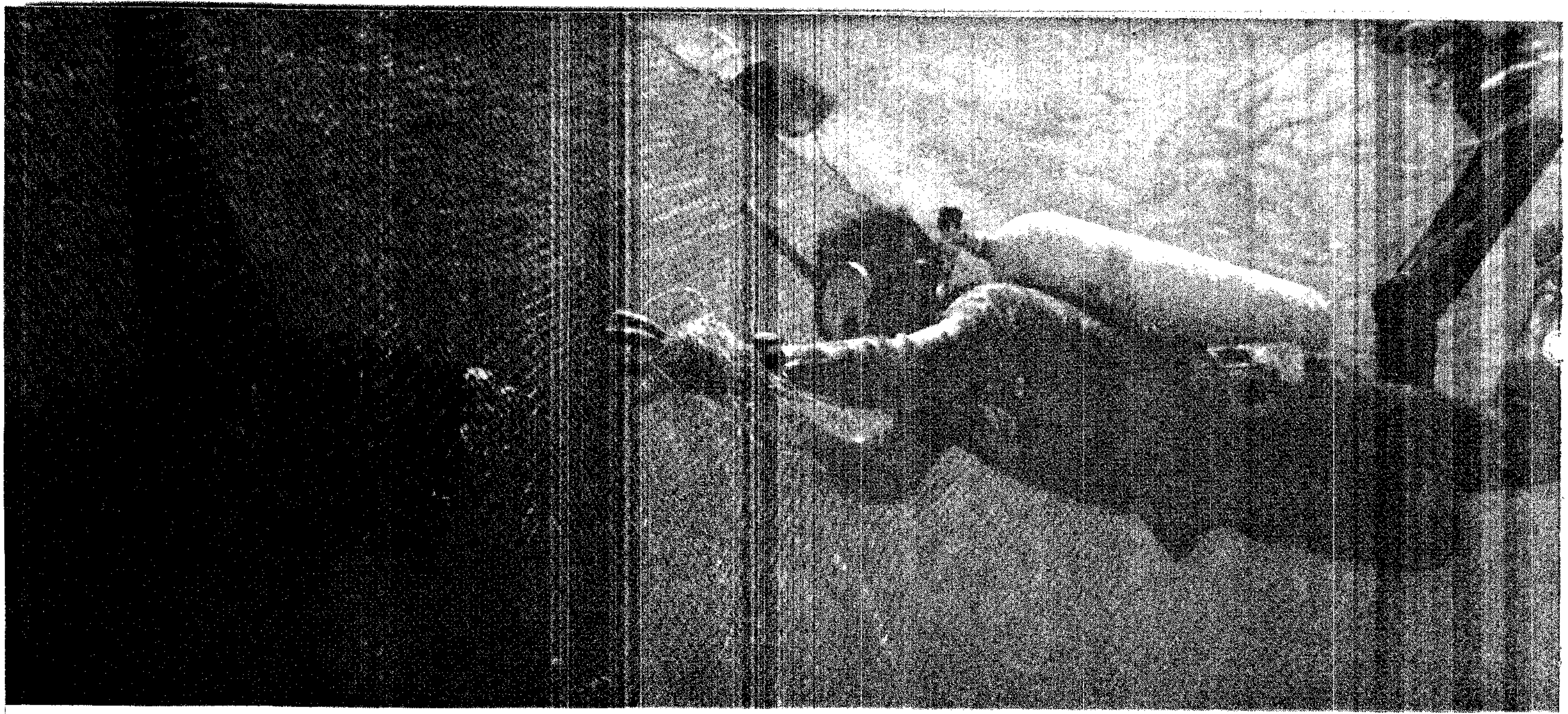

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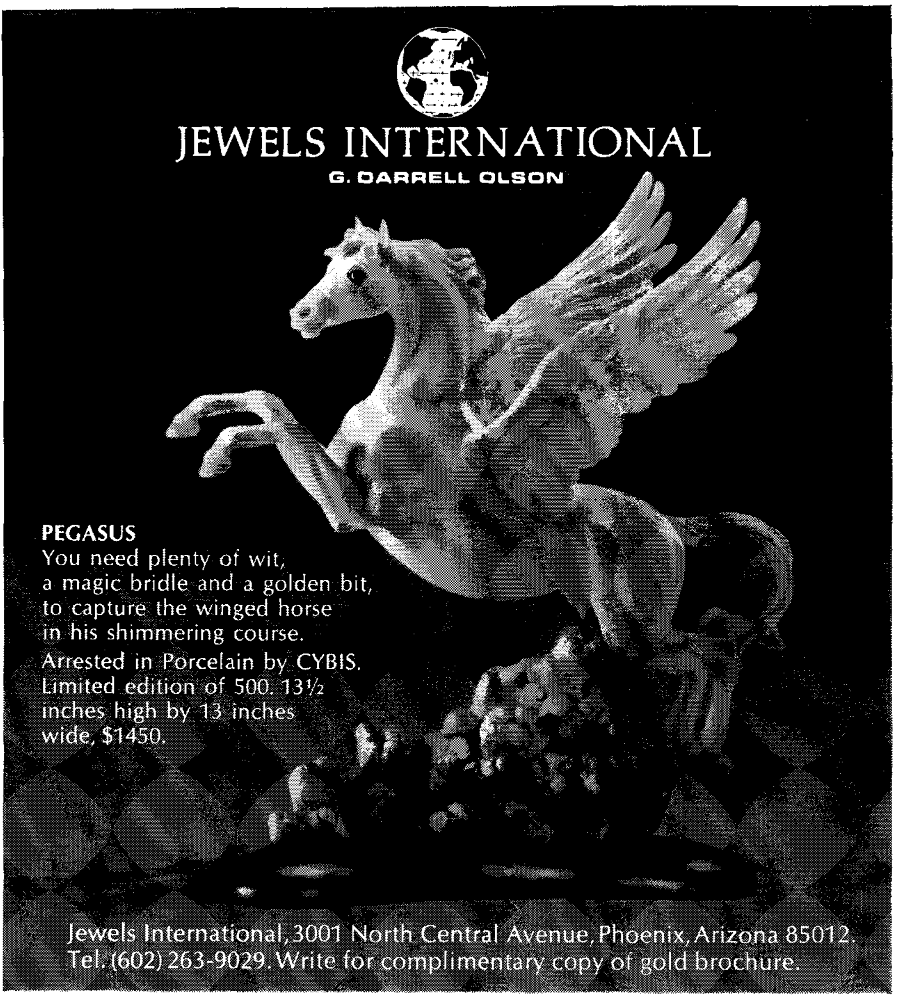
debt for the workers in the company towns.

Hubert Burrell, of Au Sable Forks (pronounced "Aw-SAY-bull," and variously written "Au Sable," "Ausable," or "AuSable"), was one of a small legion of North Country men who found a way out of the postwar economic bind: taking advantage of Essex County's proximity to Canada, he became a rumrunner. Now in his seventies, and white-haired and slowed by a heart condition, he is a long-inactive rumrunner as well as a retired paper-mill worker and deer hunter. There is the quality of the incurable rascal about him—mischievous eyes, white hair, large ears, a slyly humorous voice, and, in common with many other North Country patriarchs, a disarming openness.

"From the time I knew a deer from a horse, I could shoot good," he said one afternoon in his living room, a long stone's throw from the J. & J. Rogers paper mill. "But when I was in the Army, in the First World War, they sent me to the Argonne and I never had to fire a shot. That was O.K. with me. Deer for venison is all I ever wanted to shoot. I came home to Au Sable, but things weren't good here. Not much work around, and what work there was you couldn't exactly call prosperous. I was itchy, so I bought myself an Overland coupe. Then came Prohibition. Me, the Overland, and Prohibition were made for each other. I heard about this little farm, just over the Canadian border, north of Mooers, that was a front for storing hooch. The barn and even the haystacks were filled with cases of the stuff. Well, I found out when the Border Patrol and the Mounties made their rounds, and soon I was running two quick trips a day from Au Sable, carrying cases of Johnnie Walker Red Label in the trunk. Twice a week, a man named Mr. Jones—how do you like that name?—he'd come up to Au Sable from New York City in a big Fiat with a chauffeur. A derby hat would be sitting on his head and a different woman on his lap every time. He'd haul about thirty cases of my Johnnie Walker back to the city. The woman, I suppose, made the eight-hour trip go faster. Anyway, that went on for one summer. I was making money, and so I decided to branch out a little. I bought myself a Buick roadster and a fast, heavy Cadillac, and I hired me some good drivers. We worked it this way: We cut out Mr. Jones—the middleman—and drove our stuff straight from Canada to a big



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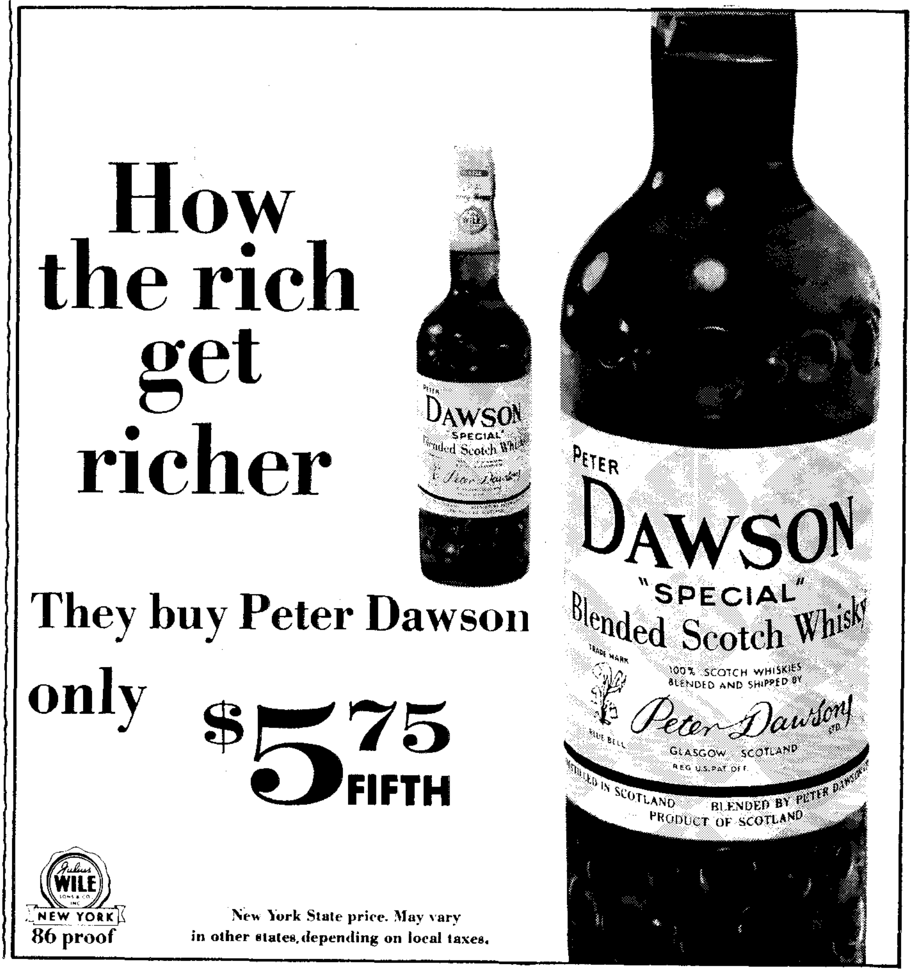

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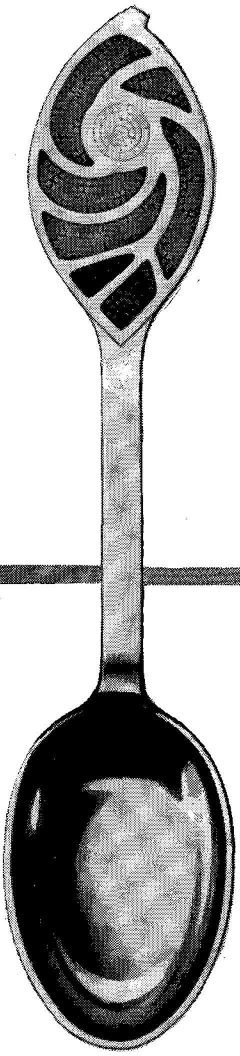

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bootlegger in Saratoga. One trip each day, seven days a week, twelve hundred dollars the trip. It was damn good money. We used the roadster as a pilot car, moving twelve miles ahead of me in the load car and keeping an eye out for the law. We usually took the back roads through the mountains as far as we could. The pilot car was supposed to double back if he spotted a trap and warn me. One time, the pilot driver panicked when he saw a trap, and just kept going. Sure enough, the law stopped me, but I didn't desert the load until I could see the handcuffs on the trooper's belt. Then I ran into the woods and left my car. Had to walk all the way back to Au Sable through the mountains. I lost plenty of cars—*five in a week once*—but, you know, I was never caught. Some close calls, maybe, but I was never caught. Several of the others got nailed, though. One local boy was sent to Atlanta for a year and a day, but he didn't squeal on me. None of them did. They were good boys."

Burrell remained prosperous during the first two years of the Depression, but by 1932 his luck was running out, and he was down to his last car, a Model T. "It quit on me one day," he said. "I had to leave it with the load still inside. After that, I didn't have enough cash left to buy myself a pack of cigarettes. In the end, crime don't pay, I guess, but it sure was a hell of a lot of laughs. The whole county was out of work then. I got a job, though, working on the roads. A dollar-fifty a day. Christ, that's what I used to tip a counterman in a diner for a cup of coffee so he'd keep his mouth shut. Well, anyhow, things were rough. I worked as a caretaker for a millionaire's camp down at Loon Lake, and then I was hired by the J. & J. Rogers Paper Company, here in Au Sable, to work in the beater room. The Rogers people ran a real company town in those days. 'The Robbers,' I called them. You sweated seven days a week back then for thirteen dollars, and one-seventy-five of that was taken out for rent. We all owed our souls to the credit corporation. We ended up slaving for practically nothing. But during the Second World War some C.I.O. organizers got ahold of me and made me the first union worker here. In no time at all, we had almost all the five hundred employees unionized. I was fired, but the union demanded that they hire me back, and they did, to my amazement. When the company won a pile of war contracts, we went out on a one-day strike. Mr. Cahoun—he

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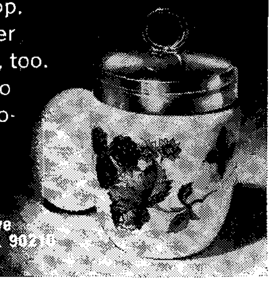

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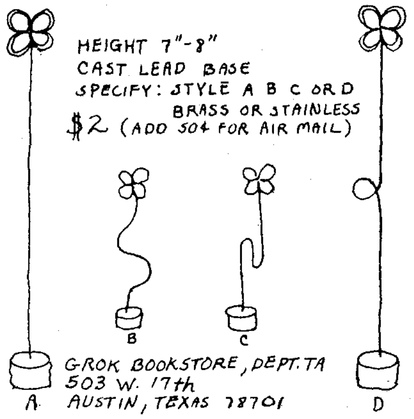

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was running the mill then—said he'd shut down and lock us out. But Morella, this organizer from the city—he threatened to have the government come in and take over the plant, which they could do in wartime. Morella threatened to phone Washington right from Cahoun's office, and Cahoun backed down. We won a ten-cent-an-hour raise and, later on, vacation and health insurance and pensions. You'd think they gave us Santa Claus, the way they carried on. Ten years ago or so, the mill was sold to a new outfit, and there was a long strike. People left town, and those that stayed barely made out. Finally, the workers accepted a pay cut, and the mill opened again. I was retired then, and the new company fought me on my pension. I got me a lawyer, and he won back fifty per cent of it. That and Army benefits and Social Security is what I live off of. I still haven't enough to buy all the cigarettes I'd like. Robert Kennedy got the mill some government contracts while he was senator, but when the profit from them goes I don't know what will happen to the mill. They're running through the hardwood too fast, and also, under state law, they got to end their pollution of the Ausable River in 1971. That's expensive. When the mill closes, it'll be the end of this town. Au Sable will be just another Adirondack ghost town. And there won't be any love lost for the mill owners, I can tell you that." As Burrell predicted, the mill closed permanently last spring.

In good times or bad, Burrell always hunted deer in the mountains around the Ausable Valley. He and several other men of different callings, including a writer and a book publisher from New York City, have a campsite in the Adirondack Forest Preserve where they get together every November to hunt, drink bourbon, swap stories, and relax. "There aren't many trees up here I haven't walked by," Burrell said. "I've been hunting pretty near all my life. Shot close to a thousand deer and six bear. Always ate the venison. I can't understand people who kill and don't eat the venison. City fellows, mostly. Some of them would offer to buy our dead deer so they'd have a trophy to show at home. They'd get too cold in camp and give up. Most people up here depend on venison for a lot of their meat, believe it or not. Not many people eat bear meat, but during the hard times we'd auction off the skins to hotel guests, who'd make rugs from them. I'm set against jack-lighting, but I have nothing against poaching. I used

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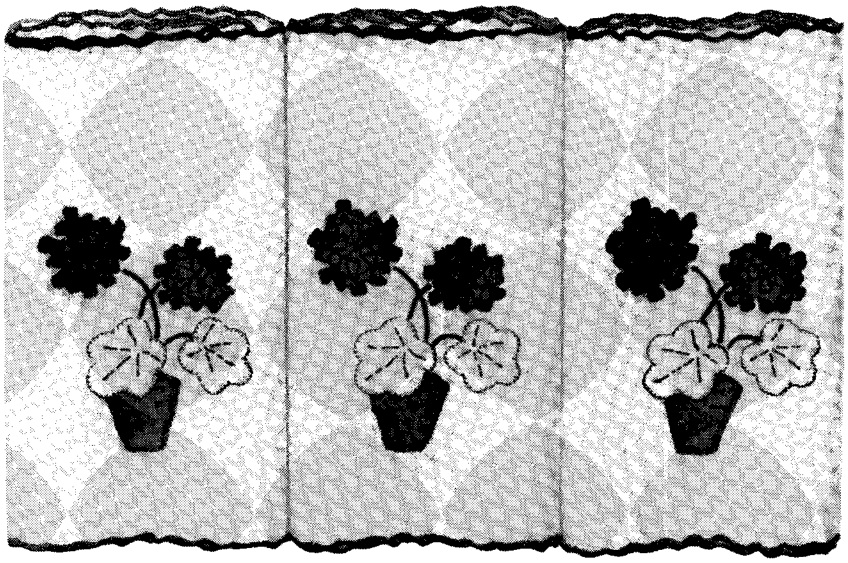

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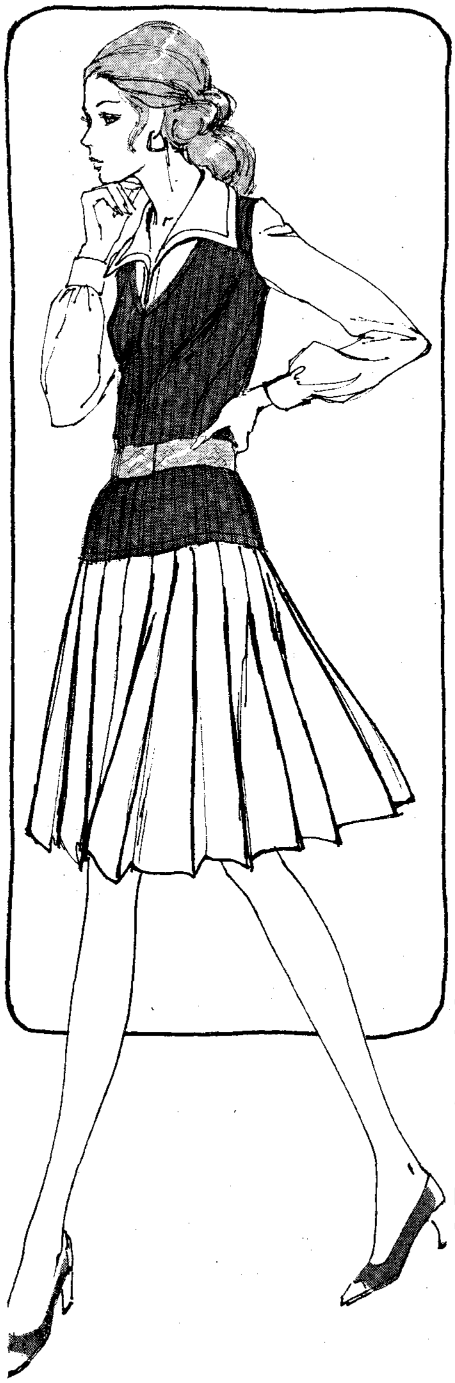

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to poach the Whitney and Rockefeller estates years ago. I figured they had too much anyway, and wouldn't miss a few bucks." Burrell laughed at his joke. "I took some deer right outside the caretakers' houses. Then I'd hide the carcasses under leaves and pick them up the next day. Then, last fall, bad heart and all, I went up to camp with my old Savage rifle and the best of intentions. I walked a little in the woods, and I got tired and sat down on a fallen tree. A nice deer came upwind of me and stood there in a clearing. It was an easy shot, but I missed. It depressed me, so I decided to stay in camp and just wash dishes and bring in wood for my friends. That's all I'm good for now—washing dishes. I don't think I'll go hunting anymore."

IN mid-1961, the federal government officially declared Essex County a depressed area. The county leaders and the citizens had claimed for decades that the area was depressed, but the federal government moves in strange ways. Its criterion for defining a depressed area is based on unemployment figures from the Labor Department—or, as they put it in Washington, "substantial and persistent labor surplus." The Republic Steel Corporation's iron-ore mines in Mineville had shut down in June of 1960, in one of their longer periodic closings, and by the time they reopened for partial production, late in 1961, unemployment had risen to almost twelve per cent of the county's working population. To make matters worse, a pulp-and-paper mill at Willsboro closed, putting about two hundred more workers out of jobs. By late 1961, eight hundred and forty-nine unemployment-insurance claimants had exhausted their benefit rights. Satellite stores and businesses around the one-industry towns were losing money, welfare rolls were growing, and tax revenues were dwindling. Workers' families lucky enough to live in trailers were packing up and moving on to where the jobs seemed to be—to the South and West. It was clear that at last the proud North Country men of Essex County would have to accept some substantial outside aid.

Under the Area Redevelopment Act of 1961, designed primarily to treat the chronic economic ills of Appalachia and similarly blighted regions, federal funds were made available to declared depressed areas for industrial and commercial projects, public facilities, and occupational training—that is, to keep the industry already in the county going and to bring new industry to the

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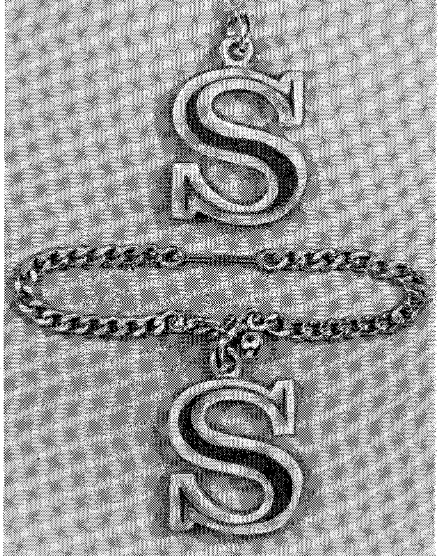

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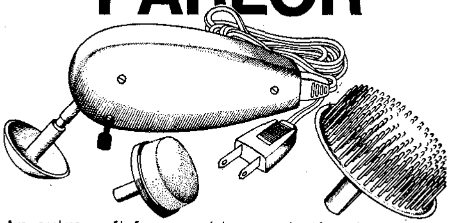

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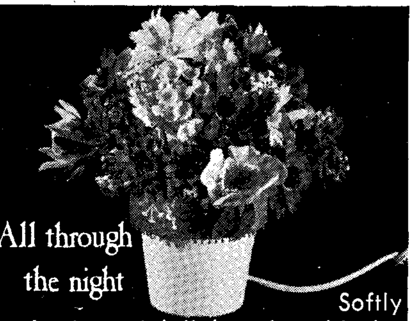

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area. The Essex County Development Corporation was formed out of an initial grant of four thousand dollars from the county's Board of Supervisors. In 1968, this project expanded to include four neighboring North Country counties, under the name of the Eastern Adirondack Economic Development Commission. Its executive director, Karl Hofmann, of Port Henry, is a rare local example of contemporary success. The son of a railroad worker, Hofmann worked his way through Middlebury College, in Vermont, and earned a Ph.D. in organic chemistry at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Then he started a laboratory in Port Henry for making steroids, and from 1948 to 1955 his little laboratory manufactured a large percentage of the natural steroids used in America. After the advent of artificially produced steroids in 1955, he sold his business, and since then he has devoted most of his time to trying to solve the seemingly insoluble problems of the area.

"The Development Corporation and later the Commission have come up with over six million dollars from federal and state funds since 1961," Hofmann said to a visitor in his office, which overlooks the Port Henry railroad yards—a bleak expanse of empty, rusting ore cars. "Some of that money went to build the Uihlein Mercy Center, in Lake Placid—a nonsectarian extended-care facility run by the Sisters of Mercy. It's a place for sick old people, and it has also created some full-time jobs in the Lake Placid district. Then, we raised half a million for an addition to the Lake Placid Olympic Arena, and that is already paying off with conventions and sports attractions throughout the year. We've contributed to village water and sewage projects to improve Lake Champlain for tourism, and we've helped attract some home-grown small industry, from a frozen-pizza company in Ticonderoga to a tiny plastics outfit near Westport. But all this is just a drop in the bucket—a few permanent jobs here and there. Of course, this past year Essex County lost the J. & J. Rogers paper mill in Au Sable Forks and the Republic Steel operation at Mineville, so we're not even holding our own anymore. One big trouble is the same as it is in most parts of Appalachia: there's no real future for the young people. They look around and see the sad state the local economy is in, see their fathers on relief, their mothers getting old before their time, and they say, 'This isn't for me.' The young leave the county any way they can—through the armed

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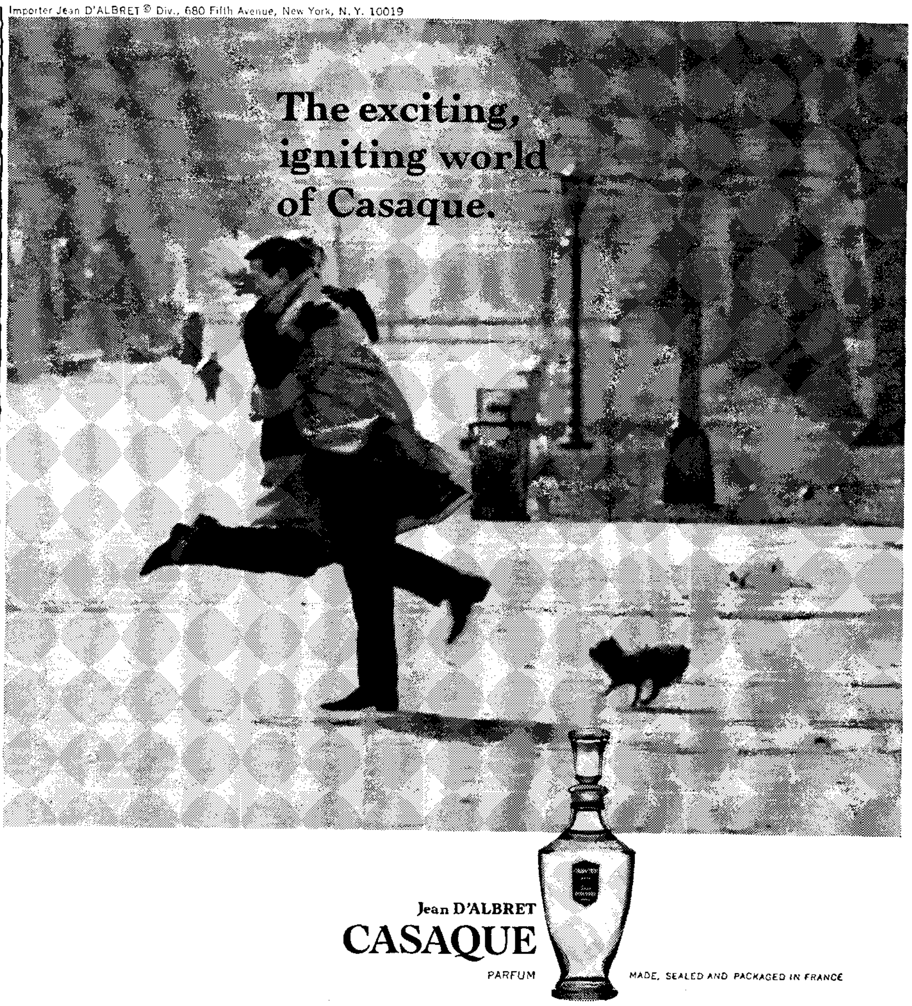
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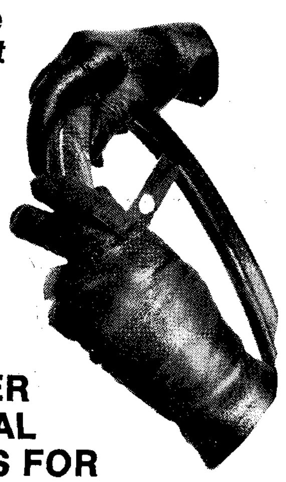
services (we've had a disproportionate number of boys in Vietnam), through jobs in the cities, through vocational-education opportunities in other places—and they don't plan on coming back here until they're ready to retire. The funny thing is, the kids love living here. The mountains and the trees and the rivers are in the blood. They all know how to hunt and fish and live outdoors. But they just have to get away, if they're going to survive in the technological world."

The result of this exodus of the young has been a decrease in the county's population since the 1960 census—a period in which the population of almost all the other counties in New York State has increased. (At present, the population density of Essex County is about nineteen people to a square mile, the third lowest in the state. There are as many persons in one average square mile of Brooklyn as there are in all 1,823 square miles of Essex County.) "Most of the people who are left here are getting on in years, or they're retired folks who come here to live out their lives in quiet surroundings close to nature," Hofmann continued. "What we need to revitalize the area for younger working people is an industrial park with light, clean industry, like the kind they have around Boston—electronic parts and that sort of thing. We are currently building an industrial park in Plattsburgh which may provide jobs for some commuters from Essex County. And under the Emergency Employment Act passed last summer, Essex County got a hundred and forty thousand dollars in federal funds, to be used in creating new jobs. But if the general economic trend keeps up, there won't be *anybody* needed here but a few caretakers for the tourists. A vocational-training center would help. If we could show industry that we have a ready supply of trained young people, industry might give us a second thought. It's happening right across the lake in Vermont—I.B.M. and General Electric are in Burlington, and Simmonds Precision has a plant in Vergennes—so why not here? It's the same climate and the same kind of people. We've even got the Northway now. Maybe we could reëstablish Lake Champlain as a transportation route, using hydrofoils or fast barges, or build an airport for industry. Well, those are nice dreams, anyway. When I used to go down to Washington, as head of the Essex County Development Corporation, I told them about what we need to survive in Essex County. But I used

You have to hand it to the French



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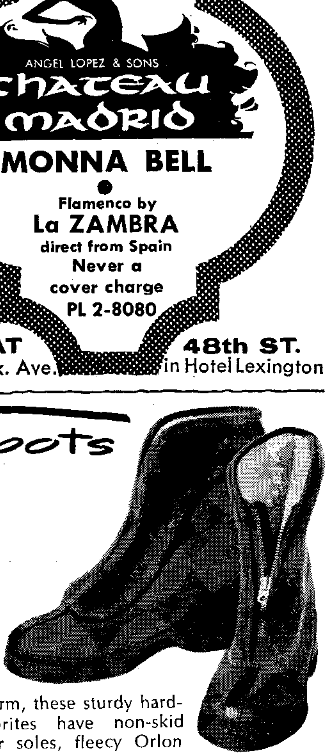

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to get the feeling that Washington never really understood what went wrong with our old industries."

EACH of the old industries has its own mercurial history. Farming, the earliest and most basic of them, has had one of the most catastrophic, which is true in so much of rural America. As recently as 1930, there were 1,757 farms in Essex County. Today, there are about three hundred, and half of these are commercial—that is, large farms with produce sales of twenty-five hundred dollars a year or more, and not necessarily owned by a resident. The result is that the classic, primarily self-sufficient American family farm—that prevailing symbol of the Sticks for city dwellers—is disappearing from the land.

Wilford R. Crowningshield, who lives in the hamlet of Deerhead, near Elizabethtown, is in both looks and destiny the model of a North Country farmer—jutting jaw, chiselled face, gnarled, honest hands, and a discouraged demeanor brightened by a hint of peasant sharpness. "Back in 1920, my father and uncles had three farms hereabouts," Crowningshield told a friend not long ago. "They were mostly dairy, but we had some crops, too. Eight hundred acres, all told, and most of it good pasture land. The people called the area Crowningshield, after our property. We all worked the place—us children, my mother, my aunts, everybody. In the winter, we cut wood to help pay the taxes, and, what with all hands pitching in, we made a go of it. We were no millionaires, but we ate regular and enjoyed it. Then, in the thirties, my father and uncles, they got old and died, and I was left with the properties. Even though the family was still pitching in to help—I have six children myself—there seemed to be more work and less money coming in. For instance, the milk trucks always used to come right to the barns to collect the milk. It was just a matter of course. Well, the truck operators told me they couldn't afford to do that anymore, and I'd have to bring my milk to them at a collection point in town. That took a lot of time I didn't have to spare. I couldn't do it all myself, and I couldn't hire help. To make ends meet, I tried planting alfalfa, but the soil's too sandy for alfalfa. I had to earn extra income somehow, so I drove a school bus for the Elizabethtown schools and tried to keep the farm going at the same time. Finally, in 1948, I gave up farming for good. There was just no sense in it anymore. I

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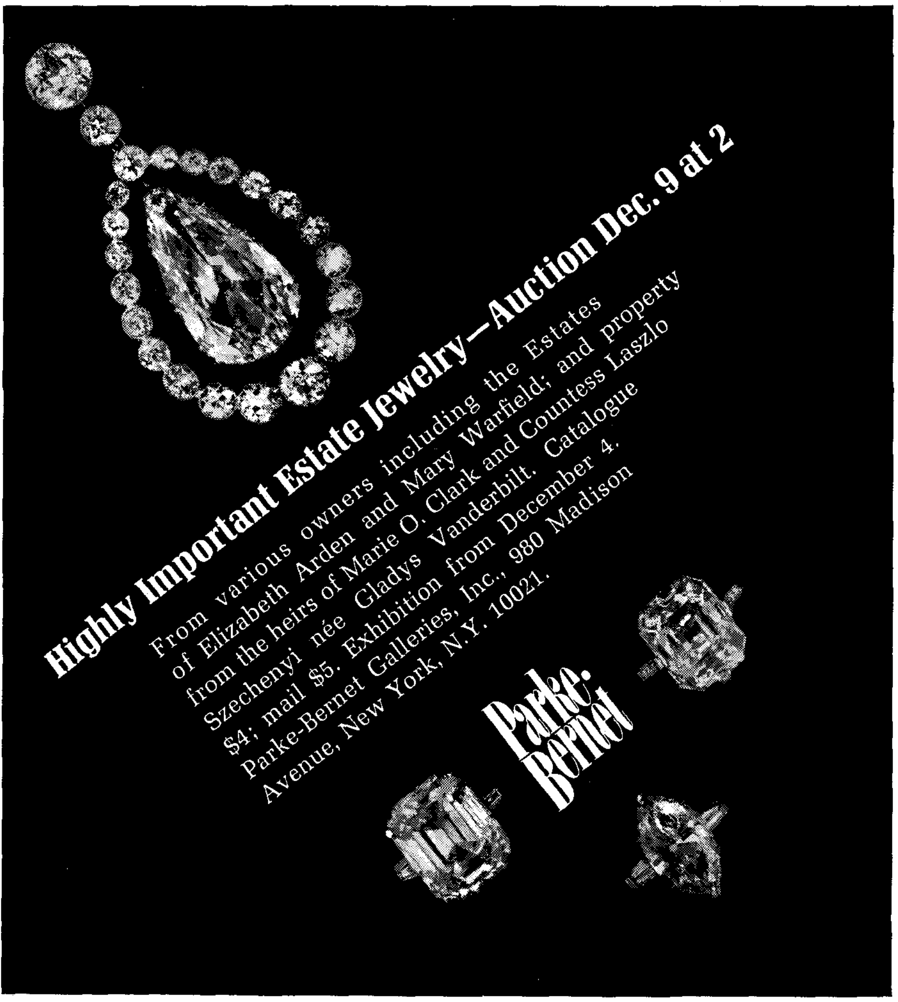
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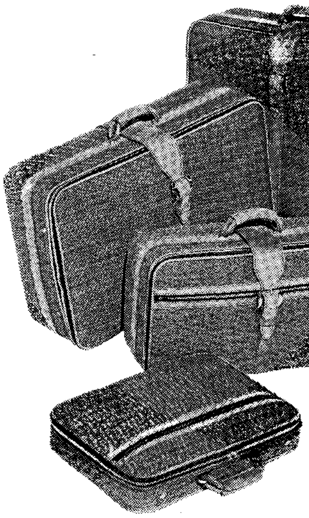

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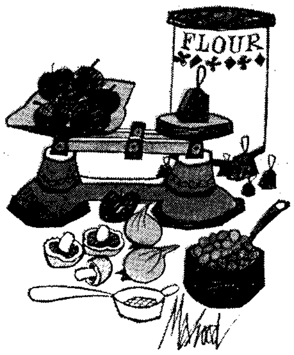
sold out two of the farms and got myself a full-time job as janitor for the schools. My wife died and the children are all grown now, but I still live in one of the farmhouses, and keep a little garden there, just to remind me. An old woman lives alone in another of the farmhouses, and the third one has all gone to brush. I can't complain about the janitor's job. The people I work for are good, and I'm retiring soon with a pension, but I sure miss the old ways. I loved farming—the stock, the horses, growing most of your own food, hunting and fishing on your own land. The milk prices could ruin you overnight, but at least you were your own boss. I liked that. But what can you do? Can't pass a losing proposition on to your young. Of my six children, four are already out of the county—one is a radar-equipment repairman over in Belgium. There's not much to keep them here."

Ray Bender is a salty gentleman who has won a certain fame throughout the county both as "a character" and as "the farmer's savior." For twenty-seven years, he was the county agent—the local representative of the federal and state Departments of Agriculture, whose job is to counsel and occasionally browbeat farmers into accepting the fruits of scientific research. He was also a town supervisor in Westport. Now, having retired, he is a columnist for the Plattsburgh *Press-Republican* and an observer of life from his home, a comfortable house overlooking Lake Champlain. The coup of his career as county agent was his introduction to the hard-pressed Champlain Valley farmers of a profitable feed crop called bird's-foot trefoil, a bright-yellow plant whose ripe pods when held upside down resemble the spread toes of a bird. "I got the idea of experimenting with this stuff in 1936," Bender said not long ago while fondling a sample of the plant he had found growing wild in his front yard. "I had a hunch it would grow in the light upland soil of the Champlain Valley, where other feed crops, like alfalfa, have a hard time. I planted inoculated seed on one acre in each of five different farms around here, and, sure enough, the damn thing grew like all getout. It turned out to be just as successful in the clay soil down near the lake. We found that cattle love to eat it, that it won't cause bloat in their paunch, the way other feeds sometimes will, and that the plant persists year after year. Cattle can damn near explode with the bloat. What we do here is grow the stuff and then wait till the pods become ripe, in August. We harvest the pods and sell them to cattle raisers for their own pastures. Now, when those pods get too dry, they pop open and eject the seeds, so the harvesting is kind of tricky. You've only got a few days' leeway or you lose all your seeds. We have a coöperative with our own combines—special threshers—and seed-processing plant, and we help each other out with staggered harvesting to catch the seeds while they're still in the pods. Essex County is now one of the largest producers of bird's-foot trefoil in the world. That may not win us any prizes, but it has made some money for farmers around these parts just when they were on the skids. Canada is producing the seed now, so the demand is easing off. That's how it goes in farming.

"Oh, we got troubles, all right. There are the natural ones of the weather, the soil, the short growing season, the stones that keep turning up again after you break your back pulling them out. And, don't forget, much of the county is vertical real estate, and state-owned at that. Only about ten per cent of the land is usable for agriculture. Then, we have a scarcity of experienced agricultural labor, even if a farmer is rich enough to hire somebody. Labor these days is taking out more than it's putting in. We're pricing ourselves right out of the market. Kids can't even work on farms in the summers anymore, because of the laws—minimum wage and all. Of course, it's better and cheaper to have good, strong sons, but most sons don't want to farm nowadays. They cut out of the county for an easier, more secure life. So the trend here is toward merging, just like your big companies—fewer farms but bigger ones, more machinery, more experts. Dairy and feed crops work best in this county, but they can be pretty chancy. The old chicken-and-potato farmer—he's gone for good. Even the farmers' houses are going—to decay or to the summer people. The old-style ornery, independent hay-kicker is dying off, and personally I'm damned sorry about it. I was no white-shirt county agent. I dressed and acted



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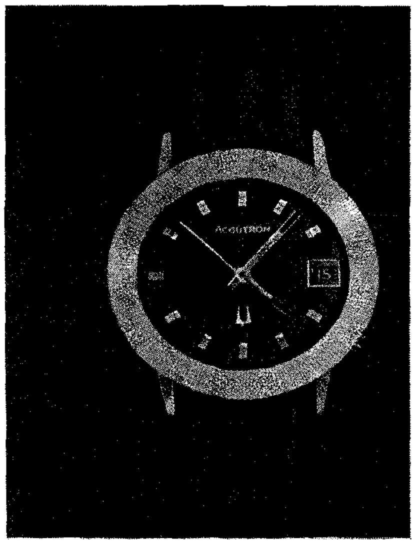

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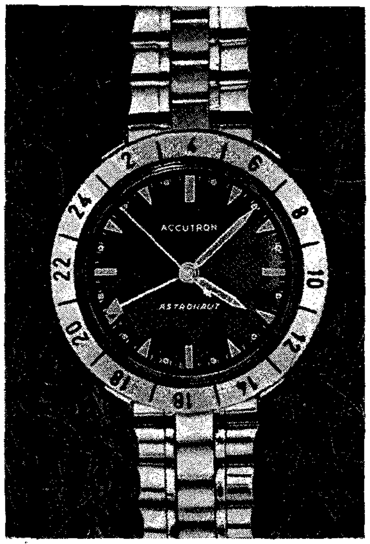

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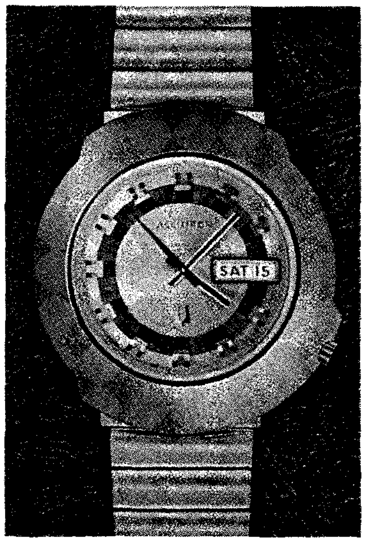

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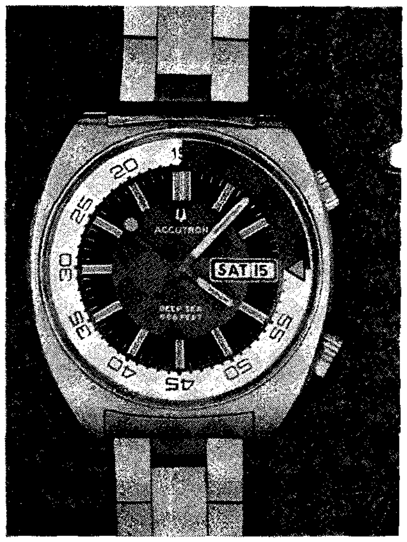

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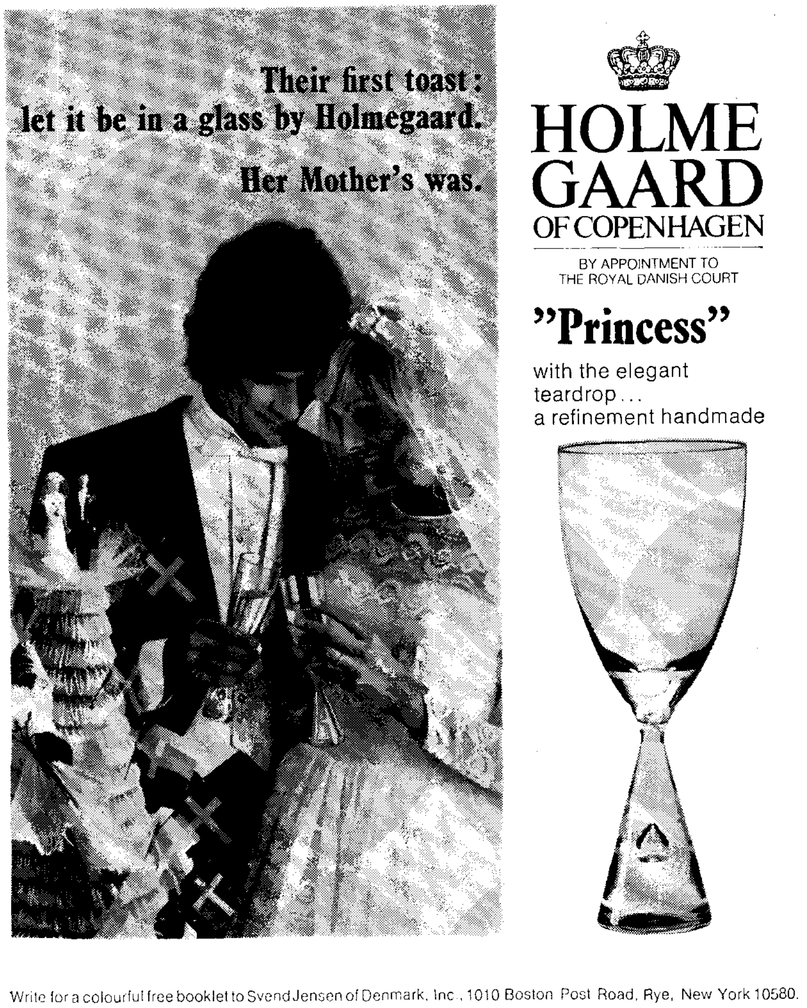
just like one of the hay-kickers—never knocked on a door, just went inside and yelled. I really hate to see the likes of us disappear."

IF it is difficult to find a practicing farmer in Essex County today, it is harder still to find a professional lumberman. Woodcutters are hired on a part-time basis for such odd jobs as felling stands of pine on private property, clearing trees and brush for highway construction, cutting down cedars for a small fence-post factory, and supplying hardwood pulp for the one surviving paper mill. But the burly lumberjack of the golden timber era has all but vanished. There are just eight sawmills operating full time in the county, where there were hundreds a century ago, and these mills do not always use native wood. What little commercial timbering that remains on private land is done by a few men with power tools and tractors; the massive, vapor-snorting lumber-camp horses that once dragged great logs from the woods are seen only at the county fair, pulling concrete-laden sleds for prize money.

The timber industry in Essex County declined through a perverse combination of lack of foresight and an abundance of it. After the Revolutionary War, the embryonic State of New York held vast wildernesses that had belonged first to the Iroquois and then to England. The state reasoned, with the enviable naïveté of the times, that if these tracts were privately owned they would produce tax revenues, and private ownership would also cure a gigantic real-estate headache. Consequently, much of the land passed into private hands, at prices as low as five cents an acre. The land buyers, whose roster included some of the most distinguished names in the nation, speculated with their bargains until it became clear that the big money was in the timber on the land. The land barons turned into lumber barons. Their usual practice was to strip the land of every tree over ten feet tall and then deliberately not pay taxes, so that the useless, wasted acreage would revert to the state. The great white pine went first, for ships' masts and spars as well as lumber, and then the spruce, which was ideal for pulp. Timber thieves invaded the forests, taking choice timber from property that the state still held and burning the rest to mask their raids. Railroads came into the wilderness to haul out the timber, bringing smokestack sparks, and the ensuing forest fires feasted on the debris left by the lumbermen. Both the settlers and the wild-



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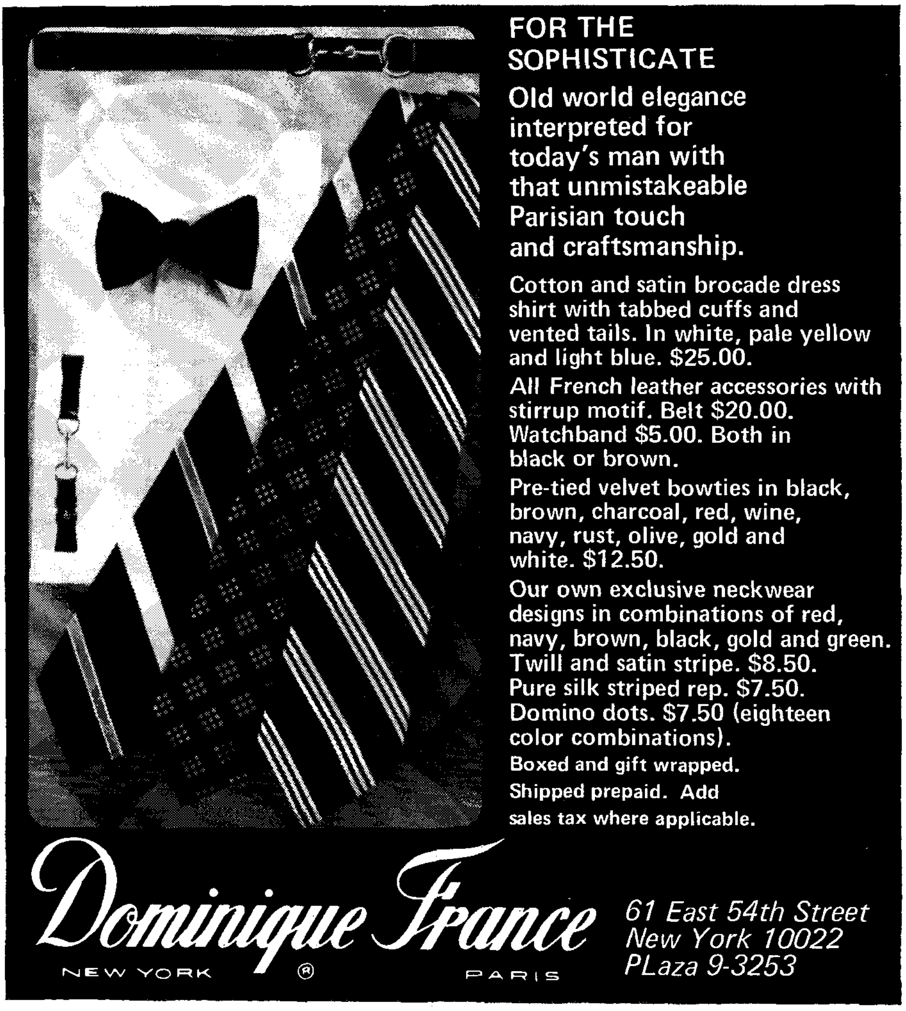

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life suffered. Then a dedicated Adirondack surveyor, Verplanck Colvin, alerted the state legislature to the situation, and at last, toward the end of the nineteenth century, some action was taken to ease the problem.

In 1885, the legislature created the Adirondack Forest Preserve, through a law that present and future state land "shall be forever kept as wild forest lands" and "shall not be sold nor leased or taken by any person, corporation, public or private." However, the law didn't mention the trees on this preserved land. The rape of the forests went on within the boundaries of the Preserve. In 1892, the Adirondack Park—an area in which the state intended to concentrate its purchases of forest land—was formed, and its boundaries were marked on state maps with a blue line. (The state actually owned and controlled only a quarter of the land within the blue line; the rest belonged to private landholders. Today it owns thirty-eight per cent.) Two years later, conservationists pushed through a provision at the Constitutional Convention of 1894, making the original law part of the state constitution and adding these words: ". . . nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed, or destroyed." The fact that this law was now a part of the state constitution protected the issue from the dealings of shady legislators. The state found itself buying back some of its old nickel-an-acre land for more than ten times the price it had sold for, and certain parcels went for as much as fourteen dollars an acre. The sanctity of the Preserve was strictly enforced by the newly formed Forest Commission, and what remained of the woods was saved from the lumber barons. Since 1900, however, uncontested decisions by state attorneys general and the passage of constitutional amendments have violated the purist spirit of the "forever-wild" provision; for instance, public campsites were cleared in the Preserve, ski trails and a highway were authorized for Whiteface Mountain, and the Northway was constructed through Preserve land in the south of Essex County. These incursions (and there are others, still in the planning stage) have caused a deep, bitter rift between commercial-minded people, who think that the Adirondack Forest Preserve is a waste of good land, and "forever-wilders," who think that the Preserve should be just that—an untouchable sanctuary, eternally free of the inroads of civilization. The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation suffers the abuse of both groups.

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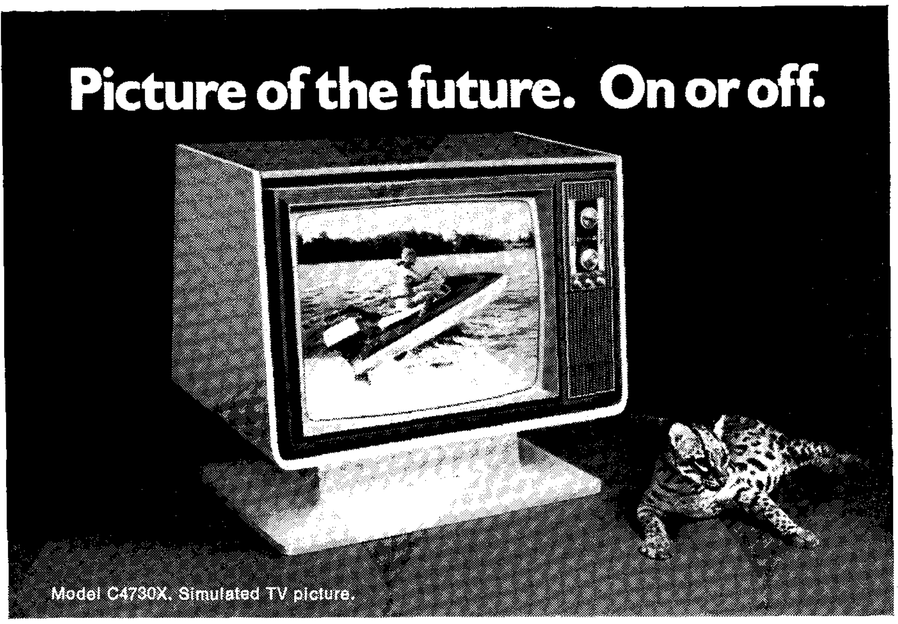
"I can see the point of the lumbermen and the others who want to prune out some trees and manage the Preserve," a senior forester at one of the Department's Adirondack headquarters said not long ago in his office outside Lake Placid. "Good managing would clear away a lot of potential fire hazards, help smaller trees to grow, provide more food for wildlife, and bring in some money for the state. What many folks are afraid of, though, is that Preserve forest managing would be difficult to control. Lumbermen would take out more than they should from state land, and there goes the forest. I believe in the forever-wild idea, and I believe recreation comes before timbering—which is to say I believe in the status quo. Laurance Rockefeller's proposal to make a national park out of the high-peaks area of the Preserve has been shelved, I gather. There was the question of damming the Hudson River near Newcomb for a reservoir, which would have inundated a lot of Preserve land and a good part of the town land. I suppose there are arguments for projects like this, but I wonder what will be left of the Preserve if bits and pieces keep getting chipped off. A dam here, a road there—it all adds up.

"People from all over love the Preserve. It may have hurt the timber industry, but it brought in millions of tourists. And, don't forget, the state pays its own way; it coughs up town and county tax money just like any other property owner. Some of the poorer towns around here would be dead broke if it weren't for the state land-tax money coming in. Our forest rangers—twelve in Essex County alone—help out the communities with rescue work and firefighting and woods maintenance. Of course, we're rough on timber thieves and game butchers. The penalty for cutting a tree on state-owned Preserve land could be as much as a hundred dollars plus three times the value of the tree. But over the long run both the locals and the tourists are pretty honest."

He walked over to a large wall map of the Adirondack Park on which the Forest Preserve land was marked in a pink crazy-quilt pattern. "We're adding acreage all the time," he said. "But it's mostly in small parcels, which is why the map looks as if it had the measles. We receive some land gifts from conservation-minded citizens, but what we buy comes from broke farmers and used-up mill lands. We take good care of what we have—watching for fires, reforesting wherever we can,



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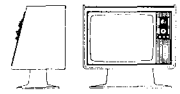
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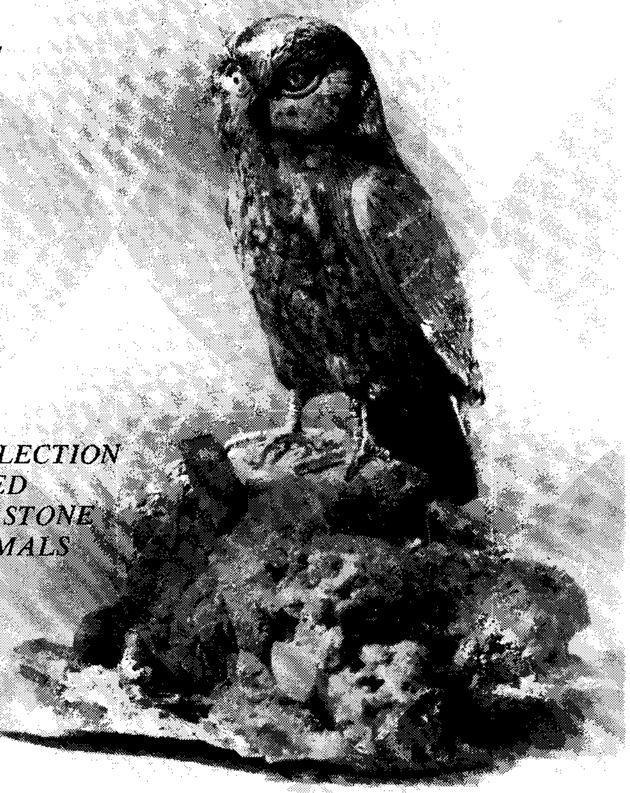

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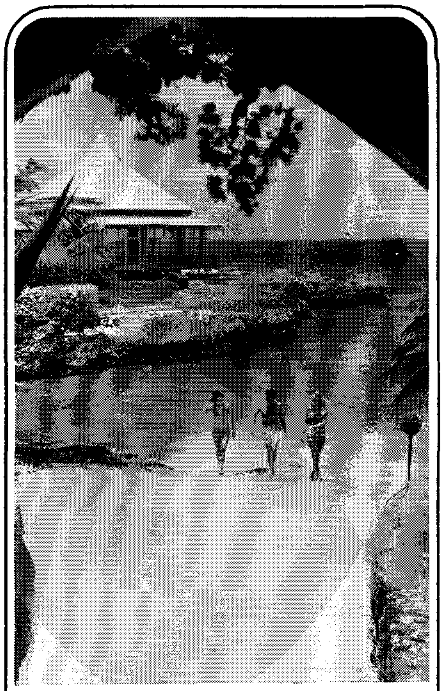

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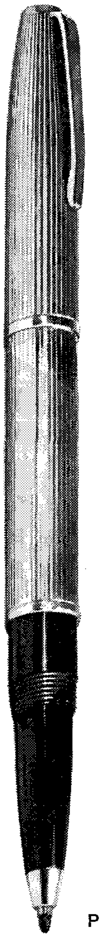
fighting tree diseases and insects. It's quite a thing, this preserved wilderness—really one of a kind, for a state to operate all by itself. The people, especially from the cities, they need something like this—something that's still a forest primeval, free of pollution and machines and noise. It's worth keeping that way." Last June, the Adirondack Park Agency was voted into existence as a regulatory body for dealing with land use in an increasingly macadamized area. Everyone agrees it will have its collective hands full.

JUST as Essex County timber was in extravagant supply when it was most needed by a burgeoning nation, rich deposits of iron ore were also discovered at precisely the right time. The fortunes amassed from iron made the timber killings look like a schoolboy's allowance. The Iroquois had long known how to fashion crude implements from the iron-bearing rock found all over the region, and, with typical generosity, they had shown the outcroppings to the first whites. (Fortuitous mineral strikes were common in the region during the pioneer years. In 1815, a Ticonderogan named Charles Wood was tending his cattle one day when he happened to hit some moss with a hatchet. The cut in the moss exposed a deep vein of high-quality graphite, which until twenty-five years ago was used in pencils trademarked "Ticonderoga.") Forges and rolling mills sprouted here and there in the North Country. One of the first American blast furnaces was built at Port Henry, in 1822. Hundreds of men, including many Italians and Poles, became miners or smelters, but they saw very little of the money that was made from their work. The profits went to the gentlemen of Wall Street, who were quick to explore and possess the area. By 1880, Essex County and Clinton County were supplying almost a quarter of all the iron ore mined in the United States.

The best deposits were in the small mountains northwest of Port Henry. A pair of dingy mining villages called Witherbee and Mineville, which sit over three deep ore beds, look for all the world like Welsh mining towns, complete with threatening tips of tailings, a few seedy, unpainted stores and taverns, an oppressive grayness in faces and things, and a rambling cemetery filled with consonantal names almost too long for the gravestones. The ore there is high-grade magnetite, which in its pure form is about seventy-two per cent iron; only some Swedish magnetite



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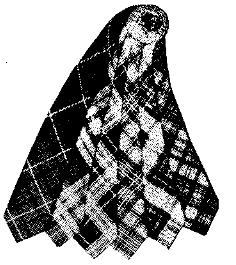

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is richer than the Mineville variety. (The superior iron made from this magnetite was chosen during the Civil War to sheathe the Monitor.) The Republic Steel Corporation took over the mines in 1938, and began using the Mineville magnetite to enrich the poorer but more plentiful ore from Minnesota and Michigan in its own steelmaking ventures. This procedure has had its ups and downs through the years.

In August, 1968, the one working mine in the area closed for the month's vacation that was allotted to the four hundred and thirty employees, and it didn't open again until February 4, 1969, when it was announced that there would be no overtime work. During the long lull, the Republic Steel executives, in cheerless metallic offices near the mines, refused to give any hint about the future of operations there, but the laid-off miners, sitting around the dismal Port Henry bars, killed their afternoons exchanging rumors. On a chilly, rainy late-summer day after it was announced that the 1968 vacation would be extended indefinitely, one of the miners—Stanley, as he will be called—nursed his Genesee beer and discussed his unpromising trade. "A fellow on the maintenance crew was just telling me that we'll be working again after Christmas," Stanley said. "But I don't know—you hear so many stories. The best thing is to wait and see. You learn that when you've been mining long enough. The younger fellows get restless and jump with every story. But fellows like me who've been around and remember the big shutdown of 1961—we just sit tight and try to make do. The union will help us out, and then there's unemployment compensation, and, if things get real tough, county welfare." Stanley spat out the last two words. "People wonder why we don't move on to where the steady jobs are," he went on. "Well, I'll tell you. There's good money in mining since the union and when things are humming. A lot of us make over two hundred a week and get some nice fringe benefits besides. That's big money up here. Most of us own the houses we live in—bought them at a good price from the company. We got roots here, and we all like the area—the outdoors, the hunting, the ice fishing on the lake. We made a good contract with the company. But even more than that is—it's kind of hard to say—the *satisfaction*, I guess you'd call it, of being a miner. When you come up out of the shafts after a day's work, you feel like a man—like you did something. It's dangerous down there—we

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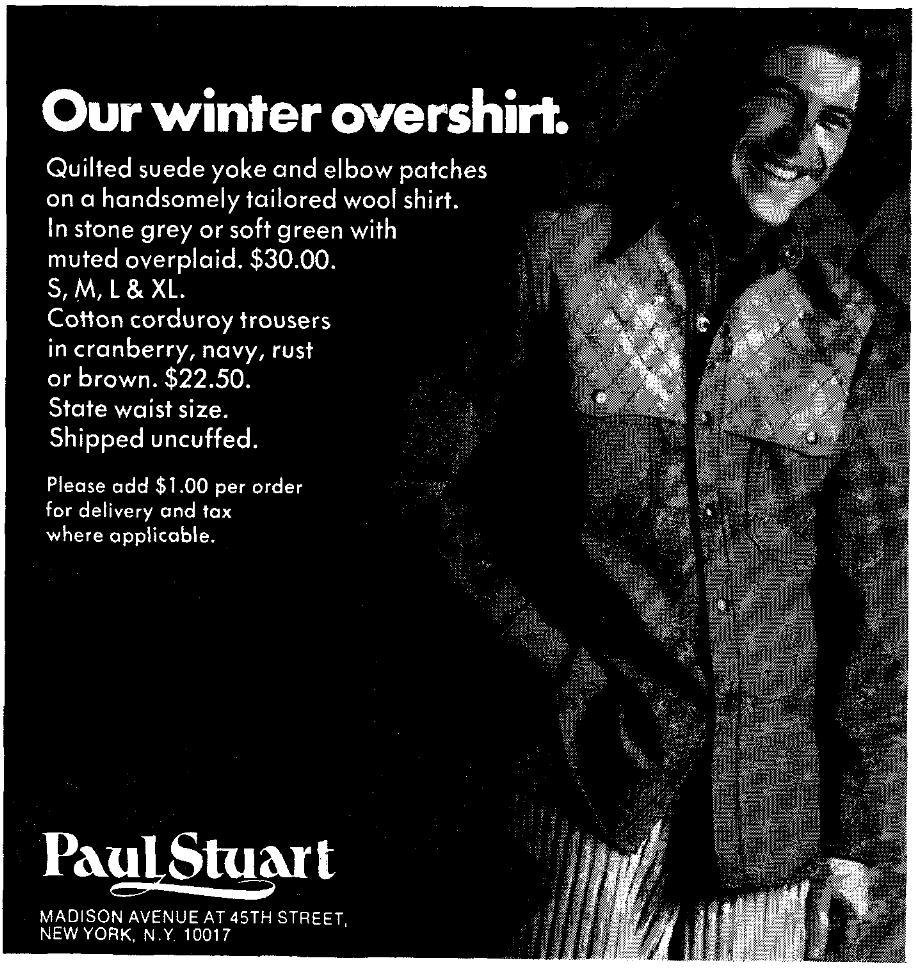

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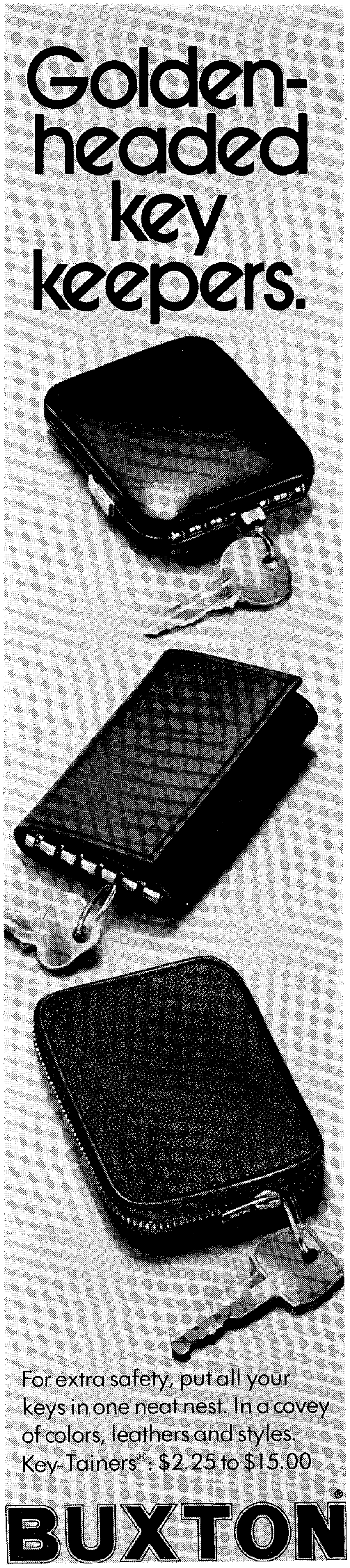

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Stanley's face reddened slightly, and he finished his beer and continued, "The reason the mine is having a bad time is the engineers aren't exploring any new beds. When the iron formed around here, millions of years ago, it spread out underground like sort of fingers. Well, for over a hundred years now we've been blasting ore, which has been just dandy, but now they're beginning to run out of the stuff. The company has got to blast out over a million tons a year to break even. There are still huge pillars of pure ore down there for the taking, but if we cut those what's going to hold up the mine? The company would rather cut production than touch those pillars. What with the big ore finds in Labrador, I'm afraid this mine will die sooner or later. It's too expensive for the big boys in the Cleveland home office, I guess."

Stanley ordered another beer. "If we never open again, I don't know what will happen to the younger fellows," he said. "Maybe they'll get work at the new paper plant in Ti, maybe they'll work on the road, maybe they'll pack up and move on. But they won't be miners, and that's a shame. I got enough time in so I can afford to sit out the layoff and stay with mining. There's a pension coming to me, and the Social Security, one day. I guess I'll just sit it out." Since last July, Stanley and his co-workers have been doing a lot more sitting, or they have moved on. All mining operations have again been indefinitely halted at Mineville and Witherbee. A Meals on Wheels program—providing hot, nutritious food at little or no cost to poverty-stricken families still living in the area—is currently rolling through the streets of the depressed villages.

The success story of Essex County mining is in Tahawus (locally pronounced "Ta-HAWS"), a churning industrial speck in the wilderness just southwest of Mount Marcy and the primary source of the Hudson River, Lake Tear of the Clouds. There, twenty-four hours a day, NL Industries (formerly the National Lead Company) mines one of the world's largest producing deposits of precious ilmenite titanium ore, which is used to make pigments for paper, paint, ceramics, and rubber. Contentment is usually the rule in isolated Tahawus; there are two hundred or so employees, who have felt the need to go out on strike only once—they have been out since August 31st—and the open-pit operations make the mining reasonably safe. But before Tahawus reached this state of near economic utopia, it weathered some truly legendary vicissitudes.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Archibald McIntyre, the owner of an unprofitable iron furnace in North Elba, sent his son John with Duncan McMartin, Jr., a business partner, and David Henderson, an ambitious engineer, to prospect for silver in the high peaks of the Adirondacks. By all accounts, a Canadian Indian mysteriously appeared one day and showed a piece of iron ore to Henderson. "You want to see 'um ore, me fine plenty—all same," the Indian was quoted as saying. "Me hunt beaver all 'lone, and fine 'um where water run over iron dam." For a dollar and fifty cents and a bit of tobacco, this central-casting Indian led the party to an "iron dam" at the then unknown headwaters of the Hudson—actually, a ledge of iron ore across a stream. The prospectors realized that the ledge must be an outcrop of an inestimable ore deposit, and hastened to Albany, where they bought more than a hundred thousand acres of the area from the state at ten cents an acre. Under Archibald McIntyre's aegis, they formed the Adirondac Iron & Steel Co., and for a while their little industry in the woods flourished. They tried all sorts of experimental methods for smelting iron into steel, and by the eighteen-fifties they had founded two communities—Adirondac and Tahawus (the latter name taken from the Senecan "He splits the sky," supposedly referring to Mount Marcy). Adirondac had a population of four hundred, a bank, and a school. Tahawus was a smaller village. There was a rough wagon road through the forest to Lake Champlain. Apart from the problem of hauling iron some forty miles by wagon to the lake, there was the vexing matter of an odd, heat-resistant impurity that made the iron difficult to work with and caused a lot of customer complaints. The impurity had been identified as titanium, but at the time nobody could figure out a practical use for it. Luck began to run out for the adventurous company. Rampaging floods, financial panic, and the nuisance of the titanium soon turned Adirondac and Tahawus into ghost towns. Adirondac was later acquired by some wealthy sportsmen and became the Tahawus Club, on whose rustic premises Theodore Roosevelt learned that McKinley was dying. But for the most part the

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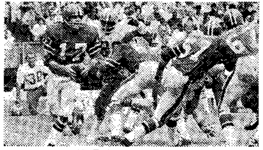

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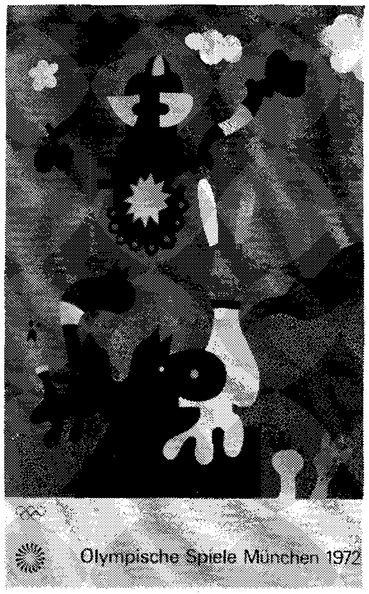

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once bustling industrial complex reverted to bush.

A practical use for titanium was finally discovered—a process that converted this blackest of minerals into the whitest of pigments. For many years, however, Norway and India supplied all the raw titanium that American industry wanted. Then the Second World War put a sudden end to that supply. Titanium was urgently needed by the armed forces—as a smoke-screen chemical, among other things—and in 1941 the government gave high priority to the National Lead Company to reactivate Tahawus and extract ilmenite from the iron ore there. A highway, bridges, electric-power lines, and processing plants were hastily constructed, and fifteen months later Tahawus was alive again—with a population of eight hundred. Since then, two more vast transformations have visited Tahawus. In 1953, Sanford Lake—actually a widening of the Hudson River as it rushes out of the mountains—was filled in with tailings, and the Hudson was rerouted through a man-made canal. (The NL Industries executives at Tahawus claim proudly that they've been able to keep their part of the river free of pollution, despite the industrial activity on its banks.) Ten years later, the company decided to obliterate the workers' village of Tahawus, because it was sitting right on top of an extremely valuable ore bed. Rather than build another community from scratch, National Lead literally moved the entire village to Newcomb, twelve miles away. Houses, apartment buildings, a store, and two churches were hoisted onto gigantic flatbed trailer trucks and hauled to the newly prepared site. It is generally accepted by the natives that the "village move," as it is called, was the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened in Essex County. Today, a Texaco station is all that is left of the old Tahawus. As for Adirondac, it has become a ghost town again, poked through by summer hikers on their way up trails to Mount Marcy.

A qualified success story in Essex County mining, but one with as much potential as titanium, concerns a fibrous, talclike mineral called wollastonite. The Essex town of Willsboro has the only commercial source of wollastonite in the nation, and while this may seem to be a heaven-sent economic blessing, there are, unfortunately, very few commercial uses for the mineral. That sort of situation is stoically accepted as just another example of North Country luck.

The man responsible for whatever

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value wollastonite has at present is a gracious, pipe-smoking geologist, mining engineer, and county elder named Koert D. Burnham. Burnham became interested in the possibilities of wollastonite in 1936, through his father, a much admired self-made man who was an intimate of John Burroughs, Thomas Edison, and Henry Ford. "My father was full of wild, idealistic notions," Burnham told a friend not long ago. "Like building inexpensive log cabins that an earthquake couldn't budge, and maintaining his own deer-breeding preserve, and using different Essex County towns along Lake Champlain as assembly-line stops for manufacturing Ford automobiles. Henry Ford thought a lot of that last idea back in 1915, but it didn't pan out. What a pity! We would've been one big Detroit here. Maybe it's not such a pity after all. Anyway, my father saw a future for wollastonite. I got a grant to explore its potential. I had studied geology at Columbia, and naturally I became fascinated with the stuff myself. We discovered that the needle-like fibres of wollastonite crisscross to form natural lamination, and therefore could be used to make extra tough molds and cement." Burnham opened a desk drawer and brought out a six-inch strip of cement mixed with wollastonite. He tried to break the strip with his hands but was unable to. "You see," he said. "You can't crack this compound unless you use a hammer. Great rupture strength. Also, it has some of the properties of asbestos, and you can use it for insulation, nose cones, ceramic ball bearings—in fact, ceramics of all kinds. We've assigned some money to Alfred University, over in the southwestern part of the state, for ceramic research on wollastonite. Something can be done, too, with garnets, which are a by-product of wollastonite refining. But so far we're still waiting for the big breakthrough. My company, Northern Minerals, owns patents on wollastonite, and the Willsboro mine is operated now by the Interpace Corporation of New Jersey. Our Lewis mine will be used for research until there is a greater demand for the mineral. Most of what is mined now goes into paints, ceramics, and plastics. Interpace employs only eighty people, but if all I hope for comes true we could hire thousands someday. This weird little mineral could solve all the economic problems in the county, and in a couple of other counties besides."

Burnham inherited a five-thousand-acre estate, Highlands Forge, from his father, and he maintains it with passion-

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ate dedication. It borders on Lake Champlain near Willsboro and includes its own small lake, several mountains, guest cottages, a deer park, a geological laboratory, and a cedar-fence-post factory. In addition, it affords one of the most awesome views in the North Country. The squire of all this is fond of showing visitors the estate by Jeep. "Highlands Forge used to be just that—an old forge town, complete with school and post office," he said during a ride on his property one day. "It went bust, just like the others. I still dig up the damnedest iron tools from time to time, and I've got practically a museum of them back at the main house. Now, over there is the cedar-post factory. We're fortunate in having two men who are experts at hand-stripping cedar. It was almost a forgotten craft until I found these fellows and trained them. I have three other men cutting cedar trees on my property. We Essex men are amazing people, if I do say so myself. One of my old woodsmen—he could pound nails in with his fist. He was totally illiterate, and yet he could memorize complicated mechanical plans and repair just about anything I gave him. Incredible fellow. He raised nine children and always managed by his wits and his self-reliance. You hear a lot about how the North Country man is turning into a welfare bum. Well, if wollastonite becomes really big up here, I haven't the slightest doubt that our men can rise to the occasion and the technological challenge. There's still wealth in these mountains and strength in the people. But we could use a little luck, too."

THE most significant resource of Essex County is its natural beauty—the basis of tourism and recreation in the North Country. "Tourism is our meat and potatoes," a man in the county government said not long ago. "It brings in the sales tax and the profit to our stores. But to be honest, I wish to hell we had some other meat and potatoes. The visitors' money maybe keeps us going from year to year, and I'll say thank God for that. But it's no solution to our perpetual job bind, and, besides, it's a lousy way to make a living."

"The Business," as it is sometimes called by those in it, takes several forms, all closely allied. The biggest is the hundred-year-old resort commerce, made possible by the county's physical features and reputation for restoring health. While the grand-hotel variety of resort has pretty much disappeared,

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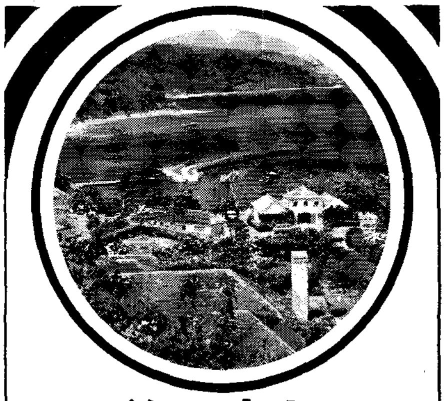

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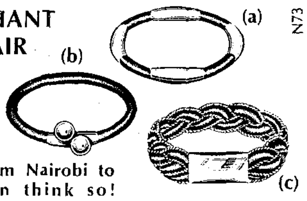

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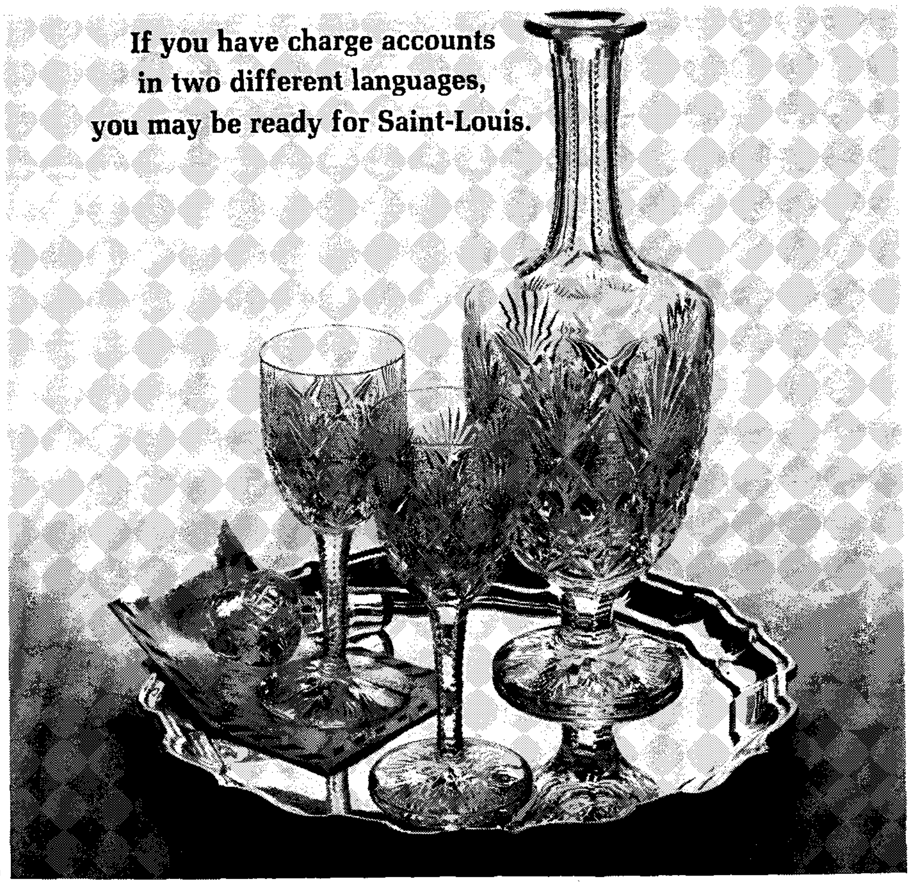
the summer-place-in-the-mountains variety is growing as fast as the availability of rural real estate within a day's drive of the big Eastern cities is declining. Well-designed colonies of modest summer houses or winter ski houses have sprung up throughout the area, bringing seasonal spasms of prosperity to local builders and tradesmen.

But in numbers of both tourists and dollars the so-called Adirondack Attractions are the heart of the Business. From May to October, these tourist traps—some manufactured, some natural, some historical, some recreational, and some a little of all four—transform the county into bumper-sticker country as thousands of middle-class American and Canadian vacationers arrive with their children and pets to take in the sights. The man-made attractions owe their existence to the old-fashioned amusement park and to Walt Disney. With such names as Frontier Town; Santa's Workshop, at North Pole, New York; the Land of Makebelieve; and the Sterling Alaska Fur and Game Farm, these attractions obviously appeal to children, and the travelling middle class has lots of children. Natural attractions, such as Ausable Chasm and the road to the summit of Whiteface Mountain, and the historical sites, such as Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, also draw the kiddies. However, the recreation, or sports, part of the Business lures an older, richer crowd, and in the Whiteface-Lake Placid area it has breathed some life into the once dead winter economy. Skiing, skating, snowmobiling, and even bobsledding are so popular, in fact, that on good weekends the winter-recreation tourists may outnumber the summer, spring, and fall bathers, hikers, campers, fishermen, and hunters combined.

The remaining part of the tourism economy consists of the satellite rings of motels, gas stations, hot-dog stands, laundromats, gift shops, and the like that surround each piece of the Business. These enterprises employ a large segment of the county's working people, but the employment is by and large seasonal. Indeed, it is the ephemeral employment inherent in tourism that causes county leaders to view the growth of the Business with something less than joy. For instance, four hundred and eighteen tourism-connected services were listed for Essex County in the 1971 *New York State Statistical Yearbook*, but in the off-season week of March 12th only six hundred and thirty-seven persons were employed by all these services.

The capricious nature of both the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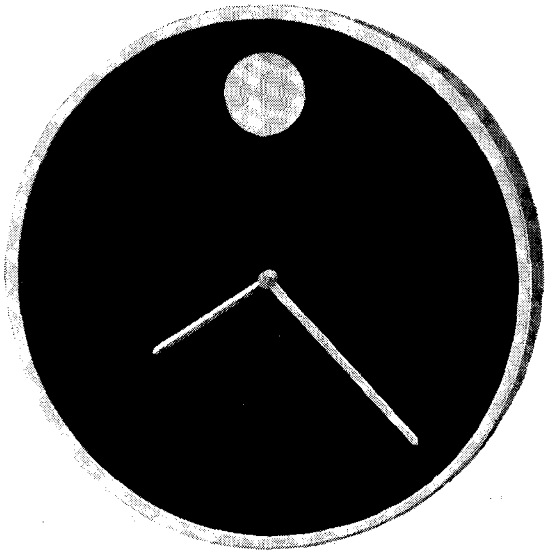

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elements and the tourists is another reason that some natives nip at the hand that feeds them. The entire economy of the Business, and thus of the region, can be critically hurt by, say, a long January thaw, a rainy Fourth of July, or a snowless Christmas. Essex is probably the only county in New York State where this is true. The Business is iffy, at best; nobody really knows just how many tourists may decide in a given summer to visit the seashore instead of the mountains.

So the last hope for economic stability in Essex County rests with that famous, elusive dream of contemporary rural America—light, "clean" industry. But, as the entire population seems to shout daily, "Where is it?" Every person who asks that question tends to supply a different answer, and every answer has some claim on the truth. Karl Hofmann, the executive director of the Eastern Adirondack Economic Development Commission, feels that one solution lies with training the local youth in a vocational-trades center for the new technological society. He assumes that industry would want to come to a region with a pool of skilled workers. He believes that cheaper, more efficient transportation facilities—perhaps utilizing Lake Champlain as it was used by the Indians and the pioneers—would also help create interest in the area. "We've got literally mountains of mine tailings in Mineville and Tahawus," he said. "It's great material for making cinder blocks and road fill. They used quite a bit of it in the Northway construction. The trouble is, *it costs so much to ship out that heavy* stuff from up here in the Sticks that it's not economically practical. The upshot is, we don't have a thriving cinder-block industry—and we should."

Arthur Douglas, who is the Democratic County Chairman and the first Democratic town supervisor in the long history of Jay, still hopes political action might be the key to the county's problems. He was a close friend of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, and he gained through that friendship some high-level interest in his town's difficulties. "I also worked through Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Howard Samuels and other politicians I know to get some light industry here," Douglas told a visitor. "They promised they'd send experts up, at least to advise us about on-the-job training. Some people did show up, but nothing much happened. Now they're all out, and Nixon's in, and I don't know what can be done. Maybe Senator Javits will help."

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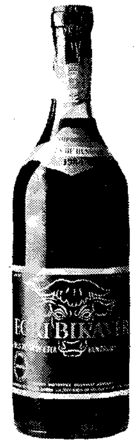

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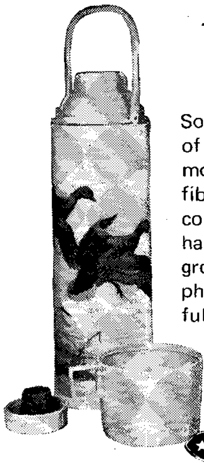

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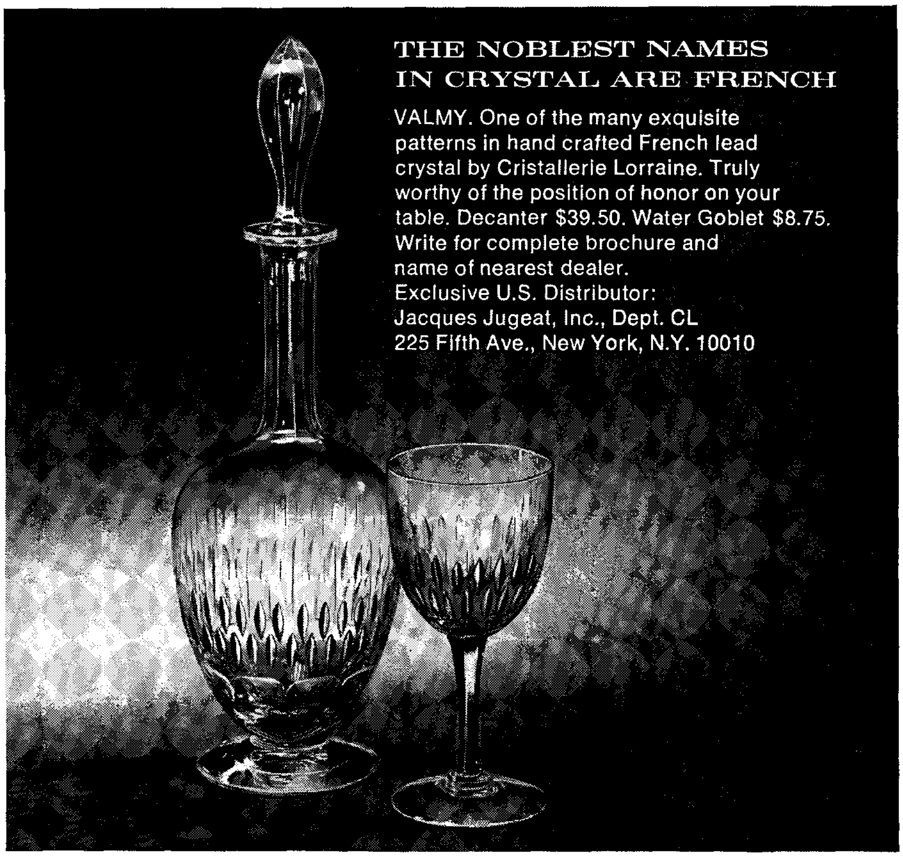
One rather bitter businessman blamed the natives themselves for discouraging light industry. "Some people around these parts are just plain lazy no-goods," he said. "They give a bad image. They're backward, they're heavy drinkers, and most of them would rather hunt than work. They won't do anything to help themselves—won't tie their own shoelaces unless you pay them for it. By now they're used to living on welfare and from hand to mouth; their kids imitate them and think that's the way life is. Why, hell, you see three generations of one family on welfare sometimes. No self-respect left. Just like with your city colored. Same damn thing. Any unskilled loafer from here could go down to Schenectady and get employment training for free, but how many take advantage of this? I'll tell you: practically no one. And I'll tell you something else: a lot of the unskilled got spoiled years back working for four dollars an hour building the Northway and some government missile sites near Au Sable. What a god-awful waste that was! They abandoned those missile bases almost as soon as they were finished, and they ruined the wage scale for us businessmen. These mountain people get spoiled easy."

Richard W. Lawrence, Jr., of Elizabethtown, who was recently appointed Chairman of the Adirondack Park Agency, took an opposite view, citing the inborn rugged character of North Country men as a deterrent to change. "People are isolated up here, and they like it that way," Lawrence said. "Most of them feel they can take care of themselves somehow—you can always shoot a deer, or whatever, if you're starving—and they fight the idea of banding together for the greater good of the community. It's a kind of I'm-not-my-brother's-keeper attitude. They fight education and new concepts. They'll have to let their hair down a little. Look what was accomplished just across the lake in Vermont with some good public relations and the coöperation of the people. Executives want to settle in Vermont nowadays. Of course, I can see small changes in the old attitudes. We've learned to speak to neighbors who live more than a couple of miles away, and even to folks in another county. Essex and Franklin finally got together in 1967 and started the North Country Community College, in Saranac Lake. It's just a two-year college, but it's the only one we have. And, I must admit, our people are becoming half civil with the tourists lately. At least they don't give



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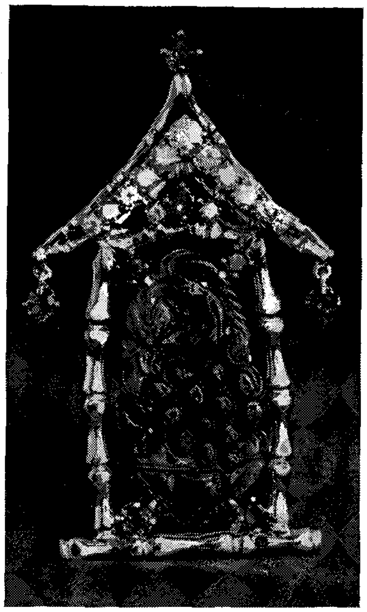

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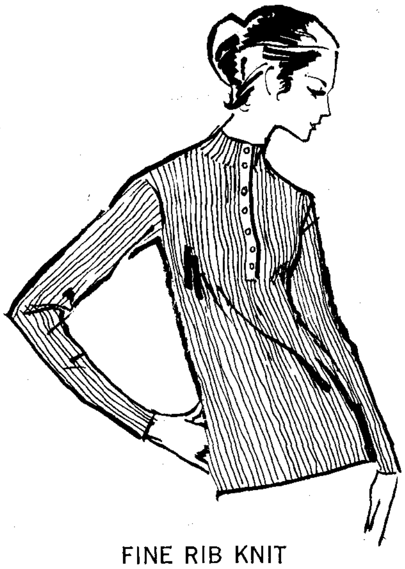

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them wrong directions on purpose. That's something."

With harsh bluntness, another businessman offered still another reason for the lack of new industry. "The truth of the matter is that some of the folks around here don't want industry of any kind moving in, because they're afraid that with it will come more wops and Polacks or even—heaven forbid!—niggers and spiks," he said. "They don't want to upset the ethnic balance of things. They like it the way it is, depression and all."

In spite of the obstacles, a few men have taken a chance on establishing light industry in the county. Such a pioneer is Walter E. Kenzel, who until his retirement last June was the president of the Dipak Manufacturing Company, of Westport, a firm that molds expandable Polystyrene for packaging, flotation buoys, and pallets. "I came to Westport from New York City in 1945 to help start a small contracting company," Kenzel told a visitor to his office, an unpretentious storefront near the Dipak plant. "We were doing poorly in the winters, so in 1959 we decided to start a plastics factory by selling stock to certain people in the area. Sort of a self-help project. We converted a barn near Westport and went ahead. It was rough sledding at first, until we hit on this custom-molded Polystyrene. Now we're moving, and we've got seven full-time employees and a salesman who covers the East for us. The future looks pretty good.

"I think the local boys who work for us are as good as they come. They work hard, and they're diligent. But I'm afraid not many businessmen would want to take a chance on our labor pool, the way they do in Vermont, say. Our men don't have the same heritage for machine work that New Englanders do. Businessmen can't be bothered with too much training of employees. The logistics of industry up here limit sales and growth, especially with bulky stuff. There's no getting away from it—we are isolated, even with the Northway. I'll manufacture my products and ship them out as long as it pays me to do it. But if I have to ship too far it doesn't pay. The way the transportation situation is now, we can't compete with a plant in New Jersey, for instance."

All the knots and loose ends snarling the economy of Essex County eventually come together in one immense, seemingly hopeless tangle called welfare. The welfare problem is what every resident, comfortable or destitute,

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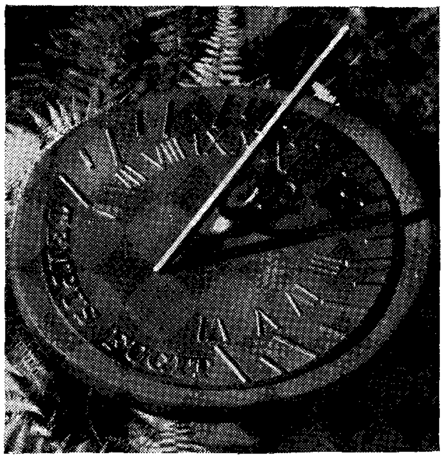

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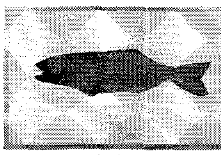

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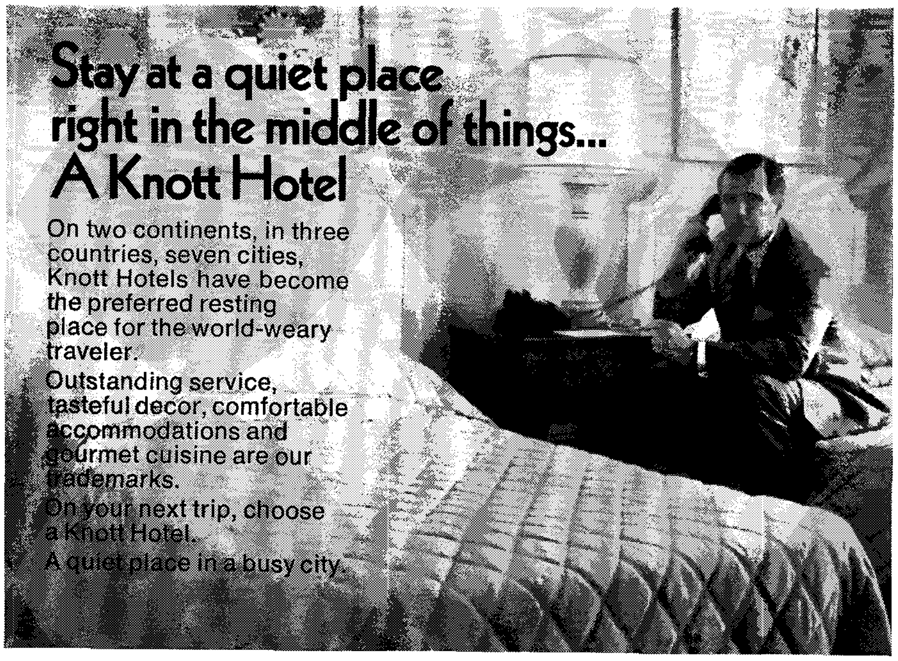
must live with every day, and for the essentially conservative, individualistic citizenry, living with it is not easy. The generalities of welfare are staggering. Over half of the 1971 county budget is going for social services, and although seventy per cent of that expenditure is being reimbursed by state and federal funds, the balance is still a frightening drain on taxpayers. (In New York City, where welfare costs are notorious, only one-quarter of the total nine-billion-dollar budget is assigned to social services.) Twenty-eight hundred people out of the total population of thirty-four thousand six hundred receive direct county welfare, not including Medicaid. Six hundred and seventy-nine families receive United States Department of Agriculture food stamps. And employees concerned with welfare distribution make up one of the larger and better-paid working groups on the county and town payrolls (inspiring one worker to say that they are welfare cases themselves). At present, welfare costs have risen to nearly five million dollars a year, and they are likely to continue rising.

FROM the top of an Essex County mountain on a clear day, rolling stretches of the county unfold in startlingly fine focus, like a perfect relief map. In the constant, elevated perspective of the area, nature spookily imitates art: the lakes are like plastic sheets set in vivid molded verdure; the rivers are delicate silver ribbons; the rock faces and trees of other mountains seem too clearly visible for the distance, except those on the horizon, which are always a mysterious hazy blue; the villages and farms are flawless scaled-down representations, clean and white, disclosing nothing of the troubles within. Nature is a ubiquitous presence, whether the perspective is from a mountaintop or a village street. There is no escaping it. The people have long since become accustomed to living with nature; they are a part of it, married to it in a way that visitors from drearier topographies can never understand. It is their institution, their civilization, their art.

The seasons change with the sharpness expected of northeastern America, but the high Adirondacks and the harsh Canadian winds lengthen the winters and abbreviate the summers. It can snow heavily in April, and in August a few maple leaves may suddenly turn after a nippy night. By late August, whole mountaintops can be gleaming red and yellow, even though the swimming is still comfortable in the lakes and rivers below. Spring and fall are



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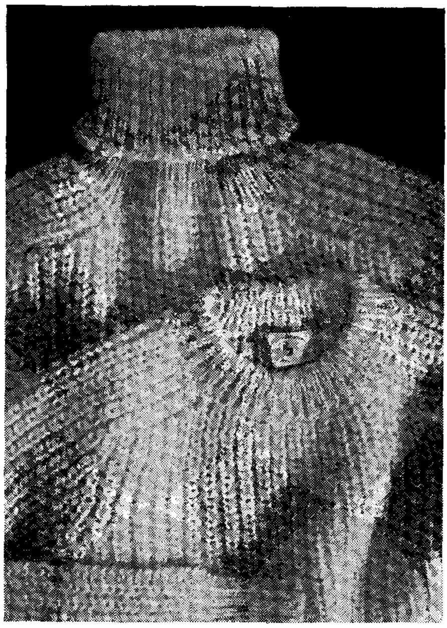

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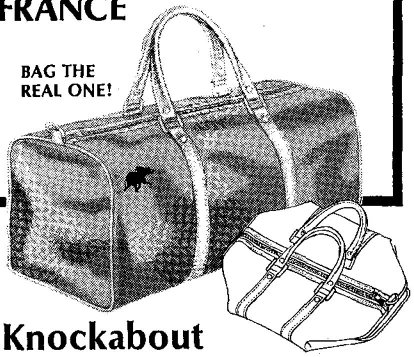
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dearly loved, winter is barely tolerated, and summer is mostly for making money. But, no matter what the season, weather is not just something to chat about; rather, it is ruminated upon, analyzed, tasted, collated, experienced, respected. Local radio and television stations give unusually frequent and complete weather reports, noting every possibility of change, and daily technical broadcasts from the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center, on Whiteface Mountain, are listened to as if they were divine decrees. A carefully planned budget can be devastated by a bad winter's fuel bills. Healthy crops are essential. An unseasonable frost or thaw can keep tourists away. Weather, then, means money. Yet there is room for country humor about the weather. Outdoor workers like to talk about its "heating up" when the temperature rises to ten below zero on a February afternoon. Children will tease any contemporary who covers his ears in winter or wears shoes in summer. Maxims for predicting the weather are cherished. (An Upper Jay matron, the late Mrs. Carrie Pelkey, once claimed that she had never missed with her rule of thumb: "If there's enough blue in the sky to make your husband a pair of pants, it'll be a good enough day.") It is no accident that the first thing a visitor sees at the Adirondack Center Museum, in Elizabethtown, is a mammoth ground-to-roof "thermometer" attached to the building's exterior. It shows temperature records for the North Country; the lowest was fifty-two degrees below zero; the highest was a hundred and five above.

The region's flora and fauna are its cultural treasures, and the people are possessive and in awe of them. For instance, Dr. Orra A. Phelps, a retired physician in her mid-seventies, leaves her home near Saratoga every summer to take on the demanding post of ranger-naturalist for the Adirondack Mountain Club, which maintains a lodge and camping area eight miles outside Lake Placid, at the start of a trail to the peak of Mount Marcy. As an adviser on nature and ecology for the club's nearly six thousand members, she is constantly aware of even the most subtle changes in the North Country environment. "In the Adirondack forests, the floral growth and soil chemistry are just beginning to come back to what should be considered normal after the devastation of heavy lumbering and severe forest fires over the last hundred years," she said recently. "While there are very few places hereabouts where the giant spruce is undis-

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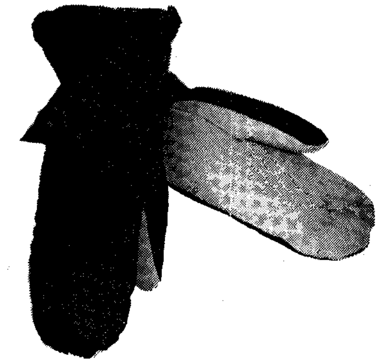

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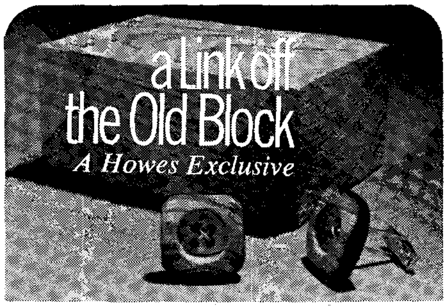

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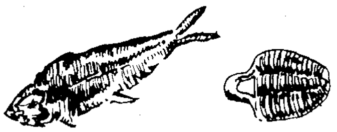

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turbed, the balsam fir and the white birch are slowly returning. The white pine, which was so sought after by the timber men, is having the devil's own time starting up again, because the seedlings don't like to be in the shade of bigger trees. They need the sun, but they don't grow fast enough to get ahead of the others. Our rare and beautiful Arctic alpine plants, like the Lapland rosebay, are suffering from all the traffic up on the high peaks of Marcy, Haystack, and Skylight. There's a tightly woven mat of vegetation on top of those mountains, and the hikers and climbers sometimes carelessly walk on the plants and ruin their growth. We get as many as two hundred and fifty people on top of Mount Marcy on a summer weekend afternoon. We're trying to educate them to stay on the rocks and not on the rosebay. But in general the flora is holding its own, thanks to the tough Forest Preserve regulations. Oh, there's been a gradual diminution of wild flowers, though, and a few species may be lost entirely if the idea of a totally managed forest ever comes to pass. Witch-hobble and striped-maple shrubs, which our deer love to browse on, would certainly be trampled by lumbermen or cut out altogether to promote growth of timber trees."

The prevalent white-tailed deer of the Adirondacks have had a hard time of it during the past couple of winters, because of unusually deep snows. There are fewer deer now than there were twenty years ago largely because of winter starvation, Dr. Phelps believes, and not so much from the more mobile hunters with their high-powered rifles and telescopic sights. Moose and elk do not survive any longer in the Adirondacks; one theory has it that a parasitic disease carried by the white-tailed deer is particularly deadly for their bigger relatives. Panthers and wolves, too, are nonexistent now, but coyotes have been spotted from time to time near rabbit warrens. Bears flourish near outlying town dumps and isolated camps, and martens and fishers have come back to the thickening woods. There are plenty of beavers, despite their profitable pelts. The beaver, however, is a source of ecological dispute. Streams are radically changed by beaver dams, and trees die in the backed-up pools. But local environmentalists like Dr. Phelps prefer the natural cycle of beaver dams and dead trees to open season on the North Country creatures. Besides, both native and hatchery trout favor the beaver pools over the clear, fast, generally

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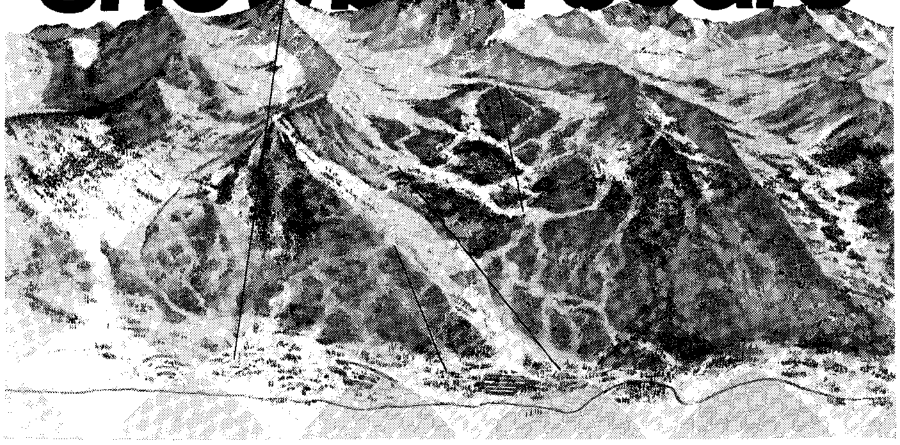

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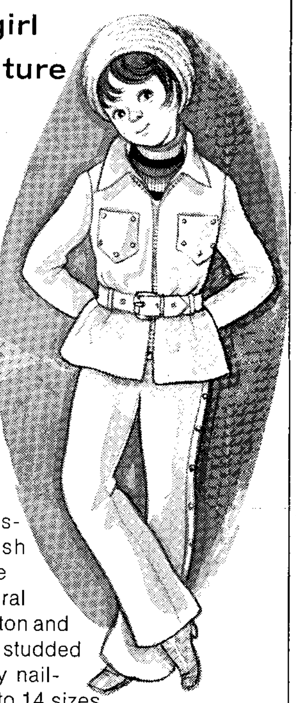

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insect-free streams, and everybody likes trout.

Herring gulls are still following the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain and on up the rivers and streams to easy food, and most Adirondack avian varieties, from songbirds to hawks, are abundant. "The wild ducks never appreciated this area especially," Dr. Phelps said. "And we've had a report of only one raven seen in the last ten years. They seem to like Canadian forests better. One of the saddest things for me is the disappearance of the bald and golden eagles, those beautiful creatures that used to be all over these mountains. An occasional specimen comes to visit, but they haven't nested here recently. What happened was that through the years they ate fish full of DDT, which made their eggs too soft for the mother eagles to sit on. The only ones we ever see nowadays are the old, old birds who still have a sentimental feeling for our part of the world."

While a city dweller would consider a resident of an Essex village to be most certainly living in the country, the villager would disagree. The real country to him, if he is solvent, is his camp, which can mean anything from a comfortable house to a tent erected in the wilderness. To go "up to camp" on a spring, summer, or fall weekend is to get away from it all and become reacquainted with one's cultural heritage. There in the woods, chipmunks are welcomed and tamed, healthy spruce and pine are admired, dying elms are pitied, trout are caught, venison is hung, flowers and vegetables are nursed, children are instructed, maple trees are tapped, and, as one camp owner put it, "you sit back and just eat the air with a spoon and don't let nothing get you down." The camp also satisfies the residual pioneer spirit in the North Country man. He feels closer to his ancestors there, and he likes the idea of making do with primitive means. Camps are frequently community projects, as pioneer cabins were two centuries ago. When a camp belonging to Jack Devlin, a Wilmington store owner, burned down, his friends pitched in and helped him rebuild it in a few weekends. All he had to pay for was the lumber. With snowmobiles catching on among those who can afford to buy them, camps can now be reached in the winter, and that season has thus been made a little more tolerable, if noisier. But the area's forests and wildlife are for everyone, rich or poor. "When you're in the woods, it's all different, whether you're hunting

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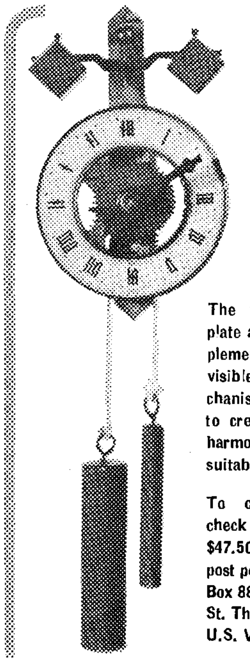

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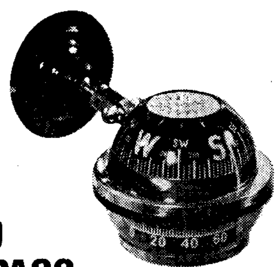

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or fishing or sitting on your butt looking up at the trees," a seasonal restaurant worker said. "You forget about the rotten job you have, or maybe the job you don't have. Most of all, you forget about money and having to humble yourself taking a welfare handout or food stamps. The time goes by in big chunks, and before you know it another day's gone and you feel better. It's like medicine for the soul, and it's a hell of a lot easier to take than religion."

Through its long history of ups and downs, the future of Essex County has been a matter of concern to inhabitants, but rarely of serious worry. Now there is worry in the county: worry about the dead and dying farms, the used-up mines, the mills that close, the clean-industry factories that never seem to open; worry about the tourists, the forests, the meat on the table, the long winters, the short summers; worry about the bills, the welfare, the job; worry about the children who are going away; and worry about the city's coming closer, and the consequent loss of uniqueness, of pride, of what's theirs. An old man who has lived along the western shore of Lake Champlain all his life explained the feelings of the people to a city friend not long ago. "All our problems are real ones, but nobody knows, nobody really cares," he said. "We're big and empty and poor—not like the Deep South but poor all the same. Mountain poor. The city people think of us—if they think of us at all—as a great big amusement park, a sort of woodsy Jones Beach, set up for their pleasure and whatever else they can take from us. Well, it's true, in a way. We have all this land, all this scenery, all this history. They see our nice clean houses and plenty of space for kids to run around in, and they think everything is peachy with us. Well, it isn't. We used to be able to make do by ourselves, but it doesn't seem to work out that way anymore. Now we're in danger of disappearing altogether, like the old giant spruce. There are people living up here in the Sticks—not many, it's true, but people nevertheless—and we have the same wants and feelings as city people. Right now, like a lot of city people, we need some help." —BURTON BERNSTEIN

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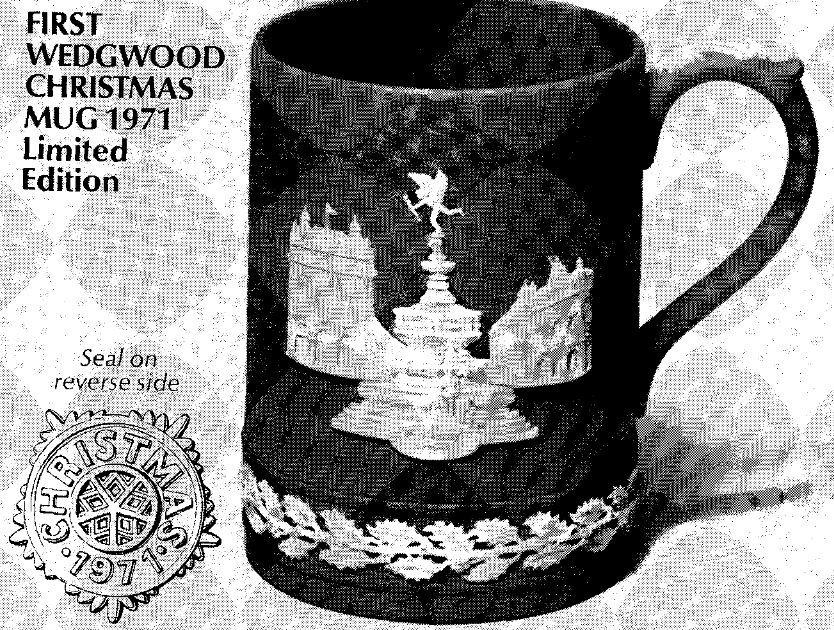

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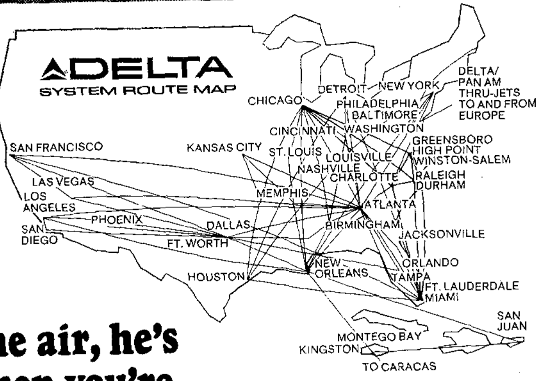
THERE was an unusual sequence in "Christopher Strong," an arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie back in 1933. Hepburn played a famous record-breaking aviatrix, obviously modelled on Amelia Earhart, who fell in love with a distinguished political figure, a married man (Colin Clive). He was drawn to her because, unlike his conventionally feminine wife (Billie Burke), she had audacity and independence; he said that that was what he loved her for. But as soon as they went to bed together, he insisted, late on the very first night, that she not fly in the match she was entered in. There were many movies in the thirties in which women were professionals and the equals of men, but I don't know of any other scene that was so immediately recognizable to women of a certain kind as *their* truth. It was clear that the man wasn't a bastard, and that he was doing this out of anxiety and tenderness—out of love, in his terms. Nevertheless, the heroine's acquiescence destroyed her. There are probably few women who have ever accomplished anything beyond the care of a family who haven't in one way or another played that scene. Even those who were young girls at the time recognized it, I think, if only in a premonitory sense. It is the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene, and it's on film; probably it got there because the movie was written by a woman, Zoë Akins, and directed by a woman, Dorothy Arzner.

I thought of it when I saw "Billy Jack" last week, because after the heroine (Delores Taylor), a Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school" on an Indian reservation, is raped by the son of a right-wing bully, she describes her emotions in terms of a specific feminine anger at the violation of her person. She may appear to be making too much of what happened; certainly the boring insistence of her tone is, by normal dramatic standards, a drag. Yet her reactions have some truth to women's feelings and to women's difficulties in articulating these feelings. The sequence doesn't have the high gloss of the crucial scene in "Christopher Strong," which was accomplished in a few seconds—a line or two of dialogue, and that was it. The specifically feminine material in "Billy Jack" isn't slick at all; the movie just stops and lets the woman try to analyze her feelings. She speaks haltingly in a singsong monotone—as if she were working it out—and the scene is more affecting when you think about it afterward than when she's talking.

Movies have featured rapes and attempted rapes from the beginning of movies; rapes, after all, have both sex and violence. But I can't remember another movie in which the rape victim explained what the invasion of her body meant to her or how profound the insult and humiliation were. This woman isn't young—a woman of indeterminate age, she looks like a Dorothea Lange photograph of a hungry mountain woman; it's never suggested that she's a virgin, and she hasn't been beaten or injured. This kind of rape might be treated jeeringly, as of no consequence. Yet the film pauses for these emotions, which were perhaps improvised by Delores Taylor, who also narrates the story in her plain, characterless, non-actressy voice. Squinting, and talking out of the side of her mouth, she really looks like what she plays—a hard, dedicated pacifist. The schoolmistress is a heroine by virtue of what she does and how she thinks, not how glamorous she looks. Throughout the film, the girls in her charge—even the young beauties—are non-flirtatious, straight-talking girls, and as independent as the boys. One girl wears false eyelashes and comes on, but she's treated as a case.

The credits read, "Directed by T. C. Frank. Screenplay by Teresa Cristina and Mr. Frank. Produced by Mary Rose Solti." Those credits are as fake as they sound. Actually, there is no Mary Rose Solti, nor is there a T. C. Frank, and Teresa Cristina (T. C.) is the name of one of the children of Tom Laughlin, who plays Billy Jack, and his wife, Delores Taylor, who made the picture together. They wrote it and produced it jointly; he was the director. I don't know the reason for the pseudonyms (perhaps simply to augment the size of the team?), but the Laughlins played the same game in their first picture—a wheeler, "Born Losers," released by A.I.P. in 1967—though in that one the fake names they threw in were masculine. That film, which they began on their own and then sold to A.I.P., is one of the three or four most profitable A.I.P. films. The character of Billy Jack, the half-Indian war veteran who has become a loner, has been carried over from "Born Losers," in which he came to the aid of a boy beaten by an outlaw motorcycle gang. The Laughlins started "Billy Jack" on their own again, inadequately financed; they began shooting in Prescott, Arizona, then had to close down for three months, and finally finished the film in New Mexico with a different cinematographer. (The changes show.) Then they sold it to Warner Brothers. Despite initial bad luck (and poor handling) in the big cities this summer, it has turned into a huge success, especially with teen-agers in the "heartland," but not only with them; I saw it on Forty-second Street with a very happy audience. It's one of Warner's top-grossing films of the year.

In plot and structure, "Billy Jack" is a shapeless mess. You feel as if the movie could expand or contract at any point, or add another theme or drop a couple; this is frequently the way one feels when moviemakers have shot a lot of footage without thinking it out and then tried to pare it down in the editing room. The story is about how the long-haired, racially mixed students of the workshop school are persecuted by the vicious bigots of the neighboring town. The movie sets this situation up like a Grade B melodrama, and you find yourself smiling at a lot of it, yet the smile is a sympathetic one, because even when the Laughlins' writing is terrible, their instincts are mostly very good. There's a sweet, naïve feeling to "Billy Jack" even when it's atrocious, and in the funny scenes and those involving the hip children of the school (the students appear to be of all ages, and the school is like a big encounter group) it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. As a director, Laughlin shows an ingenuous, romantic talent in these scenes. I'd never before seen comic improvisations turn a movie audience on like this. The audience on Forty-second Street laughed at a street-theatre mock robbery and cheered at one sequence, involving the children's attendance at a Town Council meeting, which they break up. Though the setting is Southwestern and the hero out of a Western, the picture rather resembles "To Sir, with Love," which was also a surprise success. But "Billy Jack," a mongrel movie, isn't cloyingly simple like "To Sir, with Love." When "Billy Jack" moves by feeling—when the scenes keep going because everybody's winging it together—it's like a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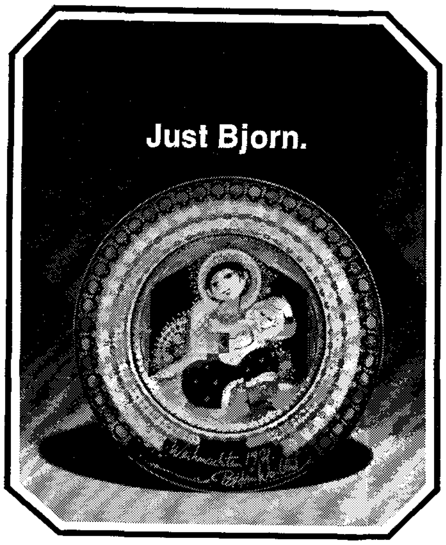

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good jazz session. The trouble with this approach is that you need a freshly thought-out core story to take off from and to go back to. That's where the movie fails—at its center. But in movies this isn't necessarily fatal. The good things in "Billy Jack" create an atmosphere that helps blot out the dumb plot about a deputy sheriff's teen-age daughter who gets pregnant, takes refuge in the school, and falls in love with an Indian boy. Some of the appeal is very basic. On Forty-second Street, when Billy Jack said there was no place people could get a square deal—not in this country, not in the world—a voice bellowed "New York!" and the theatre shook with laughter, and with solidarity.

Very young audiences, who are becoming repeaters, may like the picture because it has a hero, rather than the now customary anti-hero. Laughlin wears his cowboy hat flat across his forehead, like William S. Hart, and, except for a comic slow burn of disgust at examples of revolting behavior, and an occasional smile, his acting is similar, and it's not bad. I'm not sure how the tradition got started of the Westerner's having a poker face (was it carried over from the card table?), but Billy Jack, a folk hero who rights social injustices, is a throwback to this mode. He personifies the good, and he doesn't need to be expressive. And for the very young he not only is a hero, the idealist armed, but is armed on *their* behalf, since he protects Indians, children, and horses. You don't even have to go looking for him: he has mystic powers—he's in touch all the time and is there when you need him. It sounds silly, it *is* silly, but it's also innocent. The Laughlins seem, partly through their inexperience as writers, to have stumbled on a winning combination. For several years now, the heroes of hip American movies have been heroes not by virtue of anything they attempted or accomplished but by virtue of having rejected the possibility that anything could be done and of turning inward. In the pop arts, those who were *first* to start searching for themselves became culture heroes. To be hip has meant to feel that nothing external could be changed, and the movies have been ending in violence or failure or death. The character of Billy Jack combines the good man of action with the soul-searching mystic. He appears to be armed, rather than disarmed, by his studies with an Indian holy man. (In a ceremony in which a rattler strikes him repeatedly, he becomes "brother-to-the-snake.") He doesn't need weapons; in one sequence he K.O.s a gang

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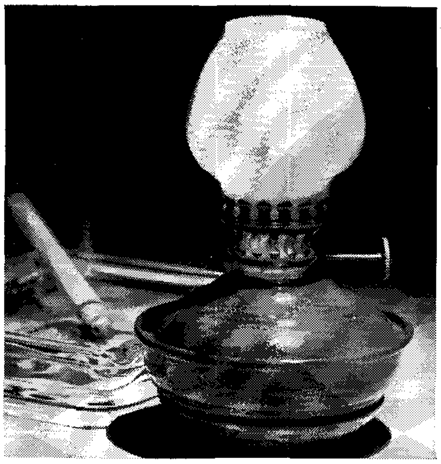

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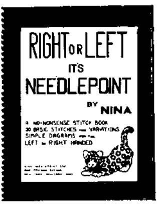

of toughs by judo. Also, the movie restores the—by now welcome—tradition of the (relatively) happy ending. And in a new way: unlike the Westerns in which the hero shoots the villains and thus demonstrates to the schoolteacher that her pacifism won't work, it is the schoolmistress and her principles of nonviolence that carry the day.

"Billy Jack" gets by with most of its nonsense (even the new cliché of the director-star as savior) because the kids (a mixture of professionals and nonprofessionals) and some of the hip comics (from San Francisco's The Committee) are so loose and charming that they really do inspire hope. You can believe that the world isn't all gloom and corruption, because, despite the rigged polarity of adult psychopathic fools versus the free, happy, loving kids, the acting of the kids really is so free, happy, and loving—and so funny. The kids' fast, offhand semi-improvisations incarnate the hopeful theme and give the fairy-tale picture a surprising validity. The happy ending isn't the family-picture seal of approval that it is on Disney products or on a newly made antiquity like "Kotch," because, in a primitive and original way, "Billy Jack" is hip. It's probably the first hip movie for teen-agers (and sub-teen-agers) since the Beatles' films, which were also hopeful. I don't mean that it was intended for children; I mean that it's so naïve that they respond to it as a hip fairy tale. ("How do you find Billy?" "We just want him and he shows up.") The school is the sub-teen Con III, where baby rock composers sing their condemnations of prejudice and war, and where there are no ambiguities, only right and wrong. We may have learned to resist the adorableness of Disney-style kids, but this infant counter-culture is harder to resist, because the kids are *like our own*—they scatter tough phrases and four-letter words, and their fresh faces take all the obscenity out. This infant idealism is widespread in the country; the Laughlins have put it on the screen, and the kids must be overjoyed to see themselves there.

Considering the material, there's one rather strange and implausible detail. The town's leading citizen and chief bigot, played by beefy Bert Freed, seems to be Jewish and is given a Jewish name; he and his son, the rapist, appear to be the only Jews in the town. I would guess that this is an expression not of anti-Semitism but of the frustrations and anger that build up when moviemakers are torn to shreds

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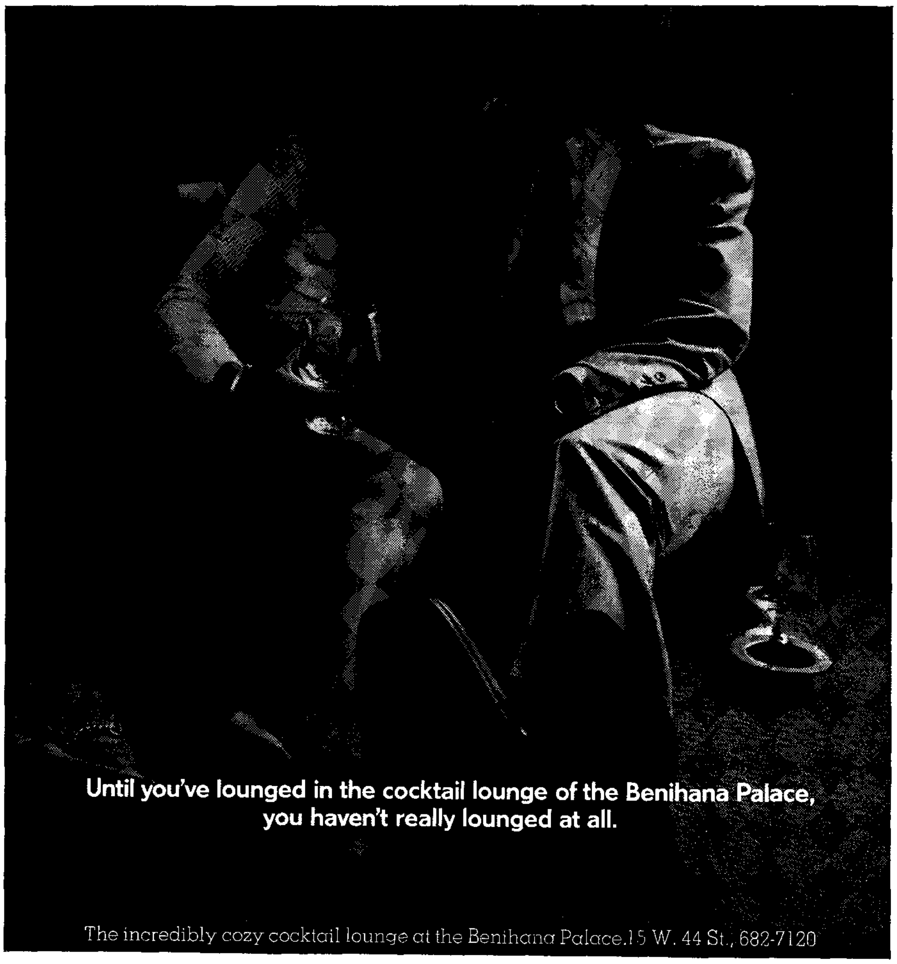

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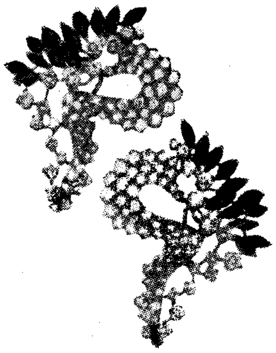

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while trying to make deals with tough producers—who often physically resemble Bert Freed. The same sort of thing happened a year or two ago in "The Ski Bum," with the character of the hero's employer, a rich, big-time bore, who was so blatantly a caricature of Joe Levine that it's no wonder the picture hasn't been promoted, since Levine financed it. "The Ski Bum" (which is finally being released in New York this week) might seem wildly anti-Semitic if one failed to consider that one of the young filmmaking team is Jewish, and so are several members of the cast; probably, while doing the picture, they got so high on rage that things went a little out of control.

Though the audience I saw "Billy Jack" with was almost all male, it responded happily to the independent, tough-talking girls. It is a curious fact of movie history (and one that may be lost sight of) that, in general, the men always did like the independent women. It was the women who liked the sobbing and suffering ladies. (My father's favorite actresses were Joan Blondell and Barbara Stanwyck; my mother's were Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton.) The movie businessmen recognized what the female preferences were when they called certain pictures "women's pictures;" that meant not that they were made by women (though frequently women wrote them, and Dorothy Arzner directed a batch of them) but that they were shaped for women's tastes. They were lachrymose, masochistic, supposedly *realistic* stories about noble dames sacrificing everything for their children, or for their lovers or husbands, or sometimes even for their lover's children by his wife. And though men usually hated them, a lot of women did like them. Those sacrificial tear-jerkers were often highly refined in tone, and they could seem serious and worthwhile, whereas it was very difficult to know what to do with tart, independent women except in wisecracking comedies or in men's action films, in which the shady ladies could be tough.

Though the only word for what the man did to Hepburn's aviatrix in "Christopher Strong" is "emasculation," it was perfectly well understood in 1933 that her full possibilities as a woman, as a person, were being destroyed. By the forties, however, it was standard Broadway and Hollywood practice to show that a woman of any achievement must give up whatever she was good at in order to get a man and become a real woman, which meant marriage and family *only*. At worst, there was something sick about a woman if she was successful—like Ginger Rogers as a neurotic magazine editor looking for a dominating male, in the poisonous movie of "Lady in the Dark." The contrived, often sour endings of the Claudette Colbert and Rosalind Russell pictures were never, I think, felt as satisfactory by anybody. Those slapped-on endings in which sophisticated women had to humble themselves became more and more frequent as the men returning from the war wanted the jobs the women had been filling, but they always felt phony. The movies fell apart at the end because nobody really knew how to resolve those battles of the sexes. By the end of the sixties, there was practically nothing for women on the screen to *be* but prosties or bitches or bunnies, and, as a result, there are at present almost no women movie stars, while the male stars double up in buddy-buddy pictures. How many different kinds of prostitute could Shirley MacLaine play?

In movies, the primal scene of "Christopher Strong" has never been played out satisfactorily—at least, not from the woman's point of view. She always gives in, whether fatally, as in "Christopher Strong," or in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions in the forties. And not solving this problem is a major factor in the gradual impoverishment of human relations on the screen since the war years. "Billy Jack," hopeful as it is, and even though it was made by a husband-and-wife team, ducks the problem. There is no sexual relationship between Billy Jack and the teacher; they are both loners, and though they love each other, they appear to be only spiritual lovers. I suppose this is better than having them enemies, but if it's any reflection of a new mood, it's dispiriting. Movies are full of depersonalized sex, but in terms of sexual love between equals nobody's flying, both sexes are grounded.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

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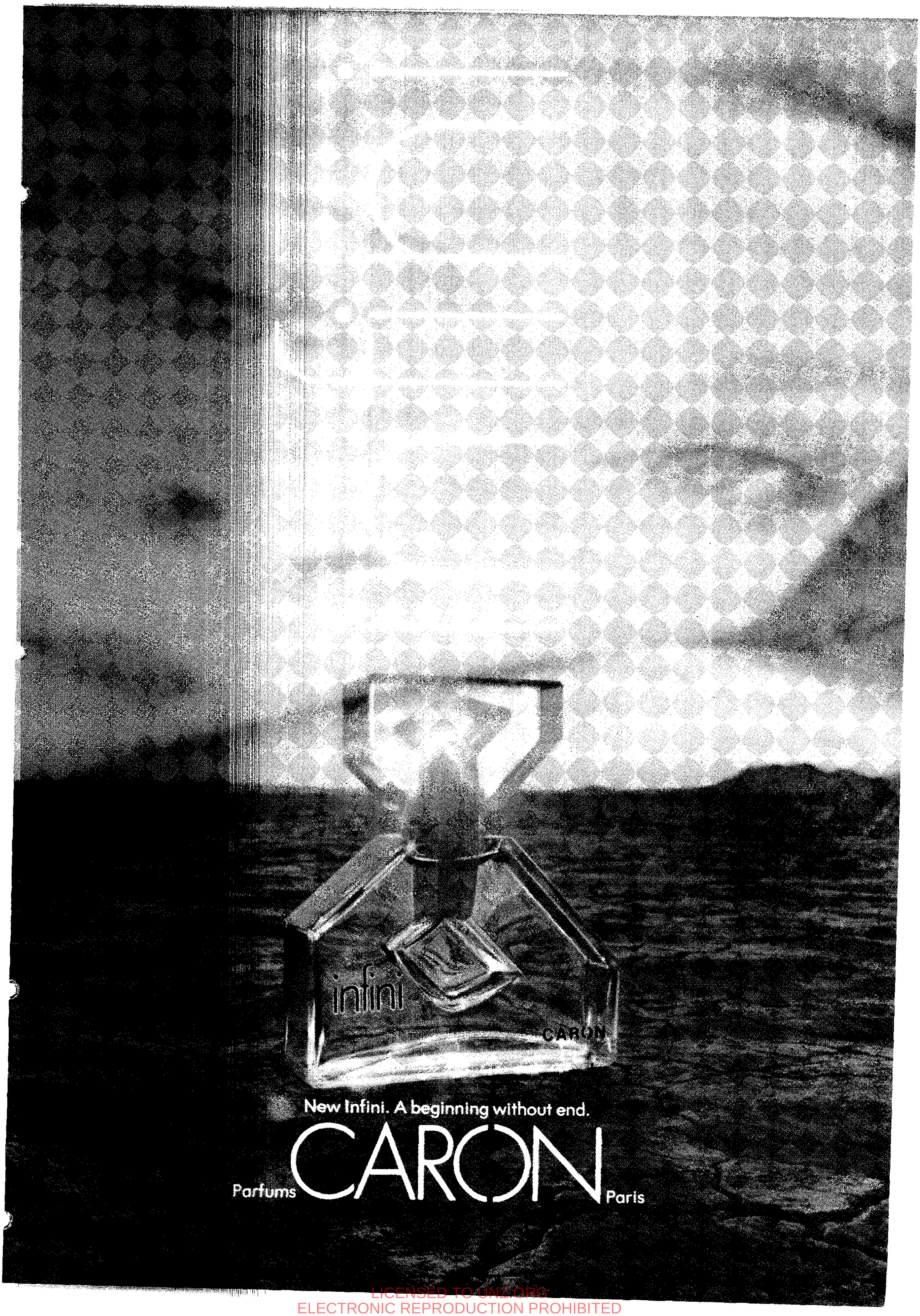
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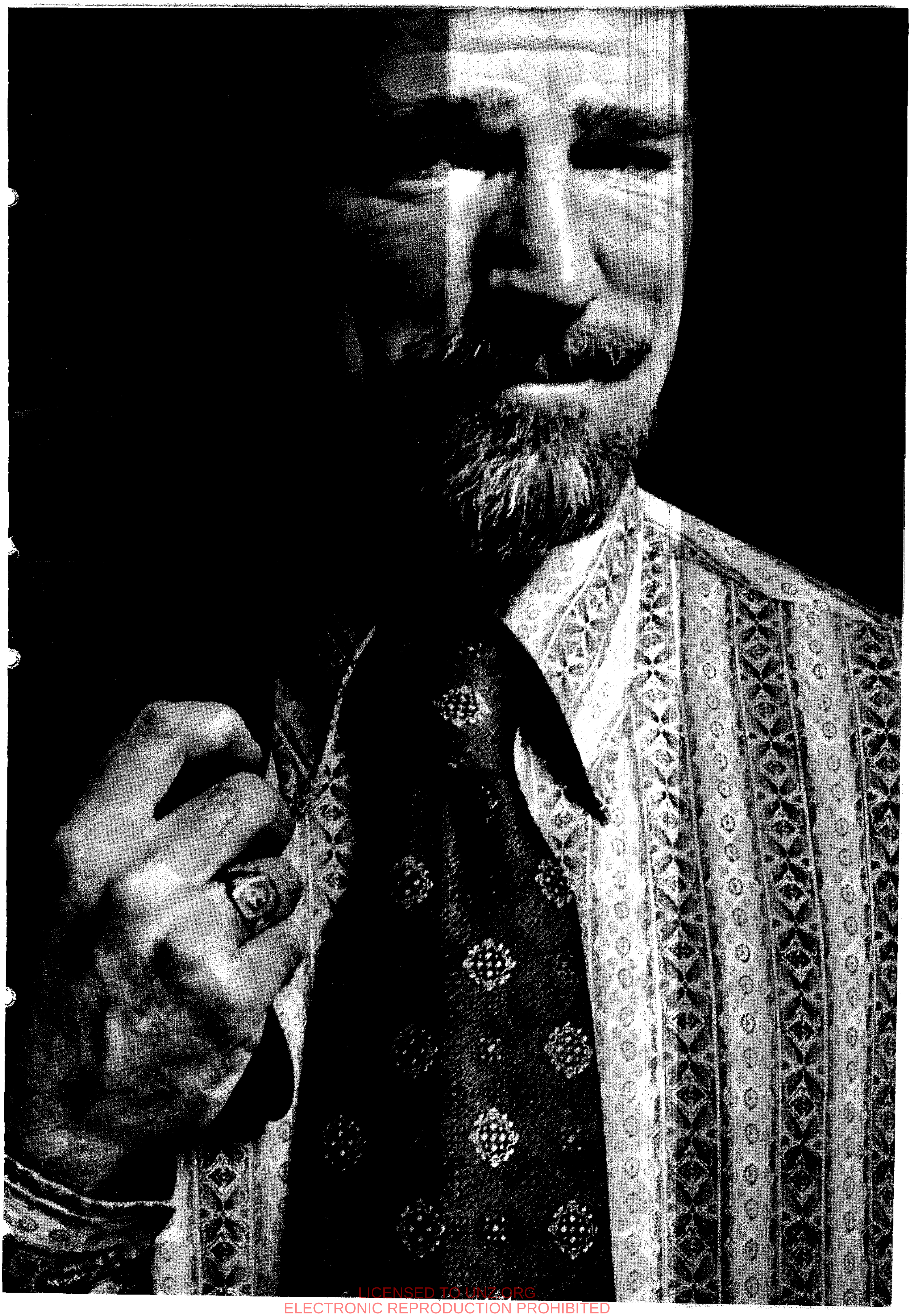

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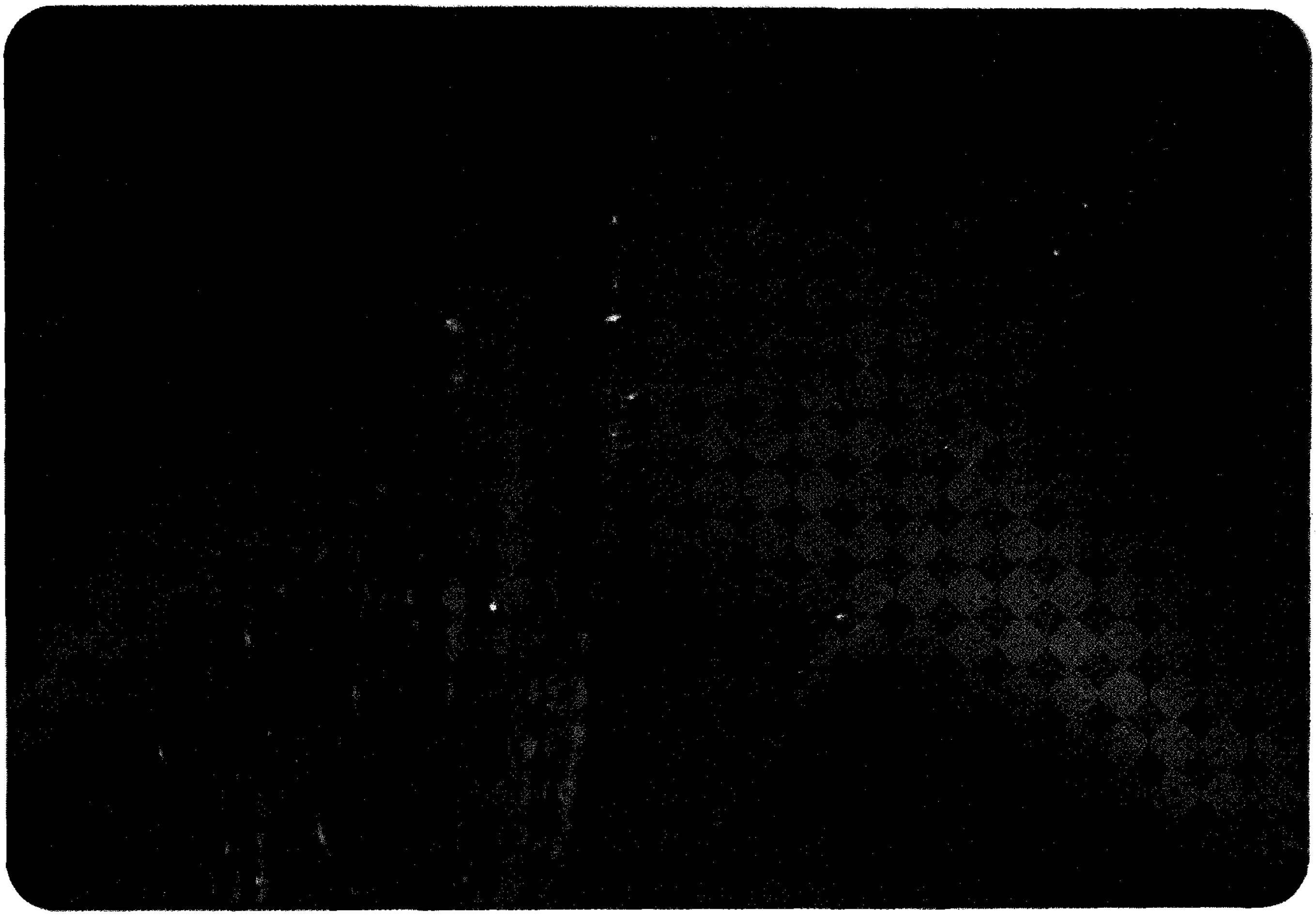

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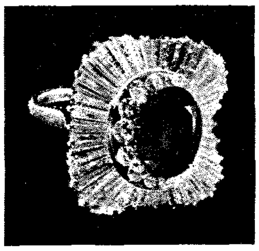

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS ALERT—WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

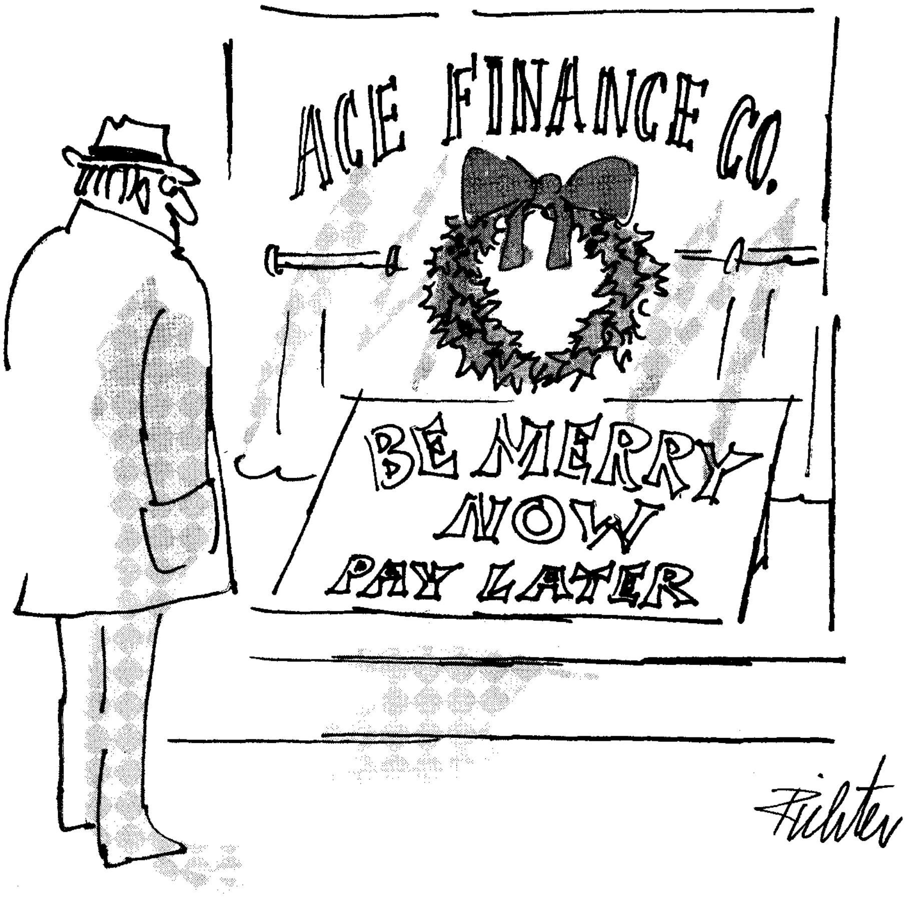
AT this time of year, the traffic in New York seems always at a halt, and wild, infuriated honking lets the trembling shopper know that Christmas is near once again. Neither the stalled traffic nor the threat of nervous exhaustion belongs to the "old-fashioned spirit of Christmas" that everyone is bent on recovering this year. As an antidote to panic and a stimulus to exploration, then, we suggest a few strolls through the fashionable *faubourgs* of our town with a minimum of fuss. These ambles are short enough to be undertaken quite comfortably on foot and, unless your list is formidably or foolishly long, in half a day or so. Done this way, Christmas shopping might even lead you to put a sprig of holly in your hat.

TAKE Fifty-seventh Street. With luck and a spare afternoon, a shopper's seasonal task could start and finish here. The street has its share of potholes and construction sites, as well as a showroom that, being dedicated wholly to noisy computers, must be the last word in showrooms, but Fifty-seventh Street retains a kind of style, and its shopwindows draw attention to finer things in life than Fifth Avenue's airline offices offering new, new, low, low fares for all citizens with red hair, one blue eye, and a limp. What's more, luxurious shops keep proliferating on Fifty-seventh Street in a hopeful, if surprising, way. Henri Bendel, at 10 West, is always a great comfort, and it is where our walk begins. Stephen Burrows, a very good young designer, has turned his hand to the generally dreary field of lingerie. His ankle-length wraparound robe in snowy Satin de Lys is pretty in a fine, unsentimental way; it is half-quilted in red stitching—divided, that is, into downy sausages rather than squares—and its back has curving, body-shirt seams. It is $80, and a matching gown with a low-backed camisole top, hemmed in red, and a long skirt that curves thigh high in front is $28. Across from Bendel's brown-and-white canopy, and down a step or two, is Jax, and a supply of slithery long-sleeved T-shirt dresses made of cashmere. The skirt is long, the neckline is one of the newly popular slightly scooped variety, and the cashmere is of a substantial weight without being too warm for reclining by a roaring fire in; in navy, black, camel, red, or white, $120.

Instead of skittering around the doors of Bergdorf Goodman, let's step in and add some mauve packages to our growing collection. Bergdorf's inimitable At-Home department has a mass of flowery garments in pastel shades. It also has a gentle yet sophisticated sweep of a gown with long sleeves, a high standup collar, and a gathered, ankle-length skirt that is set on a slightly high-waisted bodice. The material is black Orlon challis, and the print is massed bouquets of pink, red, and yellow wild flowers. The cuffs and the belt are embroidered with butterflies, and the price is $75. A young woman—not one who puffs a bit of powder on her nose and dabs a shade of pink on her lips—might enjoy an introduction to the world of avant-garde makeup from Biba, on the sixth floor. A kit includes a palette of face glosses in such shades as gray, black, bottle green, and lilac, and eye powders in funny, unconventional colors like magenta, turquoise, and rose. The kit costs $20.

Back to the south side of Fifty-seventh Street we go, and up the stairs (there is an elevator, but this is supposed to be a walk we're on) to the General Store, on the second floor of I. Miller. For separates, this shop is hard to beat; the selection is comprehensive but not overwhelming, and the colors are extraordinary. This season's blouse in silk crêpe here has a slightly lengthened collar and two tiny pockets on the chest; it appears in many gentle shades, including some that revolve around the idea of yellow—buttermilk, applesauce, faded saffron. This style of blouse is $42; a collarless, long-sleeved blouse in a printed silk crêpe is $48. The tailored, ankle-length skirts designed by Catherine Capriotti, the store's pet artist, are models of their kind; so many shops still seem to think that long skirts mean two horse blankets stuck together anyhow.

Leaving I. Miller and the General Store, we cross Fifth Avenue and make our way to Tiffany's. Neither big spenders nor seekers after glamour should find themselves in trouble here. But if you have more modest aims, consider a resuscitated version of the decks of playing cards this store sold in 1879. The face cards depict the kind of riotous male-chauvinist scenes that were commonplace in 1879—the king of clubs, shoes in hand, is trying to sneak past the queen, who has a rolling



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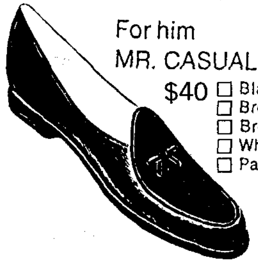

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pin in *her* hand. Two bridge decks are $4.

A short way past here, at 14 East 57th Street, is the newly opened Gazebo, a treasure-packed florist that is more of a shrine to the idea of the decorative life than a place filled with dusty rubber plants and dripping hoses. One of the Gazebo's rooms contains gifts of all kinds, including a heart-shaped pincushion made of needlepoint, and pincushions in different geometric shapes made of cotton patchwork. Any of these could serve as a decoration for the Christmas tree, and they cost $6 each.

The north side of the street has also been opening its arms to newcomers. At No. 11 is a brand-new shop owned by the Greek jewelry firm of Zolotas and christened La Chrysotheque Zolotas. (If shoppers had to pronounce every place where they spent money, no business would get done in this town at all.) The jewelry at La Chrysotheque is notable for the quality of its workmanship with gold rather than for the size and sparkle of its stones; it is generally agreed that this order of priorities corresponds to the prevailing taste of women. Here are reproductions and adaptations of jewelry from ancient Athens and Crete, including inch-long eighteen-carat earrings in the shape of amphorae, set with a pinhead design of gold dots and clasped to the earlobes by means of small, star-engraved discs. The originals of these swung from someone's ears around 1200 B.C. The price for the modern version is $209.

Also new to town is Donald Davies, of Dublin, and now of 19 East 57th Street. Even in times when good new fabrics are being endlessly developed, the Donald Davies fabric—pure wool, woven in Ireland in such a way that you can see each thread running past the next; soft but not hairy; and feather-light but somehow firm—continues to surprise and delight us. After being dyed to extraordinary colors, such as clear orange-red, brilliant ochre, and a pure blue-green, and sometimes woven into stripes and plaids, it is made into clothes with fairly simple lines. Any woman, whatever her age, style, or philosophy, would welcome one of this firm's blouses. The shirts appear in several styles: classically man-tailored ($30); very long, to be worn over pants, and gathered, smocklike, from the yoke ($35); or sprouting with self-ruffles at the cuffs and the front opening ($35).

Darting slightly off course for a moment, we enter Georg Jensen, at 601 Madison Avenue (between 57th and

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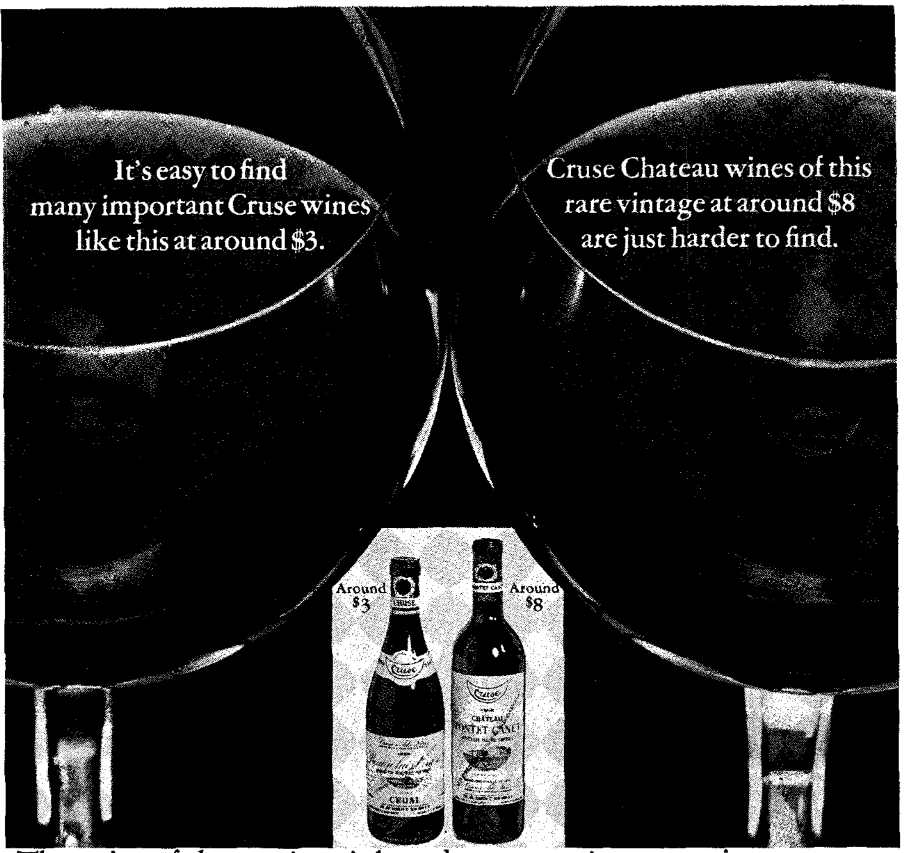
58th), and wonder at a collection of jewelry—the Leogryph collection—that is based on small art objects from ancient times and from far-flung places like China, India, Greece, and Egypt; from $400 to $3,200. Next door, at Bonniers (605 Madison Avenue), a humble and cheery bibbed apron in heavy red or orange cotton, with white ties and with a matching clip-on pot-holder, is a mere $6.

Back on Fifty-seventh Street, at 53 East, is Design Research. If you know that the recipient can sew, you might give her a length of bright cotton in any of the characteristic Marimekko prints from Finland. Or a garment that is already made might fit the bill; the one we have in mind has a low, round neck, three-quarter-length sleeves, an easy waist, and rows of stitching at the bottom of the ankle-length skirt. The print is bold and distinctive, and comes in red and orange, dark blues, or pink and beige. The price is $61. Porthault is at 57 East. (If all these fripperies are getting you down, you could return to the neglected south side of the street long enough to worship at the shrine of Jaguar, at 32 East. A moment behind the wheel of the new V-12, and a whiff of its upholstery, will revive almost anyone.) Porthault is full of flower prints. Here is a short wraparound terry-cloth robe with three-quarter sleeves and in fifteen different floral patterns. The newest of these has pink and yellow tiger lilies striding along on olive-green stems; $75.

The Irish Pavilion, at 130 East, marks the outer limit of the present excursion. Here is a version of the cloak worn by the women of Kinsale; originally, the color of the lining, either red or blue, would be an advertisement of a girl's marital status. The linings in the present version are noncommittal in hue, and the capes are made of soft, handwoven Irish tweed in a herringbone where either brown or black or green alternates with white. The garment falls to just below the knees; it has slits for the arms, and it is hooded. The price of the cape is $145, and the price of a reviving glass of Guinness at this establishment's comfortable café is seventy-five cents.

FIFTH AVENUE from the Empire State Building to the Park is classed by the Michelin Guide to New York City (which gives Harlem one star but does not recommend a visit) as a three-star, three-hour promenade. Three-star it may be, but once the sidewalks fill up with bell-ringing



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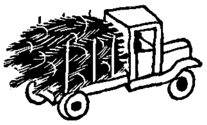
Santas, it's surely not three-hour. The present route starts at Saks and follows Fifth Avenue to the Plaza. If you step briskly, you might arrive at the Palm Court before they turn it into a diner.

At Saks, there is a pair of taupe suède mittens by Bonnie Cashin that will offer hope to the absentminded or to those who like to relive their childhood; each mitten has a length of fake-gold chain with a fake-gold clothespin attached to it, so that you can secure it to your sleeve or your purse. Fleece-lined, and $15. From France come handsome ski outfits in fashionably quilted navy-blue cotton, dotted with pink posies and with forget-me-nots. The jackets come with matching helmets, and are $90; the trousers are $45. More gauzy than these, and in the Park Avenue Room, is a long, low-necked, low-backed dress of brown silk chiffon printed with pink roses. A band of smocking circles the midriff, and the long sleeves are softly bloused. A short-sleeved bolero of mustard-colored velvet goes over this, and falls in jagged points over the smocking. The ensemble is $340.



On, now, to Cartier, at the corner of Fifty-second Street. For those extraordinary creatures who know how to breathe coolly on a cyclamen and make it grow, this store offers a dainty sterling-silver watering can two inches in diameter and three and a half inches high. The handle curves over the whole, from near the spout to the base, as imperiously as it can, considering its small stature; $25.

At Gucci, at No. 689, are some well-designed watches (Italian, not surprisingly) set on bracelets of Plexiglas in the colors made familiar to us by the covers for stereo decks and electric coffee grinders—amber, sapphire, smoke, and such. The bracelets are a quarter of an inch wide, and almost rigid, so that they hang quite loosely on the wrist. The watches can be rectangular, square, or round; they have silver faces and no numerals. They do have hands, though, and they cost $75.

At No. 691 (54th), we come upon Elizabeth Arden's red door. The doorman will admit you to the sanctum, where you might discuss a gift certificate entitling a woman to a "Miracle Morning" that begins at nine-thirty and goes on until luncheon—at the Côte Basque, say, or at the marble counter of the Henry Halper Pharmacy, over on Madison Avenue at 56th. The miracles, which are performed for $40, include face treatment and body massage, manicure, shampoo, hair styling, and makeup. For $60, the recipient can forgo the world's luncheons and be treated to a calorie-conscious lunch, and also exercises, a pedicure, and a steam-cabinet session; this is known as the Maine Chance Day.

T. Jones, at No. 697, has belts to remind a girl of the value of calorie-counting and of miracles. They are made of velvet and they are two and a half inches wide; at the center front is a four-by-four-inch square, set diagonally and embroidered with a discreet cluster of roses or plums. The belt fastens at the back with hooks and eyes, like a Victorian corset. In black, navy, burgundy, bright pink, or green, for $18.

Mark Cross, at 55th Street, has an alarm clock that, at one and a half inches by one and five-eighths inches, is scarcely bigger than a sugar lump. This one is run on hearing-aid batteries and is covered with black leather. The dial is the size of a dime and is chromium plated; if you can focus on it at all, you will observe that it lights up at night. The alarm buzz is quite emphatic; when it rouses its owner after a long, hard night, the distracted sleepyhead can always swallow the thing. It costs $65, including a separate black leather case.

Lederer, a few doors up, has a selection of slim shoulder pouches, in standard handbag-colored suèdes, as well as in dark red and moss green. Straps and corners are made of leather, and the flap closes with a brass clip from a dog's leash. The measurements are nine inches by eleven, and the price is $32.50.

If you are anything less than certain about what to give, you may find that Sona, at 11 East 55th Street, is a tremendous help. There are all kinds of pretty things from India here, many of them inexpensive. There are papier-mâché containers for a dressing table or a writing desk in many different sizes, prices, and patterns. And an airy, silk-lined white wool caftan has embroidered petals of violet, pale blue, apricot, and pink massing thickly on its chest; $102.

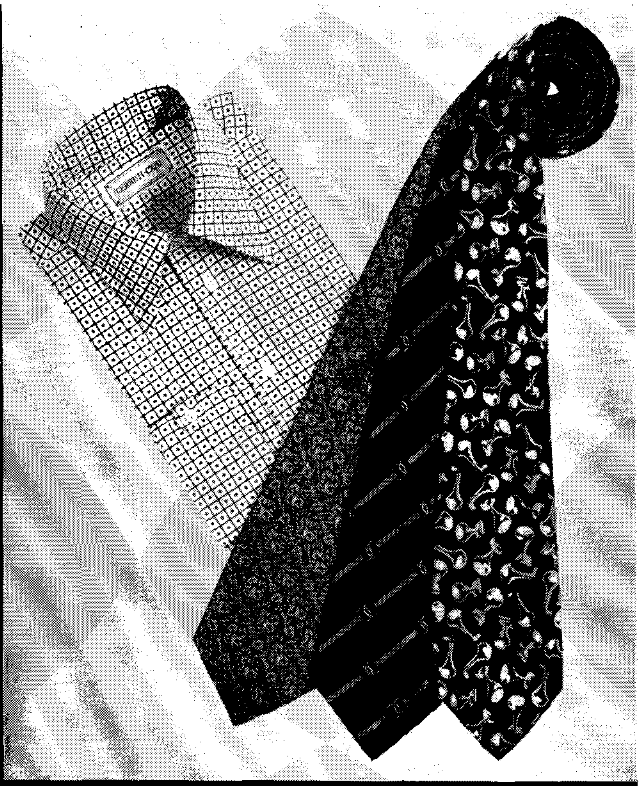
We return now to Fifth Avenue, and enter the portals of Bonwit Teller. (We might have left our bicycle in the Bonwit Teller bike rack and worked our way on foot downtown if we had thought of it before we set forth.) Without even having to take the elevator, the shopper can examine, in the slipper bar, some fluffy gray boots lined with quilted white nylon. They are

$12, and wearing them is more like having a rabbit sit on each foot and wrap its arms around your ankle than like wearing slippers. Let us turn to stationery. In addition to its own white cards, four inches by six and bordered in inch-wide multicolored patchwork (twenty-five cards, with red-lined envelopes, are $8), Bonwit's can recommend the stationery designed by Bill Blass. The range includes writing paper that looks like inch-cubed graph paper, in green, pink, or mauve on white. Envelopes of the same paper are lined with a shiny paper printed with a splash of purple and red anemones. A box of fifty costs $12.50.

Before collapsing under the weight of our booty and settling down for tea sandwiches at the Palm Court, let us stop in at Gübelin, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets, and consider this establishment's stylish yet lighthearted watches for ladies. These have sterling-silver cases and white Roman numerals on a face that is either turquoise, green, maroon, coral, brown, or gray. The straps taper from one and a quarter inches to three-quarters of an inch, and their leather matches the color of the watch face; $93.

MANY of us work in offices, and can only think wistfully of the kind of Christmas shopping that is dignified and gentle, and of outings that take place in the mornings, when the department stores are relatively quiet. Our next route is an express one for lunch-hour shoppers, and it centers on midtown. It should be possible to work around it in an hour or so. We begin at Lord & Taylor. Body stockings, which make a good present for anybody—the days of wrinkles round the ribs are gone—are seen here in a white nylon knit patterned with rows of blue birds perching on their twigs. The necks of the body stockings zip up and roll down; the price is $12. For skiers, the store has fighter-pilot jackets in navy-blue nylon ciré, with a widely notched collar of fake chinchilla. This costs $50, and forms a pair with trousers that zip down the outside of the legs, so that they can be worn with other trousers underneath. The side-zipped pants are $20.

Moving swiftly out of Lord & Taylor and up past the Public Library, we head for 110 West 45th Street, where we find Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop. (Or, at least, one of his umbrella shops; two others are at 161 West 57th Street and 660 Lexington Avenue, at 55th.) The choice here in-



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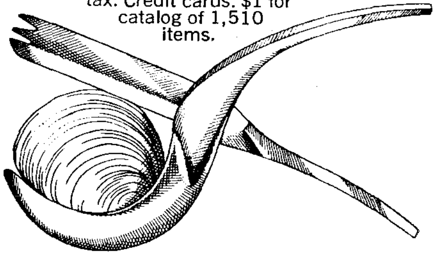

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cludes a roomy and tasteful affair of white cotton duck hand-screened with Italian posters of antique people on antique bicycles and in vintage cars. Each scene measures eight inches by twelve, and has a blue background; cars and cycles are red and black. The handle is wooden and crooked, and the price is $20. Another umbrella, in a heartwarming scarlet canvas, has a border of six-inch white apples; this one is $15.

Picking up a quick sandwich to munch along the way, we speed over to the East Side and make for Feron's, at 55 East 44th Street. Increasing numbers of women are becoming tennis players, and quite a few names on a Christmas list might be crossed off here. There is, among a selection of dresses, racquets, and such, a modest tennis hat that is feminine yet functional. Of white textured polyester, it has a turned-down brim edged in lace made of linked crossed racquets; $10.

Brooks Brothers, at 346 Madison Avenue (44th), has the advantage of not being frightening to men out shopping for their wives. With fashions what they are this year, it is also a place where a very stylish woman might go to be equipped. Brooks' button-down shirts are made for women, too, and they are just what this year's rather masculine sportswear calls for. A shirt with a button-down collar, in white flannel printed with either a red or a blue Paisley design, is $16.50. Just to show that the classic shirts don't take themselves too seriously, they appear in a parti-colored version. Practically every piece of the shirt is different from the next: one half of the shirt front might be blue and white stripes, the other red and white; one cuff might be green, and the tab front might be yellow. Need we go on? The price is $15.50.

More clothes for the rugged country life may be detected among the sporting gear at Abercrombie & Fitch, on Madison Avenue at 45th Street. A hooded English duffel coat of a camel wool-and-nylon mixture is really quite stylish, having shaken off that air of rain-sodden dejection and lost political causes that so often clings to the folds of duffel coats. Perhaps this is because it is slightly fitted through the body, lined with a cheery rayon plaid, and firmly closed with brass clasps that are set on leather straps; $100.

Caswell-Massey, the apothecary, is on Lexington Avenue at 48th Street; a dash up to this repository of beauty aids would be worthwhile even if it left you out of breath when you got back to your desk. A box of one of this

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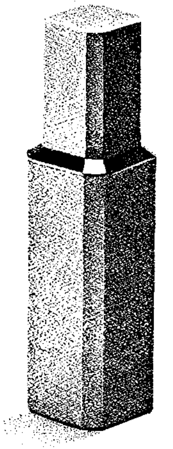

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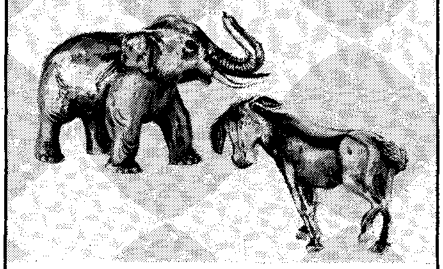

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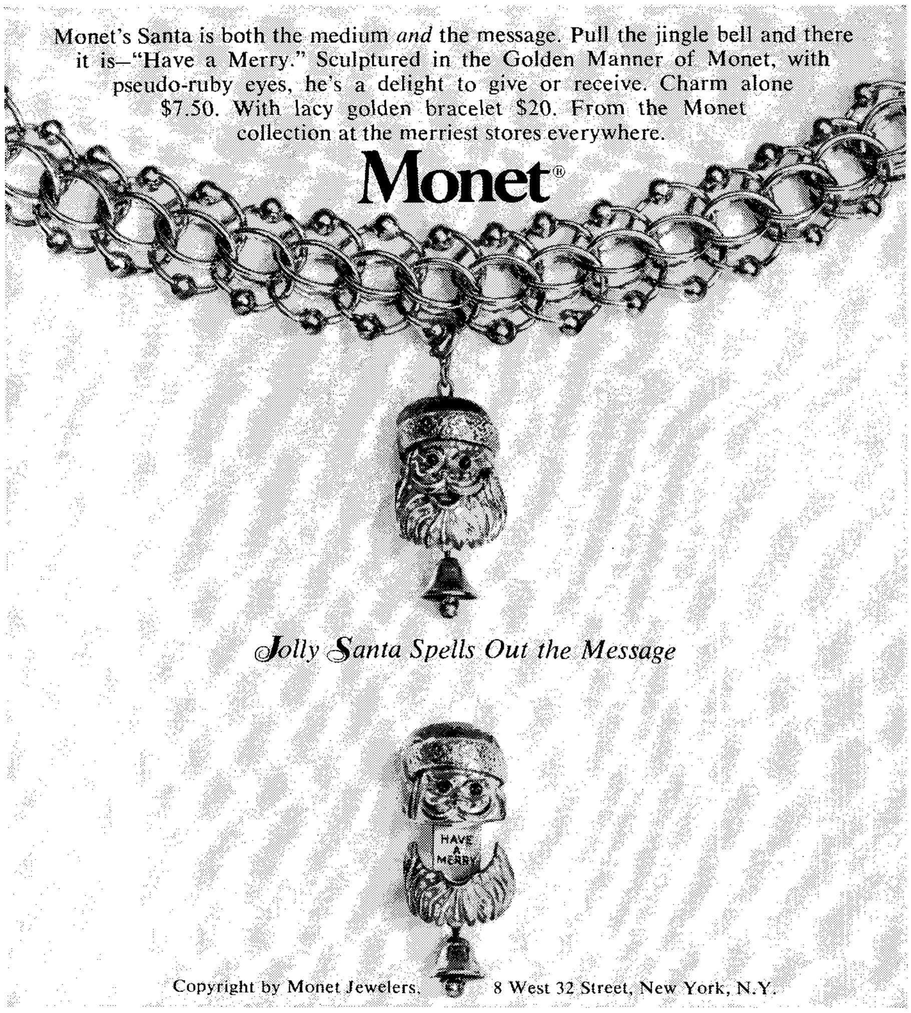
We pause in our perambulations for a few words about perfume. (None of them woodsy, musky, fruity, flowery, gutsy, or Oriental.) There are some perfumes in the shops this year that were not there last year. These include Shendy, by Roger & Gallet; Madame and Mademoiselle, by Venet; Geoffrey Beene, by G. Beene; Aromatics, by Clinique (a scented spray that its inventors have classified not as a perfume but as a completely new concept—anyway, it smells good and lasts all day); Givenchy III, by Hubert de Givenchy's house; and Vivre, from the house of Molyneux. All these are very nice, and particularly the last two. And Vivre comes in an endearing, nineteen-thirties bottle. Except for Shendy, which can be found only at Altman's, they are all available at almost all department stores.

WE proceed uptown now, at a decent amble, on Madison Avenue. The density of shops here, if nothing else, should insure that any but a feckless Christmas shopper will get his list nicely filled out within ten blocks or so. The Sixties are overflowing with solutions to your problems.

At 702 Madison Avenue (62nd) is Cambridge Chemists, a drugstore that stocks a wide selection of toiletries and such by the old English firm of Floris. Here is a white porcelain pomander, already filled with potpourri and decorated with red flowers and leaves or green flowers and leaves; $9.50. Henri Betrix shares this address, and can provide a needlepoint case in crinkled patent leather, in a choice of black, red, navy, or chocolate. It folds up around the work in progress, to a size of four inches by ten, and keeps it neat when it is being carried from room to room or continent to continent. (The only absolute truth about any kind of needlework is that success depends on cleanliness.) The case has zippered compartments for wool, two pockets for needles and a tape measure, and a loop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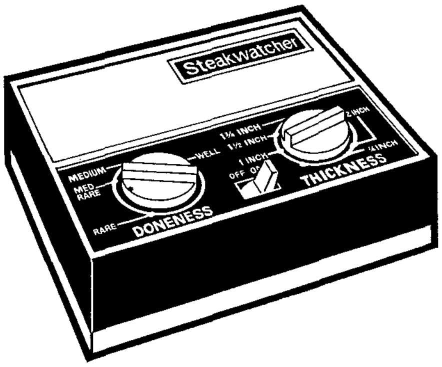

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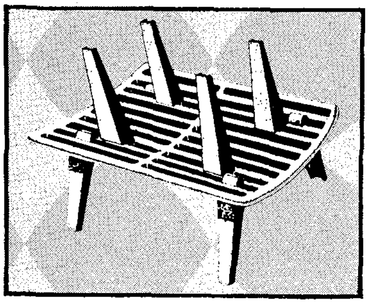

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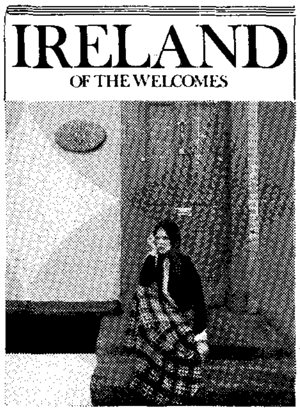
to secure the canvas; $39.50. Across the street, at No. 693, is Tibetan Arts & Crafts. This shop, the first of its kind in this country, is filled with things made by Tibetan refugees in India and Nepal. There are many graceful examples of the gowns traditionally worn by Tibetan women—ankle-length and sleeveless, with a wraparound front held closed by ties that cross in back before returning to tie on the side in front. This style may be seen in a choice of Indian raw silks, either in brilliant plain colors or patterned with flowers (from $65 to $80), and also in plain or flower-printed cottons (from $20 to $40). S. Wyler, at No. 713 (63rd), may or may not prove to offer just what you had in mind in the way of Christmas presents, but its display of fine silver is sure to lift the spirits of the passerby at any time of year. This establishment has a collection of nineteenth-century silver mustard pots about two inches high, with blue glass linings that sometimes show through latticed silver; $39.50. Up the street, at No. 754, is Lady Continental, with a most distinguished coat-and-trouser suit in gold, beige, black, or a really superb brown velvet. The dandified coat is double-breasted, and fastens with four gold-metal buttons; it has two patch pockets, and a deep vent in the back. On a girl of average size, it would reach to somewhere below the knee; with luck, it should fit like a glove. The coat is $185, and the matching trousers are $45. T. Anthony, at No. 772 (66th), has, in addition to all its luggage, a postage scale that is a heartwarming example of someone's thought about a humble object and how it can emerge as a piece of original design. The scale takes the form of a five-inch cube of clear plastic, which encases a scale divided into half-ounce units giving first-class, third-class, and airmail rates. You put the letter on top of the cube and read what the scale inside says; $12.50. Further simplicity of line, and further inspired design (if on a nobler level of existence), is reflected in a two-piece black crêpe evening gown at Valentino (No. 801, at 67th). The long skirt is cut generously at the hem, but it fits neatly at the hips, since a panel of fixed, vertical gathers over the stomach takes up any slack material. The long-sleeved blouse has a mandarin collar, a zipper in the back, and a softly fitted shape. The cuffs end in a winging triangle and are closed by cufflinks made of covered buttons, and the bodice is decorated in front with silk braid frogging. The soft, matte blacknesses of blouse and skirt are



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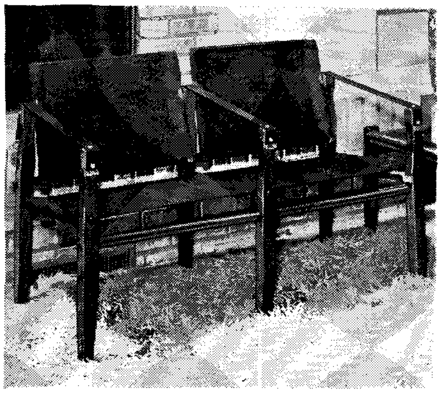

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CHRISTMAS
BOUTIQUE

Around the corner, at 27 East 67th Street, is Ronaldo Maia, the florist. Here is an atomizer, five inches high and three inches in diameter, for misting the poor, smog-bound leaves of houseplants. It performs this humble cleansing task with style, since it is made of copper; $6. Antica, at 802 Madison Avenue (67th), has a collection of glass plates, sometimes amber-tinted and sometimes clear, that commemorate various monarchical heydays, such as the coronation of George VI and his queen, and Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Most of the plates are about eight inches in diameter and are engraved with scrolls and foliage as well as with portraits of the regal heads in question; around $30, and absolutely perfect for loading with brownies from William Greenberg, Jr., Desserts, which happens to be right here at 817 Madison Avenue (68th). (They are also at 1181 Madison, at 86th; at 1125 Lexington Avenue, at 78th; and at 17 East 8th Street.) For Christmas, brownies are packed in a round red lacquer tin, which is tied up with a big red bow; two dozen brownies in this container are $11.60. The English firm of Jaeger has arrived recently at 818 Madison Avenue (68th), with its well-cut, well-made clothes, and it is a welcome newcomer. Among a collection of clothes in Hunting Inverness and Dundee tartans are long, bias-cut skirts that are sold with two-inch-wide suède belts fastened by bold brassy buckles. The skirts might be accompanied on freezing Highland expeditions by flowing capes of navy melton, which fasten with brass buttons at the throat. The skirts are $82, the capes $110. At Gavroche, at 69th Street, we can inspect another umbrella—one that has been given distinction by talent, in the person of the French designer Emmanuelle Khanh. It folds up into an eight-inch quilted green tube, two and a half inches in diameter, and spreads open in a riot of red, turquoise, and gold birds and beasts; $22.50. The same shop has an uncommon brown leather shoulder bag whose flap is trimmed with vertical bands of leather ranging in color from tan through brown to black; $39.

MADISON AVENUE in the Seventies, ever a luxurious territory, has in recent years been swept by a wave of high-toned gift shops, which come into their own at Christmastime. This neighborhood is also the heart of needlepoint country. Nina Needlepoint, at 860 Madison Avenue (70th), can furnish not only wool and canvas but a sewing aid that is absurdly simple and sensible. A yard of grosgrain ribbon, striped in green and white or multicolor, and an inch wide, is to be slung around the sewer's neck. Attached to one end of it are a strawberry-shaped pincushion and a small felt pocket with a thimble in it, and the other end secures a small pair of scissors; $10. Diane Love, across the street at No. 851, is a newcomer to these courts of opulence, and trades in flowers made of fabric—cotton, rayon, and silk. Bouquets of these deceitful, strangely lovely blooms are arranged in antique baskets and such; the flowers and the containers may be purchased separately. A pot full of cloth daffodils, bellflowers, cornflowers, apple blossom, and calendula would cost about $30.

Saint Laurent Rive Gauche is at No. 855. A fingertip-length jacket here is a radical departure from all the styles of the past few years that have prevented women from wearing sweaters. The shoulders are squared and the sleeves fall straight and wide below that. There are roomy pockets, too. The jacket is collarless and closes with wooden-looking buttons; it is made of black velvet, quilted into stamp-size bias diamonds, and it costs $180.

Now for three gift shops that deal, exquisitely, in inessentials. Two of them mean departing from the narrow confines of Madison Avenue. The Very Thing, on the second floor at 149 East 72nd Street, suggests a dainty cushion for the small of someone's back and made of striped grosgrain ribbon stitched on a linen base. It measures fourteen inches by fifteen and the colors are unusual—perhaps orange, black, and yellow stripes, or brown, white, and tan. The price is $80. Pat's Petunia is a new arrival at 223 East 74th Street. (How often have we been convinced that the peak of cute nomenclature in shops and singles' bars has been definitively reached, only to be left behind once more?) This shop is another boon in the search for a present for someone who needs nothing, and it is also a place full of little treats for the shopper who feels she deserves one. A laundry bag doesn't usually spring to mind as a Christmas

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THE TOG SHOP **Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709**

present, but a laundry bag here, in patchwork cotton lined with plain calico, might make you think again. It is thirty inches deep and costs $15. To return to Madison Avenue, Ffolio 72, at No. 888 (curiously enough, at 72nd Street), has a splendid collection of blank-paged books covered with marbled paper like that found inside the covers of leather-bound books. There is a five-by-six-inch size—perhaps in wavy lightning bolts of blue, brown, and beige, with spine and corners bound in navy calf—for a girl to write her poetry in; $20. A recipe box, hand-painted with sprigs of rosemary, sheafs of flowering basil, and feathery fronds of dill, is $22.50.

The Whitney Museum, at 75th Street, has a collection of wind bells made to hang in trees and on porches, to soothe the ear on summer evenings. They are designed by the Italian architect Paolo Soleri, and are hand-cast, so each is a little different from the next. Some are conical, some are tulip-shaped, and some are rectangular; some have a raised design, and the patina may be reddish, green, or copper. Their sound, too, inevitably, varies. The sizes range from four and a half inches high and two inches across ($16) to seven inches high and six and a half inches across ($40).

Cordoba is at 989 Madison, at the Carlyle. This boutique is full of gentle, supple suède and leather clothes. There is a most festive and frivolous coat here, made of a thousand little scraps of sky-blue glove suède sewn together. The coat is lined in white pile fabric, for warmth, and trimmed around the cuffs, the hem, and the front opening with fluffy Mongolian lamb, for romance. It fits snugly to the form, and is held closed by three groups of suède ribbons, which are tied in bows; $450. A lustrous black suède trouser suit, which fits more neatly than a moleskin fits a mole, consists of a blazer jacket ($160) and straight-legged, slightly low-waisted trousers, whose two hip pockets are outlined in red stitching ($115).

UP in the Eighties, you see more strollers and delivery boys than dowagers in minks. This palpable normality is a great help to anyone scuttling around trying to get the Christmas shopping done. At 80th Street and Madison Avenue (No. 1049, to be exact) is an airy shop called Genesis. Color is of the essence here. A little cap, hand-knit in soft yarn, grows up from the ears in stripes—two shades of green, two shades of yellow, and so

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on, through purple, blue, turquoise, and fire-engine red. It's $14. There are primitive hand-knit vests, dyed with vegetable dyes to rusts and ochres, and patterned with cave-drawing beasts; $50.

Let's swing way over east now, to 40 East End Avenue, at 81st Street, where we will find Erica Wilson and her Needleworks shop. In case the needlepoint fan may be ready to try crewel, for a change, this shop has a crewel Christmas-tree set for someone to pick up and work on for the holidays. (If the worker already knows what she's doing, it should take about fourteen hours to complete it.) The kit comes with a design on white linen, wool in sixteen colors, a Styrofoam cone (for the body of the tree), and a walnut stand. The tree is fourteen inches high when all the work is done, and the kit, which costs $23.95, includes instructions for mounting it.

While in the Eighties, let's drop in at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has an excellent series of lectures that would prepare a woman soundly for her far-off vacation in Europe. A subscription to one of these courses would make a welcome gift. (There are people, we know, who are by nature curious, tireless, and questing. Others have to be jogged into doing almost everything, and they are almost sure to appreciate the present of an initiative taken.) The series includes "Great European Cities of Art" (an introduction to the museums of Europe), "The Pilgrimage Roads of France," and "The Palatial Houses of England;" TR 9-5500. And West Side denizens have the American Museum of Natural History, with its course in Japanese flower arrangement; TR 3-1300.

Back on Madison, we find The Little Store, at No. 1135 (85th). Values are good here. This shop's dresses, in what it refers to as a whisper wool (a fine, almost transparent wool-and-polyester mixture), are more than right for overheated holiday rooms. They appear in two styles—one short, with a tab front, like a polo shirt, and the other U-necked and floor-length. Both have long, uncuffed sleeves. The prints are all floral and unusual. One, with an orange background, has blue, sand, and black flowers strewn across it; another is densely packed with over-fertilized red and orange zinnias. Both styles are $35.

Swinburne, at 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), has Swiss mobiles based on hand-blown crystal teardrops, like drops of water shaken from a rose. The

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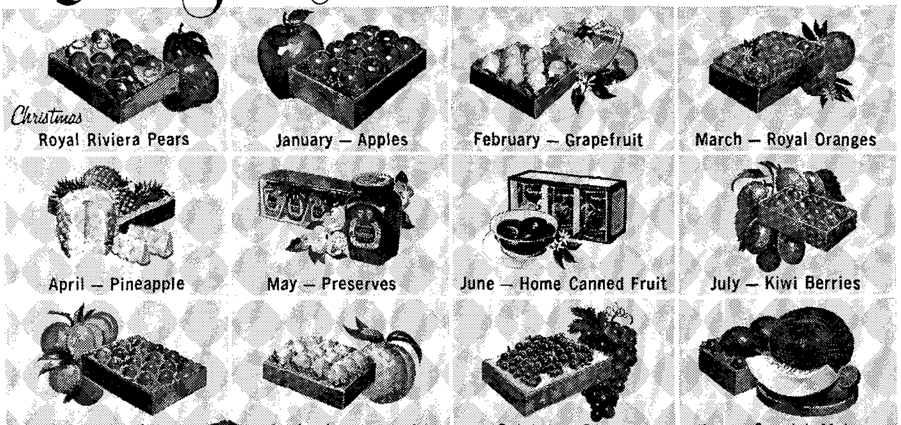

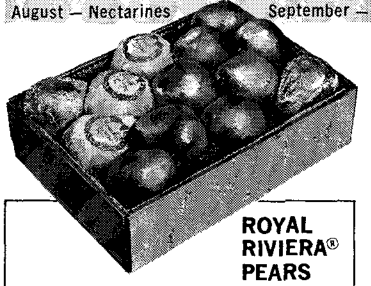

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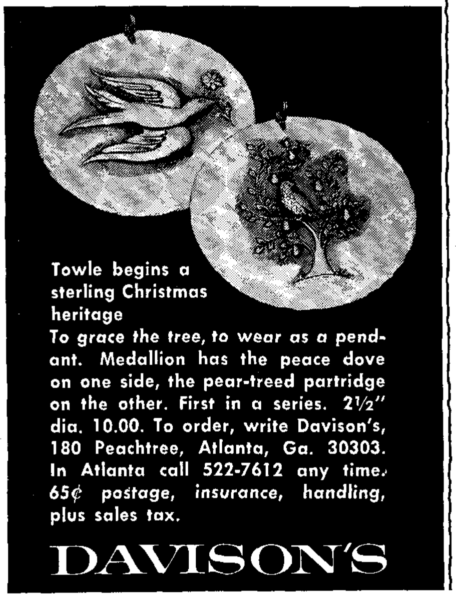

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drops range from thumbnail size to twice that, and are filled with a clear liquid. They are suspended from a silver-metal spiral canopy by fine threads, and they come in two sizes. The smaller size, seventeen inches long and five inches in diameter, is $18.

A shop called Upper Mad has opened recently on Madison at 90th Street, and it is a nice addition to the neighborhood. A colorful party outfit (of that ribbon taffeta that is going around and will be contributing its memory-laden rustle to the old-fashioned holiday spirit) consists of a long skirt in bright red with a diagonal plaid, and a front panel in green plaid edged in starter's-flag checks, for $38; and a tailored blouse in the same checks for $22.

Over on Third Avenue, at No. 1550 (87th), is a dress shop and ice-cream parlor called Agora. The eating part of the establishment is full of Tiffany glass and marble tables and cane-bottomed bentwood chairs. The dress shop, for its part, deals in more Victoriana, in the shape of a gentle party dress with a chocolate velveteen bodice and long sleeves that puff out softly at the top and are trimmed at the wrists with brown lace. Brown boot buttons run from the modest collar down the front to the waist, and the ankle-length skirt, which is made of white flannel, is trimmed at the hem with the same brown lace; $110. A hot fudge truffle sundae at Agora is $1.45, and worth it to the very last spoonful.

Let such a confection fortify you as you press even farther uptown—to Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street, and the Museum of the City of New York, which is deserving of a visit at any time of year but can help us especially right now with our Christmas list. The Museum's gift shop can show the diligent explorer a delightful Delft bowl, ten inches in diameter and with a removable center disc to secure an arrangement of flowers, for $24.

Lexington Avenue, with its panhandlers, its mimeographed advertisements for fortune-tellers, and its half-eaten pizzas underfoot, presents the greatest challenge to the endurance of the Christmas shopper. But there are plenty of things there that are worth the effort it takes to reach them.

Alexander's third floor has a splendid ankle-length cape that is more like a mobile medieval pavilion, being striped, broadly and vertically, with peacock blue, orange, yellow, scarlet, and green. The material is mohair, and the price of $125 includes a matching knee-length skirt. On the same floor is a hairy wraparound coat in extravagantly red fox fur, which is shamelessly fake. The collar is broad and notched and the coat is held in place with a bathrobe tie; $175. Bloomingdale's, a block away, has further romantic Christmas wrapping. A midi-length white nylon parka, zipped closely up the front of the wearer and also across the two hip pockets, is trimmed with ice-maiden blue fox around the hood and the cuffs. It is $175, and it is sold in the ski department, but there is no reason a city-bound girl shouldn't wear it. In Bloomingdale's notions department are some very special dressmaking shears, made of chrome steel. They have one serrated edge and a firm grip, and they swish with ease through hard-to-cut synthetics. An eight-inch pair costs $8. And in the cheese department (many girls, being on fancy diets, might appreciate cheese more than candy), you might stop beside some new French cheeses, which include the semi-soft Fol Amour and Bellétoile, for around $1.40 a six-ounce package, and Cantallet, a hard cheese from Auvergne, at $7.50 for a five-and-a-half-pound wheel.

The Lighthouse Craftshop, just west of Lexington Avenue, at 111 East 59th, has a quilted tea cozy made of flowered chintz, which costs $2.25 off the counter or $2.60 if ordered by mail. Grecophilia II is upstairs at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st). The clothes here play different roles from the ones that their makers anticipated. An antique vest of the kind worn on holidays by well-to-do Greek farmers might now accompany a New World partygoer's skirt or trousers; its front is worked elaborately in zigzag vertical stripes of gold, silver, and black; $45. Knity, at 134½ East 62nd Street, is a new shop that designs and produces exquisite hand-knit dresses, sweaters, and trousers. Orders take two weeks to fill. This shop is gratifyingly original. Witness a hand-knit sweater that goes far beyond being fashionably short and skinny (though it is that, too). It has a square neck above a line of little pearl buttons, and puffed sleeves. The body is white with black polka dots, the neck is trimmed in black and purple, the sleeves are pink, edged with black and white, and the hem at the bottom is orange; $50.

At 872 Lexington Avenue (65th) is another new shop, called Ashanti Ba-

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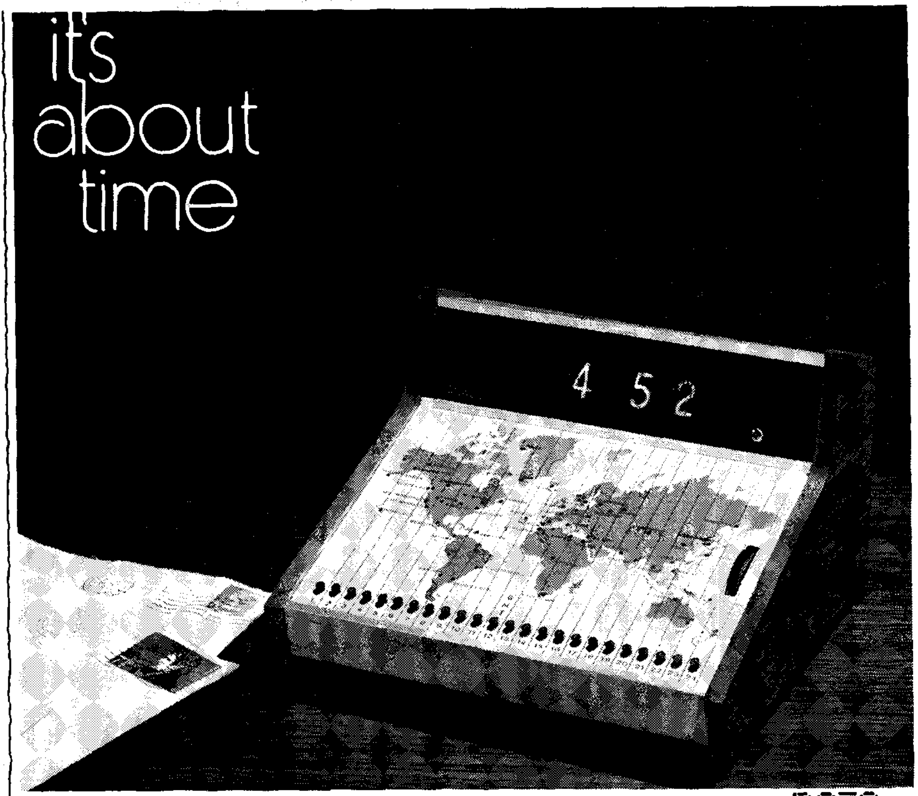
zaar, whose theme is back-to-Africa. A cotton batik djellabah, high at the neck, long in the skirt, and comfortably floppy around the upper arms, is seen in a host of bold prints—floral and geometric—and in brilliant yellows, oranges, or purples; $55. Bead collars from Botswana, two inches wide and made up of rows of purple, red, pale green, and black, cost $12.

This part of Lexington Avenue is clearly in a state of flux. Another new shop, called Fudpucker's, Ltd., has opened at No. 876. A silver mushroom pendant on a chain costs $20 here. Owen, Ltd., at 131 East 70th Street, has simple streamlined skirts made in men's-wear fabrics—white barathea, tan whipcord, schoolboy gray flannel, or beige twill—and with two slant pockets on the hipbones; $50. Any girl, however streamlined, might be tempted by a box of cheesecake tarts from Le Cheesecake Elegant, which happens to be in this block, at No. 150. The tarts weigh three ounces apiece and cost fifty cents plain and sixty cents topped with fresh strawberries. Still on East Seventieth Street, one can move along to America Hurrah, at No. 316, and examine the materials for a present to make, at least partly, with one's own hands. This shop has foot-square pieces of cotton patchwork that might be hemmed and made into pillows or turned ingeniously into notebook covers, needlework cases, or whatever. The squares range from $1 to $5, and more elaborate, quilted pieces, of silk or velvet, often antique, range from $3 to $25.

The Green Box, at 954 Lexington Avenue (70th), has sewing aids—and more and more people are sewing—which take the form of tape measures backed with embroidered ribbon and rolled closed with a snapper; $2.

THE brownstone boutiques of the Fifties east of Third Avenue keep springing up defiantly, like weeds around derelict buildings. Whole blocks are marked out by the boards and placards of Urban Relocation in this area, but at least the Christmas shopper has room to breathe. A newcomer to this neighborhood is La Tienda, at 251 East 52nd Street, and it is stocked with things Colombian. Books, wigs, whole picnics, or single sandwiches might be carried in one of a supply of rectangular split-bamboo baskets, which close by means of a stick and a loop. They are found in many sizes; one nineteen inches by fourteen, and twelve inches deep, is $16. At 229 East 53rd Street is Kamali, Ltd., where the shopper might look over a jaunty outfit in



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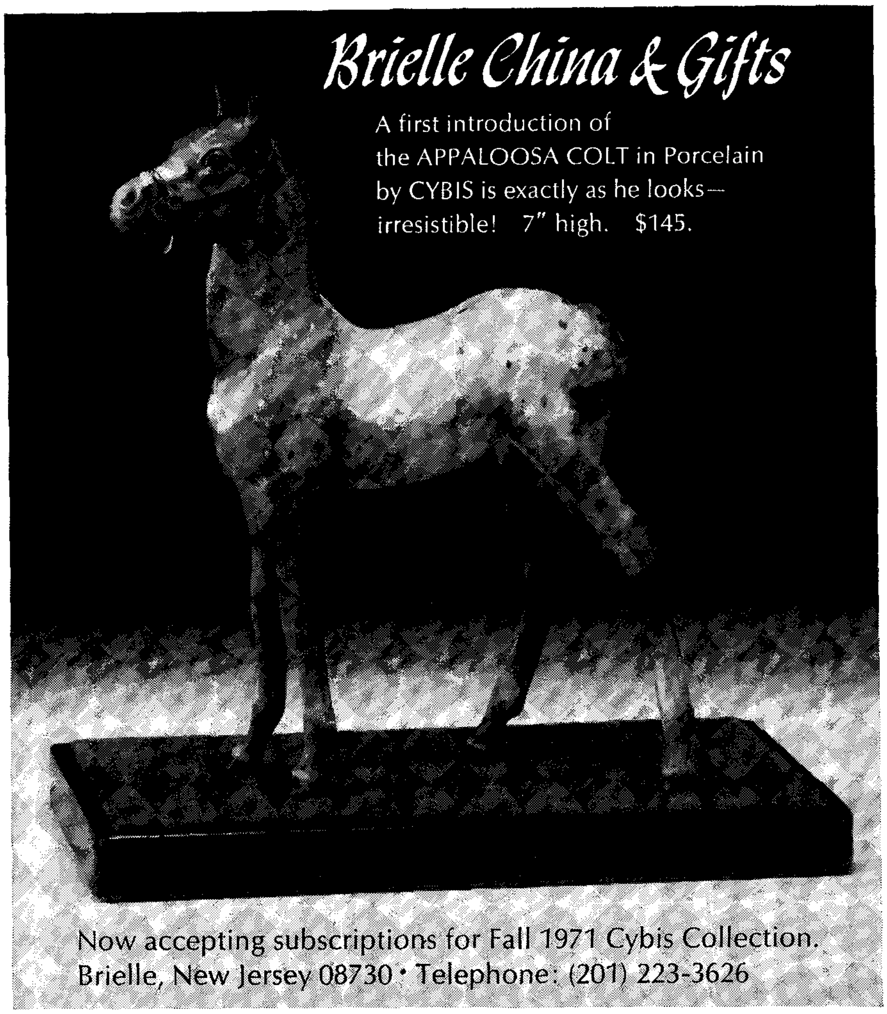
Catholic-high-school-uniform plaids in red, navy, or dark green. A pair of wide-legged, cuffed pants is $45; a tightly fitted, shoulder-padded blazer with a single button and huge lapels is $75; and a gigantic beret, made to flop over to the shoulder or to the spine, is $12. Farther along the block, at No. 237, is Betsey, Bunky, & Nini, where you might pick up a full-length dress in that comfortable and flattering fabric Swiss velours. A U-necked dress with voluminous wrist-length sleeves is to be had in a choice of black, red, orange, turquoise, or camel, and costs $45.

Fording Second Avenue, we make our way to Dakota Transit, at 304 East 53rd Street—a small, bright shop that has handmade clothes, jewelry, and accessories assembled in a quite extraordinary way from leather and suède, snakeskin, feathers, and fur. There are purses here like none you have ever seen before. An envelope, thirteen inches long and seven high, and two inches fat, is made of sea-green cobra licked around, diagonally, with abstract lightning. This is made of scraps of orange, purple, mauve, navy, and beige cobra. The bag has a handle lying flat on the top, and costs $80. A smallish shoulder bag (seven inches wide and six and a half inches high) is a patchwork of scraps—pink calfskin, brown cobra, red lizard, purple suède, and rust ponyskin. A strip of long-haired fox fur runs up the spine of the bag and down its flap; $65. Irene Allen, at 150 East 54th Street, has a fantastical halter-necked breastplate affair, of beige glove leather, painted with strange flowers and creatures in green, black, and terra-cotta. This costs $45, and might be worn with a side-wrapped skirt of ankle-length black wool jersey ($75) and a fine black turtlenecked wool sweater from France ($28).

IF you're thinking of buying clothes for a woman, or if you *are* a woman and someone tells you, around this time of year, to go out and buy yourself a little something, you can hardly do better than to head for East Sixtieth Street between Third and Second Avenues. Pausing on the corner of Third Avenue, at the Summer House, for a hot cider with cinnamon (ninety-five cents), you may proceed, refreshed, to DeNoyer, at 219 East 60th Street, where tiny pink stars have scattered themselves on a sleeveless lilac sweater from Italy, as rust stars have on a white one; $40. Here, too, an elegant evening trouser suit, with padded shoulders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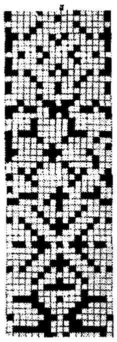

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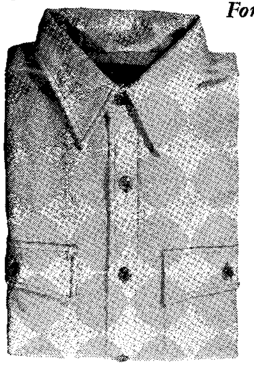

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and a very close fit, is made of brown or black satin, and costs $200. Next door to DeNoyer is the unpronounceable Faramenous, all of whose stock is imported from France. A good selection of sweaters, many of them of unusual appearance, includes one in wool loosely knit in wavy horizontal lines. The combinations of colors in this style are all subtle—sand around the U neck and wrists, for example, and waves of moss green, apricot, yellow, brown, and pale blue. The sweater is $38.50. A few steps beyond this, at No. 229 (we would surely make a time-and-motion expert's day), are *i* cosmetics, including some flat-bottomed test tubes filled with the firm's own bath oils. The containers are stopped with a cork and slip-covered in ruffled cotton gingham. The flavors include tangerine, strawberry, and peach, and four ounces costs $5. At the same address, but on the second floor, is J. Samantha Smith, a new shop that concerns itself chiefly with European and American sportswear, but which is also tinkering with a collection of tribal ornaments from Iran, Morocco, and Afghanistan, made of washed silver. For wear on a belt or as a pendant, they are oval or crescent in shape, and decorated with colored glass and bells; from $24 to $40 apiece. At J. Bellini, which occupies No. 241, absolutely everything is French. Long-sleeved sweaters, soccer-striped in one-inch bands of rainbow colors, are $35, and close-fitting shirts of silky Egyptian cotton have long sleeves and a long collar and come in geometric or floral patterns on stylishly sombre tones like brown, rust, and burgundy, for $20. If all these *modes* have caused you to forget that this is Christmastime, and you are in New York, stop at Bailiwick (at No. 244) and spare a moment of amazement, in this shop crammed with candles, for an everlasting candle that looks like a cabbage. And before you head for home, retrace your steps to Serendipity #3, at 225 East 60th Street, and partake of a cappuccino and a piece of Miss Milton's Lovely Fudge Pie.

Gifts for Children

JOGGING our memory of childhood Christmases, which over the years have rolled into one compact and classic Victorian day, we remember shaking an almost weightless box under the tree with a sense of dread—"*Clothes?*"—or unhappily pulling tissue paper from a pair of socks or another of Dylan Thomas's Useful Presents: "mittens made for giant sloths;

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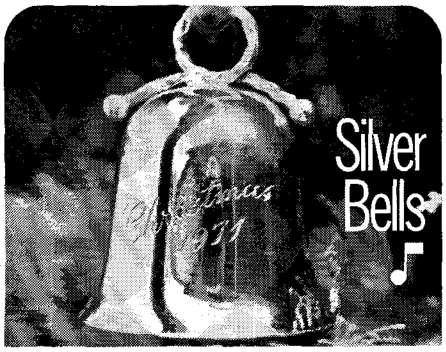

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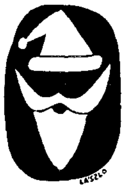
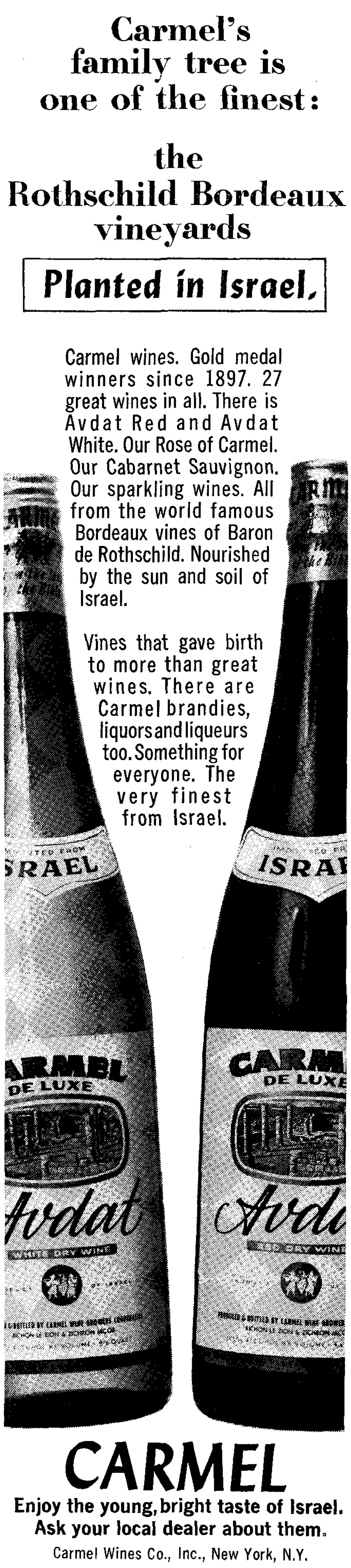
zebra scarfs of a substance like silky gum that could be tug-o'-warred down to the galoshes; blinding tam-o'-shanters like patchwork tea cozies and bunny-suited busbies and balaclavas for victims of head-shrinking tribes; from aunts who always wore wool next to the skin there were mustached and rasping vests that made you wonder why the aunts had any skin left at all . . . pictureless books . . . and books that told me everything about the wasp, except why."



"Go on to the Useless Presents," the poet cried, and we might urge the same thing, except that we have uncovered, in certain quiet corners of the city, some Christmas offerings for children which even the woolliest aunt couldn't go wrong with and which should flatter the aesthetic sensibilities of even the most robust little Dylan. First, let us consider gifts for the newly arrived. At Wee Folk, a tiny corner shop at 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), we found a charming eyelet-edged bib of bright calico, thoughtfully backed with white terry, for $1.50. The same shop sells English dishes for the very young by Royal Worcester. A bowl, a plate, and a mug in a pattern called A Skippety Tale, which shows small, fat creatures—a squirrel, some bunnies, a hedgehog—romping around a giant sunflower, costs $14.50. An egg coddler in the same pattern, for $5.50, would do nicely at baby's breakfast. There is also a Royal Worcester white bone-china birthday mug, with a little boy or a little girl depicted on the side, along with the appropriate Mother Goose line for the day of the week a child was born on ("Monday's child is fair of face"), framed in daisies; $10. The Very Thing, at 149 East 72nd Street, has an elegant selection of Georgian silver baby rattles, each delicately etched with flowers and dangling a tiny tinkling bell. The handles are of silver, coral, or mother-of-pearl, and some of them contain whistles. All are one-of-a-kind, and from $40 to $125. A more forward-looking mother would appreciate a Snugli, which is the newest and just about the handsomest piggyback or piggyfront baby carrier we've seen. It can be adjusted to fit a newborn today and a crawler this time next year. Moreover, when the young one is able to get around on his own, a parent can convert the Snugli into a knapsack by simply sewing up the leg and armholes. This admirable carrier is made by hand in a cottage industry of Dunker farmwives in Ohio, and comes in fine thick corduroy in bright primary colors; $28.95 at Children's Concepts, 2295 Broadway (83rd), or at PinchPenny Pick-A-Pocket, 90 East End Avenue (84th).

For toddlers and up, a sturdy hooded wool duffel coat, made in England, appears at Wee Folk in two lairdly tartans, Royal Stuart or Gordon, lined with thick, curly fleece. It closes snugly with the traditional loops but with brass buttons instead of toggles, and matching buttons decorate the sleeves; in toddler sizes 2, 3, and 4, and in 4-6x, it is $30. For more formal outings, Children's Concepts has a most distinguished blue-and-gray Harris tweed, also from England, belted neatly at the waist, and with a gray leather button on each epaulet. An accompanying Sherlock Holmes deerstalker cap will keep small ears warm. Toddler sizes 3 and 4 have matching leggings, for $45, and the coat and cap alone, in sizes 4-6x, are $38. Native handiwork is celebrated at Teeny Weeny, 1 Charles Street (near Greenwich Avenue, and closed Mondays), where we found turtleneck pullovers and matching suspender pants, hand-knit of warm, heavy wool or Orlon in shades of blue, turquoise, fiery orange, brown, and green. The sweater-and-pants set in sizes 2 and 4 is $35; the sweaters alone, in sizes 2, 4, and 6, are $18, $19, and $20, respectively. To finish off the outfit, or as an independent gift, we suggest Teeny Weeny's hat with a giant pompon or—for the more fashion-conscious—the Teeny Weeny cloche; $6. A hamperful of handmade wool mittens at Small Business, a neighborhood shop at the corner of West Broadway and Houston Street, which is open afternoons Wednesday through Saturday, may antiquate one of winter's oldest dilemmas. The shop offers a choice of single mittens, in bright combinations of colors and stripes. The idea is to make up your own set—a pair for the fastidious, three or four or more for the slippery-fingered—at $1.50 per mitten. Umbrellas always seem to strike young children as wonderful contraptions. Rain makes a lovely plunk on a *bangasa*, which is a Japanese parasol, handmade of bamboo and sturdy translucent rose or yellow oiled paper painted with a scattering of flowers; $4 in a child's size at the Chocolate Soup, 328 East 9th Street, a shop that is open every afternoon except Mondays.

Oshkosh overalls, which one year ago were a kinky new costume for cultural revolutionaries, are already standard playground attire. This year,



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the Oshkosh people offer mechanics' long-sleeved coveralls, for $8.50, or, to complement a pair of properly faded overalls, a trainman's long-sleeved jacket, for $5.50, both in black-and-white striped denim. These are in sizes 1-10 at Children's Concepts, Small Business, and Cerutti, 807 Madison Avenue (68th). A skirt-loving little girl can now enjoy the fruits of the cultural revolution, too. A couple of mothers who work under the name of Under the Name of Sanders, at 825 West End Avenue (100th), operate primarily by mail or telephone order (the numbers are 866-3682 by day, 799-5565 by night), but you may see their wares in a corner of Children's Concepts during the Christmas shopping season. They have thought up the work skirt, in blue denim, blue-and-white mattress ticking, military-olive or khaki twill, or natural duck, and laden with authentic hardware. The fabrics lend themselves particularly well to such a skirt—a short, starchy one gathered below a bib top—and the duck looks particularly fresh and spirited, as well as indestructible. The cost is $12, for sizes 1-6. This same atelier has made work overalls with a snap crotch, finally adapting them to the crawler they have always seemed best suited to; sizes to fit people aged nine months, one year, two years, and three years come in all the work fabrics, for $8. Wee Folk and Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), have a slim-cut French version of bib overalls in a stretch denim. The sizes are small, medium, and large (spanning the ages up to eighteen months), and toddler 2, 3, and 4. The price is $10.

The pockets, buttons, studs, flaps, buckles, and loops of all this new functional apparel must delight the tactile child—which is every child we've ever encountered. A more exotic form of costumery that a little boy would appreciate is a dress cowboy shirt at Children's Concepts, its yoke not unmanfully embroidered with small desert flowers. A sky-blue shirt has a darker blue yoke and a mauve shirt has a purple yoke; $7, in sizes 8-14. Austrian *Lederhosen* are an alternative to dungarees and could be even more practical, since they might endure from generation to generation. Teeny Weeny offers this garment in a downy suède or in full buckskin; $13 to $16, in sizes 2-6. A one-piece sailor suit at Under the Name of Sanders is suitable for either a boy or girl and is bedecked with an impressive amount of braid and a button-on dickey and tie. The styling

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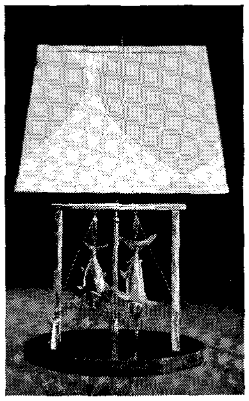

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is classic but the selection of fabrics includes landlubber materials like exceptionally soft blue denim, khaki, Army olive, gray flannel, and washable navy wool flannel, each trimmed with a contrasting color. Quite striking unnautical combinations include gray flannel trimmed with nutmeg brown, or Army olive trimmed with red. In sizes 1-6, the cotton suit is $15 with short pants and $20 with long, belled pants, and the wool suits are $20 and $25. A sweet patchwork dress, hand-fashioned in bold blocks of red and yellow calico, at Small Business, has either short sleeves or long sleeves gathered at the wrist, and it buttons all the way down the front; in sizes 1-4 years; $12. For a more elderly young girl (sizes 5-6x and 7-14), Children's Dream House, 1190 Third Avenue (69th), has a long-sleeved granny dress in a combination of red, black, and yellow calico. The neck is high and ruffled, and the bodice, the upper arms, and the wide hem are quilted, to effect the starchy look of yesteryear; sizes 5-6x are $24, and sizes 7-14 are $28. Cerutti has a long one-piece, no-iron, cotton-and-rayon pinafore dress in a springtime red-and-white daisy print on light bright blue. Red rickrack rings the round neck and short sleeves, and then marches along the bottom of the Raggedy Ann apron; $13 in toddler sizes 2-4, $14 in sizes 4-6x, and $16 in sizes 7-12. The Gingerbread Dress at F. A. O. Schwarz is a short bright-green permanent-press cotton confection, printed with rows of pink-and-white gingerbread children and gently ruffled at the throat. The sleeves are short puffs, and the white pinafore and the green bloomers are edged with pink rickrack; $14, in toddler sizes 2-4. A matching eighteen-inch doll is available for $6.50. An elegant little girl would be happy to receive a Liberty dress, and matching lace-trimmed panties, scattered with delicate English-garden flowers. The dress, at Owen, Ltd., 131 East 70th Street, has a Peter Pan collar, which closes with pearl buttons at the nape, and it is smocked back and front; sizes 1-4 are $32, and sizes 5-6 are $40. A little boy who keeps distinguished company would welcome the burgundy velveteen suit at Children's Dream House. It consists of an Edwardian jacket with three pearl buttons and a pair of short suspender pants; $40. A very medieval floor-length party dress of plum-colored velours at Under the Name of Sanders, with lacy white scallops hand-crocheted about the neckline and the cuffs, has high, pinched, short puff sleeves, which dramatize the

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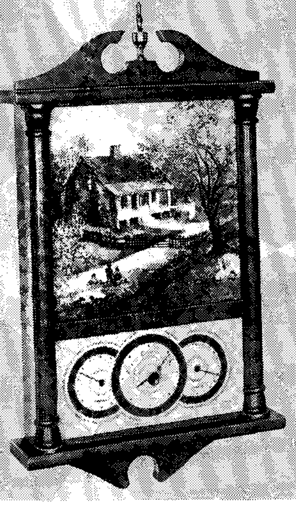

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soft fall of the gown. It costs $20, and a short version is $15, both in sizes 1-6. Less formal but equally plush is Children's Concepts' long, hooded après-ski dress from Switzerland, of Santa Claus-red velours pin-striped horizontally in black. There is a long zipper up the front; $26 in sizes 3-6x, and $30 in sizes 7-12. A thick red or royal-blue terry-velours jumpsuit, at Cerutti, for him and for her, has a sash tie at the waist and a tab pocket that can be embroidered after the Christmas rush (free) with the child's name. In toddler sizes 2-4, it is $14; in sizes 4-6x, $15. A double-breasted robe for a little boy (sizes 2-4) comes in bright-blue acrylic pile with brass buttons in front and three proud red-and-white *soutache* stripes at the cuffs. This is at F. A. O. Schwarz, for $13. Some long-sleeved and very long peppermint-stick-striped T-shirts at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), have a gay flower on the chest and make beguiling Yuletide nightwear; toddlers' 2-4, $10; 4-6x, $11; 7-14, $12. At Children's Concepts we found Afghanistani moccasin slippers of curly lamb in any of a prismful of colors, embroidered with contrasting swirls and scrolls; the price is $5, in sizes 3-13. Wendy's Store offers delicate red satin Chinese slippers with a button ankle strap and with some exotic Eastern birds embroidered on the toe in gold and amethyst. These are $4.50, in sizes 3-10, and they might serve as party shoes.

Under the Name of Sanders has fashioned a plump puff of a baby quilt out of a silky Liberty cotton that is strewn with plum-colored, rosy, and cream daisies. It is daintily tufted with yarn and stuffed with washable Dacron several inches thick; forty inches square and $15. The Chocolate Soup has magnificent handmade patchwork quilts for carriage and crib in striking medleys of tiny antique flower prints and squares of solid colors, at from $18 to $25. On three weeks' notice, Children's Concepts will assemble small-figured bright calico squares of any specified tone into a pair of Dacron-filled quilted coverlets for bunk beds; $42 each. Goodnight, all.

•

Hundreds of demonstrators gathered on Michigan Av. across from the Conrad Hilton Hotel where President Nixon and Vice President Agnew spoke at a fund-raising affair Tuesday night and threw eggs and other objects at arriving dignitaries.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Just a couple of old-fashioned funsters, those two.

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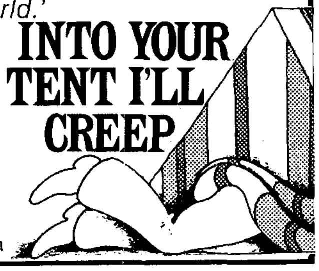

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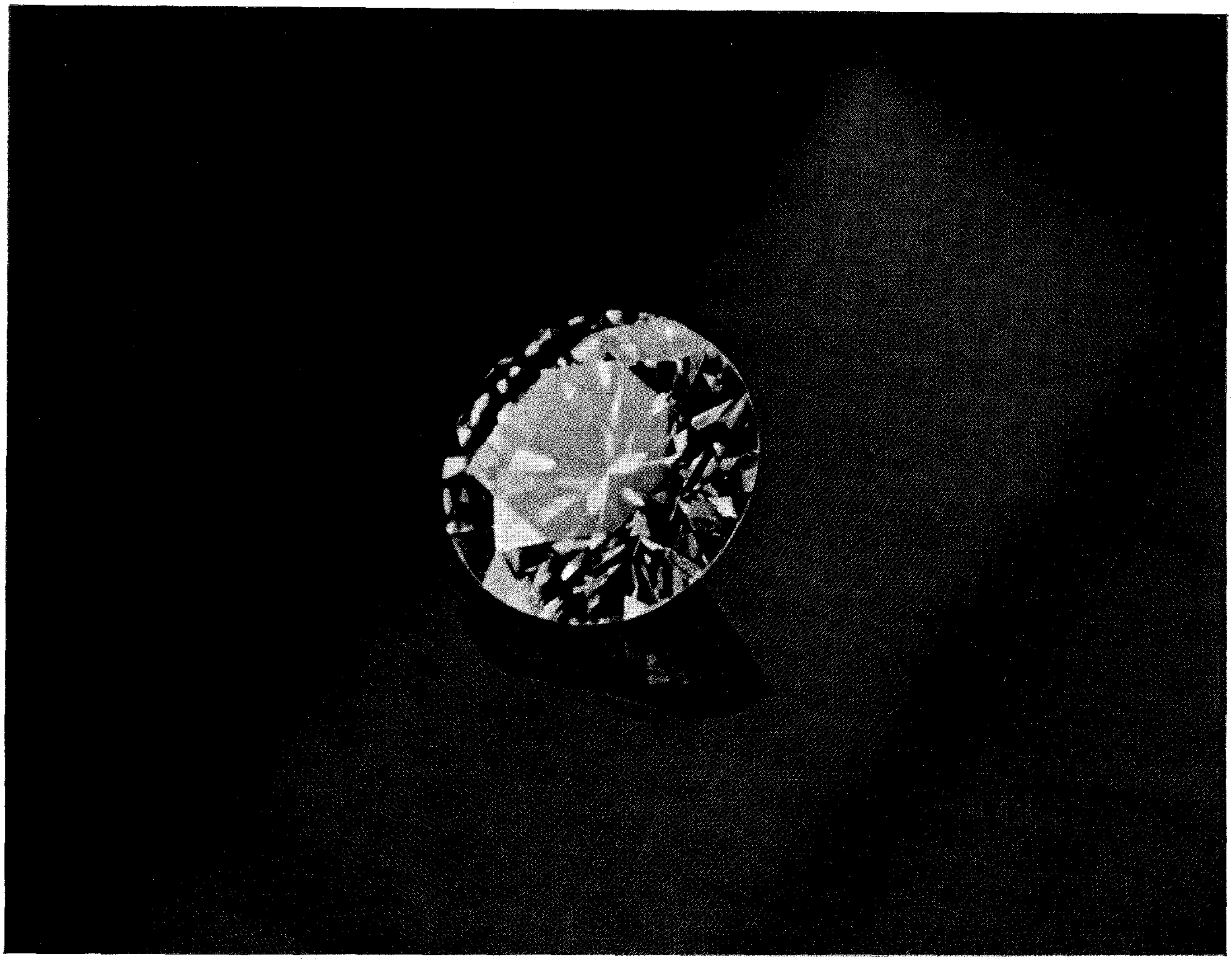

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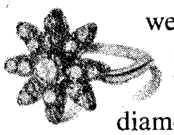

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BOOKS

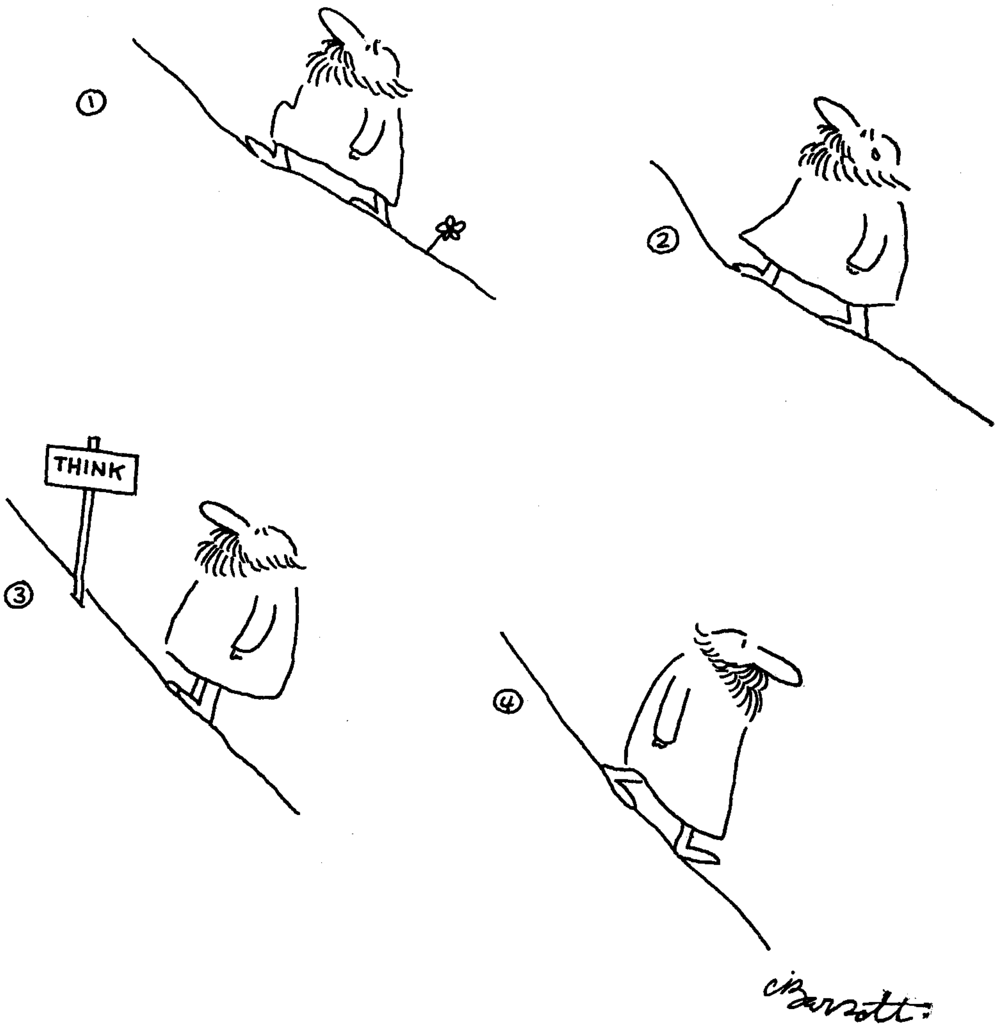
Ships That Pass

WHILE it may be a trifle difficult, at first, to think of the transatlantic steamship as an instrument of national policy (and national chauvinism) and an enforcer of class distinctions, John Malcolm Brinnin, in "The Sway of the Grand Saloon: A Social History of the North Atlantic," published by Delacorte, succeeds in persuading us that she was both. In tracing the birth, reign, and decline of the Atlantic passenger steamer over the last hundred and fifty years, he has written an engrossing and comprehensive (perhaps, indeed, overlong) history of national, corporate, and personal snobbery at sea.

Gunpowder gave man at war the sense, often illusory, of commanding a power far greater than his own in his wars against men; steam gave man at peace the same dangerous, overconfident sense of command in his wars against nature. By harnessing nature, he thought—a persistent thought we are not rid of yet—he had defeated it. Having invented the steam engine, he considered himself the master of time, distance, terrain, weather, and water, and his pride and pretension grew accordingly. Nature, though, was not to take this lying down, and she prepared many cunning falls. William Huskisson's untimely end under the wheels of a primal locomotive at the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester Railway in 1830 was merely a warning shot. The fall of the first Firth of Tay bridge under the weight of a train and the stress of a winter storm in 1879 (and the fall, and subsequent death of chagrin, of its designer, Sir Thomas Bouch, who had been knighted by Queen Victoria for his engineering feat) and the explosion, on her maiden trial, of a boiler in Isambard Kingdom Brunel's vainglorious steamship Great Eastern were much more serious correctives, pointing the way to such complete comeuppances as the end of the Titanic and the 1915 troop-train disaster at Quintinshill.

The idea of material progress within the existing social structure as an absolute good could be said to have terminated, in fact, with the concurrent deaths of the Lusitania at sea and of the British Regular Army—the self-designated "Old Contemptibles"—in the trenches of Europe. But while it lasted, from the Congress of Vienna to the contretemps at Sarajevo, the imperial sway of progress launched, among other things, a thousand ships that were all working models of Victorian capitalism, all stratified into the same three classes found on land. First—the house on the hill—was the preserve of the proprietors; cabin—the lower slopes—contained the *petite bourgeoisie;* steerage—the slums, the ghetto, the seagoing lower depths—provided its inmates a standard of misery no higher than that they had known in their European cities. Throughout the nineteenth century, as ships got bigger and became more and more the motile embodiment of national pride, conditions in all three classes began to improve, much as they did on land, but first class improved, if that's the word, at a far faster rate, so its redundant splendors served only to emphasize the gap between plutocracy and proletariat.

In "The Sway of the Grand Saloon," Mr. Brinnin, whose wide reading in the field is manifest, painstakingly traces the development of the twin threads of progress and property from the very beginning of oceanic steam navigation to the sad afterglow of the nineteen-sixties. In the beginning, as he points out, the creation of the steam packet resulted not from an expectation of immediate gain—many of the early steamships crossed the ocean nearly empty of passengers, while their far slower rivals, the sailing packets, carried full complements—but from an ebullition of inventive pride. At the height of the Industrial Revolution, the dream of a safe transatlantic crossing on a set schedule of two weeks or so was sufficiently compelling to induce numerous hardheaded men to lose fortunes in backing the first Atlantic steamers. Though the steamship was an American invention, and American captains had long enjoyed primacy in seamanship, it was Samuel Cunard, a Nova Scotian translated to England, who established the first successful transatlantic service, in the late eighteen-thirties, fully twenty years after the first packet crossing and over thirty after the launching of Robert Fulton's Clermont. Cunard, whose early ships were small, austere, and efficient, managed to make his steamships pay their way, while his far grander rivals, both



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British and American, built floating palaces and went bankrupt.

It is not surprising that the Victorian century was dominated at sea, as in so many other places, by the British. When Thomas Ismay bought the White Star Line in 1867 and launched the Oceanic, the first of six iron-hulled, screw-driven White Star ships, England established a hegemony over fast, luxurious transatlantic travel; spurred by Ismay's competition, Cunard soon exchanged its small, spare ships for large and well-appointed ones. From then on until the First World War, Atlantic crossings in British bottoms became—at least for first-class passengers—a social occasion unlike any other. Newly rich Americans thronged abroad to deprovincialize themselves, filling, on the way, the cabins and the coffers of White Star and Cunard; on the return voyage, tens of thousands of immigrants in steerage assured the profitability of the big new liners. The heart of Mr. Brinnin's book is, in fact, the extended and delicious anecdote of American culture hunger sated by seagoing British pomp and circumstance. It could be said that the vulgar millionaires and the vulgar empire builders who captured their patronage with Perpendicular saloons, Tudor smoking rooms, and baronial cabins deserved each other. But the greatest excesses of luxury, the greatest extremes of style, were reserved for the rivals in the great Atlantic war between England and Germany at the turn of the century. The Dreadnought race in naval construction was paralleled by an equally earnest race for dominance in merchant shipping, led, on the German side, by the Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-Amerika Line. Mr. Brinnin is at his most amusing on the baroque splendor of such ships as the Imperator and Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, whose "landscapes of Valhalla enscrolled on the walls and ceilings of grand saloons would all but collapse under their own weight," and which were said to carry aboard "two of everything but the kitchen range, and then gilded."

This nonsensical apogee of conspicuous consumption came to an end—after a wistful and endearing interlude in which the Kronprinzessin Cecilie interned herself at, of all places, Bar Harbor, when the First World War broke out—with a final generation of big ships, whose décor was both more functional and executed on a more human scale: the Ile de France, the beautiful Bremen, the Normandie, the crack United States. While the money lasted, the twenties and thirties—and, to a lesser extent, the fifties—provided an

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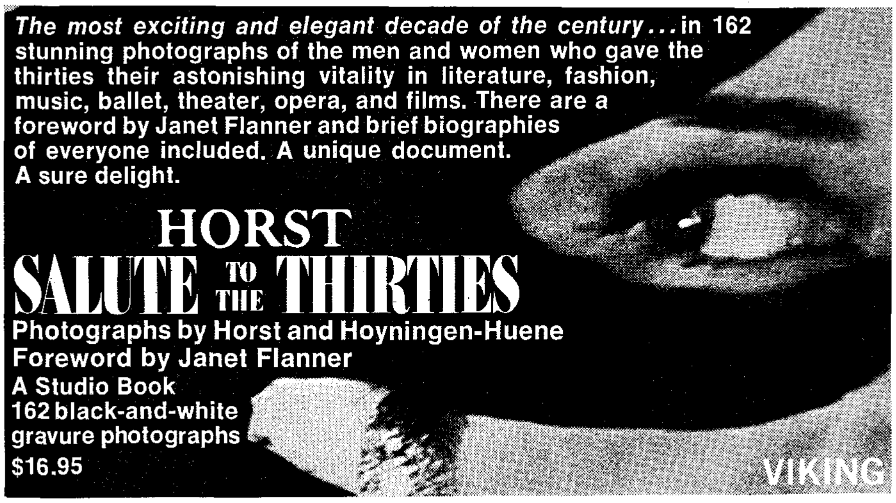

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epilogue to the story in which pride and ostentation were at a discount and travellers in all classes enjoyed crossings memorable for relaxation, good fellowship, and the ambience peculiar to a passenger ship at sea. Then came the jet plane, with its six-hour crossing, and the end of profitable transatlantic steamship operation. Mr. Brinnin, a veteran steamer passenger himself, is particularly good on this final era of the great liners, though he never intrudes his own experience.

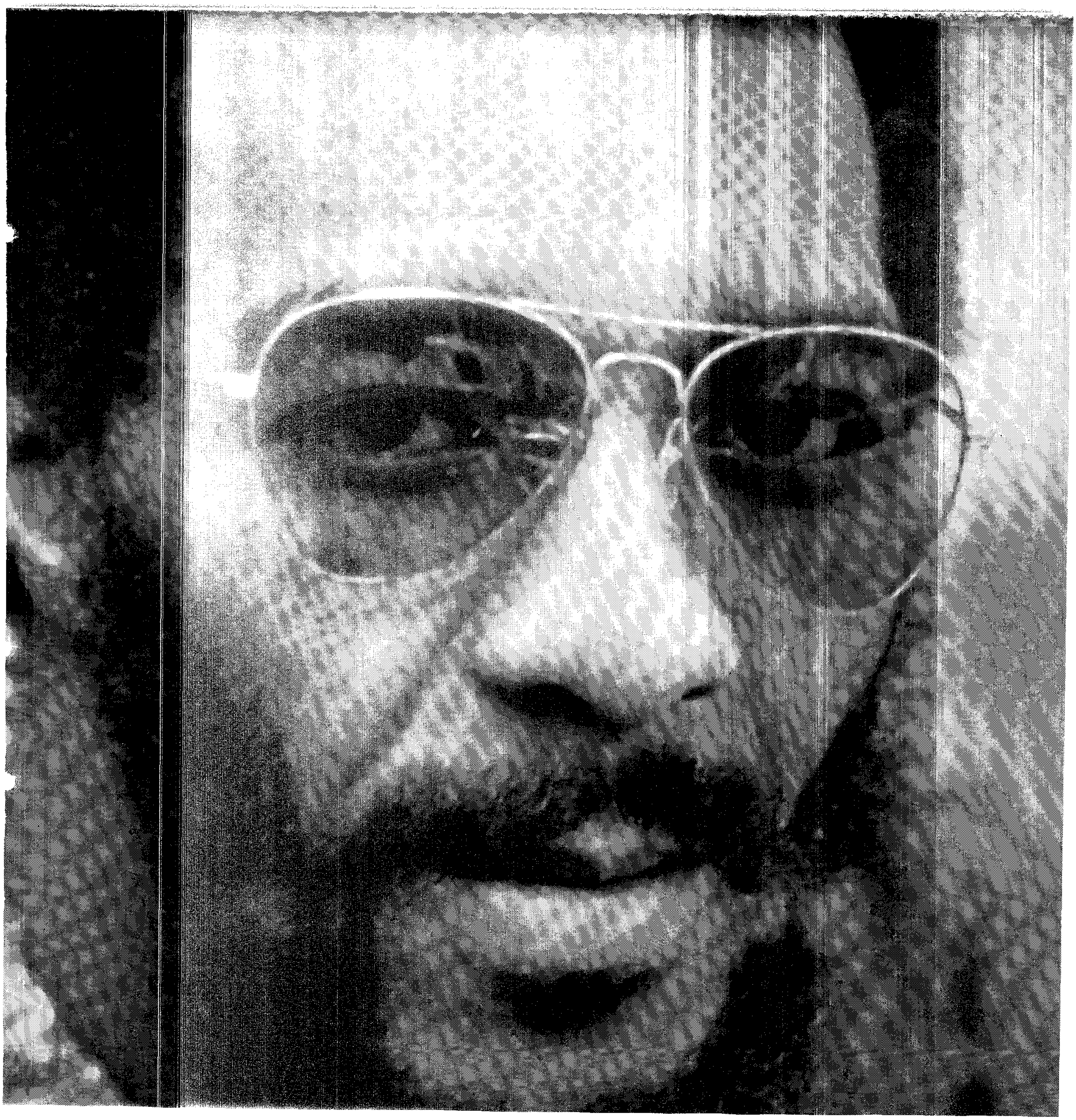
With hundreds of anecdotes and scores of quotations from the great travellers of a hundred and fifty years—Dickens, Mark Twain, Cobbett, de Tocqueville, Harriet Martineau, Henry James, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Theodore Dreiser, Henry Adams, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway—Mr. Brinnin makes his high-seas social history less a sociological document than a charming ramble through a long sliver of history, greatly abetted by three sections of funny and awesome period photographs. The book, especially at fifteen dollars, is not without fault, however. Though it is handsomely printed and bound, it gives evidence (almost *passim*) of slapdash copy-editing. To cite a very few examples, "*de rigeur*" turns up twice (on pages 222 and 389), and so does "superogatory" (pages 243 and 524); the British writer L.T.C. Rolt becomes Holt on page 234; there is a reference to "the Ufizzi" on page 434; there is another to "Phineas Fogg" on page 496; "highfalutin" is "high-falutin' " on page 475; and the captain of the Queen Mary, unlike the captain of the Queen Elizabeth, is disposed on the wrong wing of his bridge to exchange a last mid-Atlantic salute on page 552. (The captain of the eastbound Mary should have been on the *port* wing.) I hope these minor but irritating errors will vanish in subsequent printings; I hope, too, for the addition of a table of tonnages and passenger capacities and crossing times (as well as of silhouettes of representative ships) over the years.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brinnin has given us a book to be read with untroubled pleasure—a rare thing in itself these days—and a superior picture of an era of wonderful nonsense in which it was seriously believed for a time that the next colossal White Star liner was to be named the Gigantic. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOMEONE GREAT, by Robert Grossbach (Harper's Magazine Press). The humorous, urban-Jewish, grow-



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ing-up-morose novel is a form by now almost as stiffly codified as the *no* play, but Mr. Grossbach shows that in the right hands it can still be a stimulating experience. His hero, Stuart Schectman, seems no more surprised than the reader by the unsatisfactory ingredients of his lot—suffocating mother, exhausted father, disappointing schools, inane work, and a dumbfounded marriage—and his subsidence is also unsurprising, and yet gentle, comical, and important. Such small scenes as the death of a family parakeet, the onset of panic during a calculus test, and the onset of maddened despond during an office efficiency-rating interview produce an almost continuous quiet laughter and the sad conviction that an entire life can indeed slip and smash into such ridiculous fragments. This is a first novel and, for all the odds, an unmistakable small triumph.

GENERAL

THE FIRST BOURBON: HENRI IV, KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, by Desmond Seward (Gambit). A number of years ago, in "Modesty in Dress," James Laver noted that "the *popular* kings of history have always been the notorious lechers." This is true of Henri IV (1553-1610) and also—as the author, who is himself English, reminds us—of Henri's popular English grandson, King Charles II. But Henri's popularity and his posthumous vitality (Voltaire wrote the "Henriade" about him, Napoleon kept his statue nearby, and less noted Frenchmen told stories and sang songs about him down to the First World War) had several other causes. His arduous, perilous route to the throne—from his youth at the court of Catherine de Médicis, when he was the leader of the Huguenot party, through his embattled middle years as Prince of Navarre and claimant of the throne of France, in which he defeated rebellious subjects and foreign rulers—does add up to a memorable saga of courage. Then, too, his wit and his pithiness—"a chicken in every pot"—became literally proverbial. Henri, Montaigne's friend and patron, had even rarer gifts: political shrewdness and also political imagination, so that France during the twelve years he reigned in peace not only made good her losses but became the greatest power on the Continent. Mr. Seward thinks Henri may have done his job too well, for

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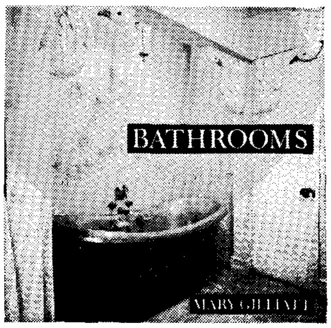

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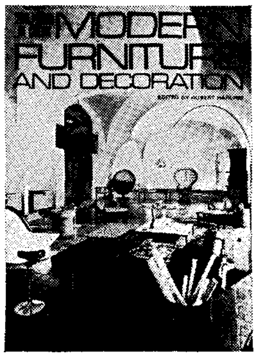

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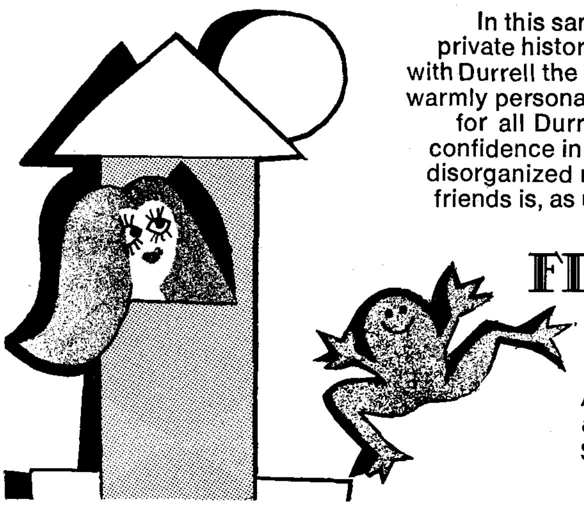

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he put the *ancien régime* on so firm a foundation that his successors did not think of remodelling it until too late.

THE FORESTS AND WETLANDS OF NEW YORK CITY, by Elizabeth Barlow (Little, Brown). An illustrated natural history of the New York metropolitan area, with an emphasis—guardedly hopeful—on what's left. Mrs. Barlow offers us a photograph of Alley Pond as it was in 1932—a placid pond with tree-lined shores—and as it is today: a bleak and crowded six-lane highway. But she also shows us the still natural glory of Inwood Hill Park, on the cliffs just north of The Cloisters; of Pelham Bay Park (flanked by garbage dumps and high-rise apartments but still alive); of the ever-threatened Staten Island greenbelt; and, most particularly, of that marvel of creative salvage the Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge. Photographs by the author and others, and maps.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF NOTABLE AMERICAN HOUSES, by Marshall B. Davidson, with biographical sketches by Margot P. Brill (American Heritage). This big, good-looking volume of pictures and text demonstrates the growing appreciation of (or toleration for) a variety of late-nineteenth-century architectural styles that used to be dismissed as derivative or eclectic. A book that runs from the mid-seventeenth to the mid-twentieth century cannot be all-inclusive, but this one tries, and the space it allots to later and smaller houses is realistic and valuable. Sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: Liveright has published Thomas Whiteside's "Selling Death," which is concerned with cigarette advertising and the tobacco industry. A large part of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

•

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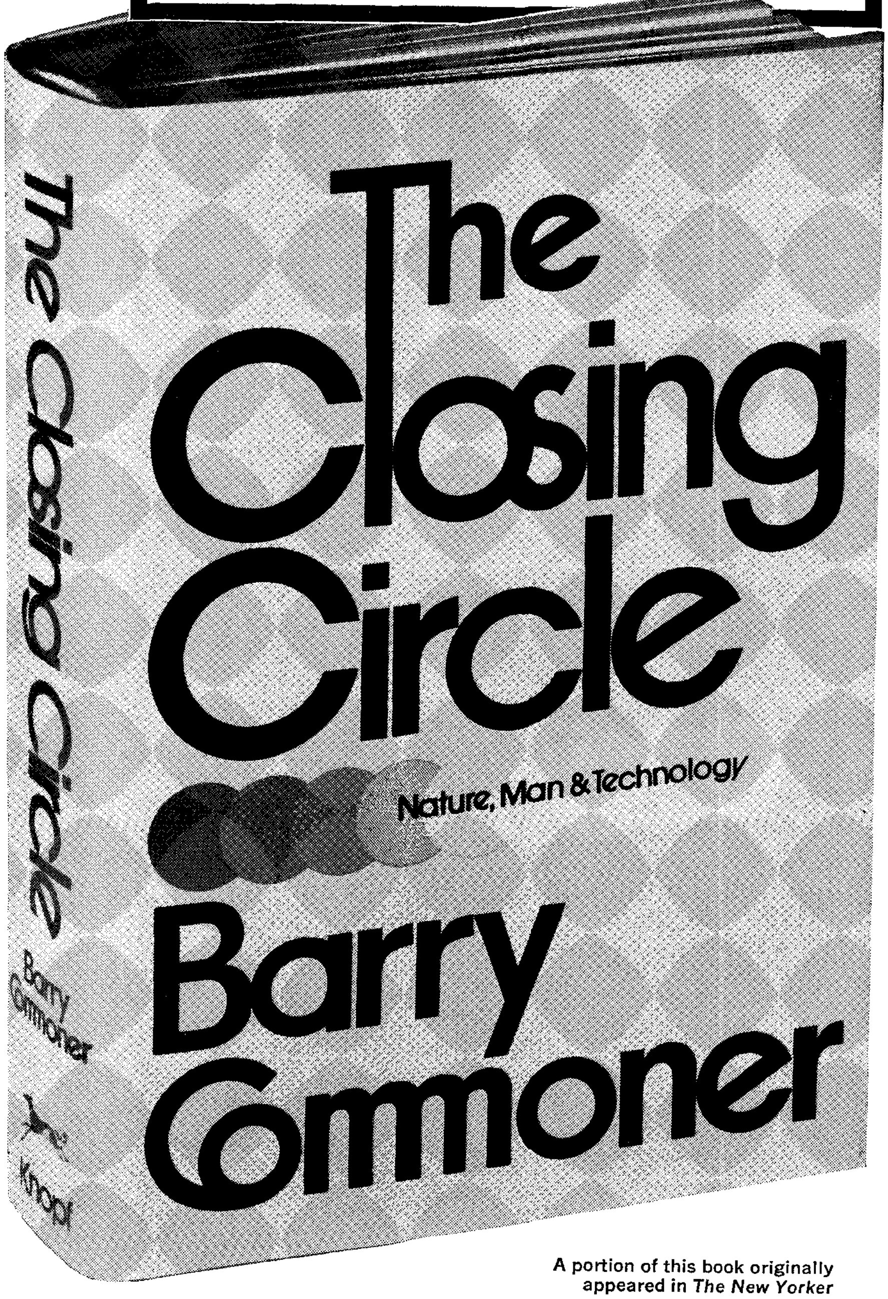
The Orange Bowl is neither orange nor a bowl. The stadium is horse-shaped, with a fountain and shrubs.—*John Crittenden in the Miami News.*

That's why so few passes are completed.

"This may be the best book on ecology ever written....An important book on the single most important issue of our time."—Michael Crichton, *N.Y. Times Book Review*



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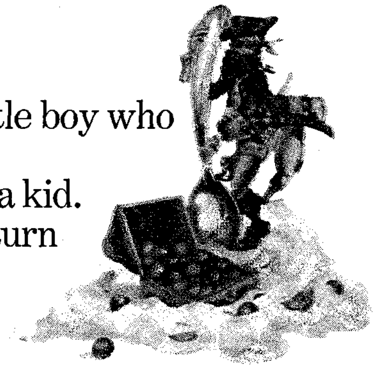

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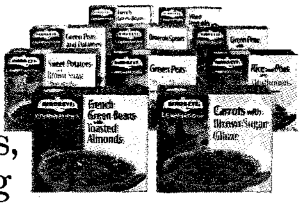
Green Peas and Potatoes
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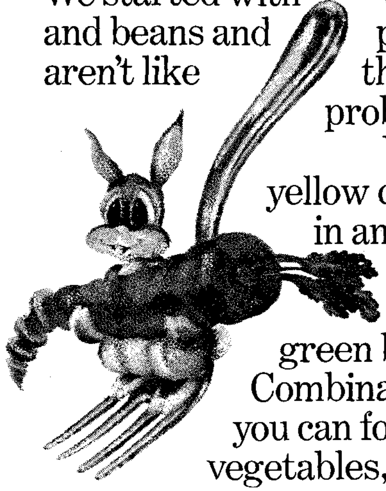

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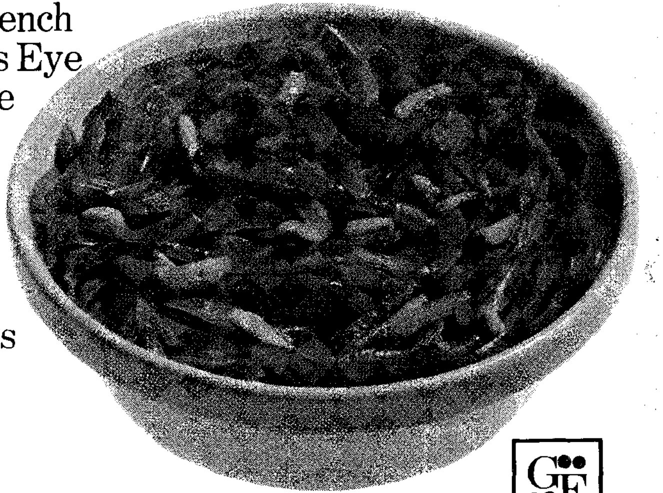

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